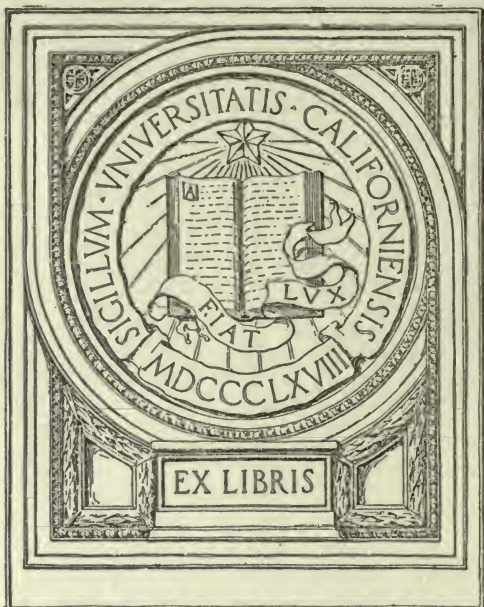


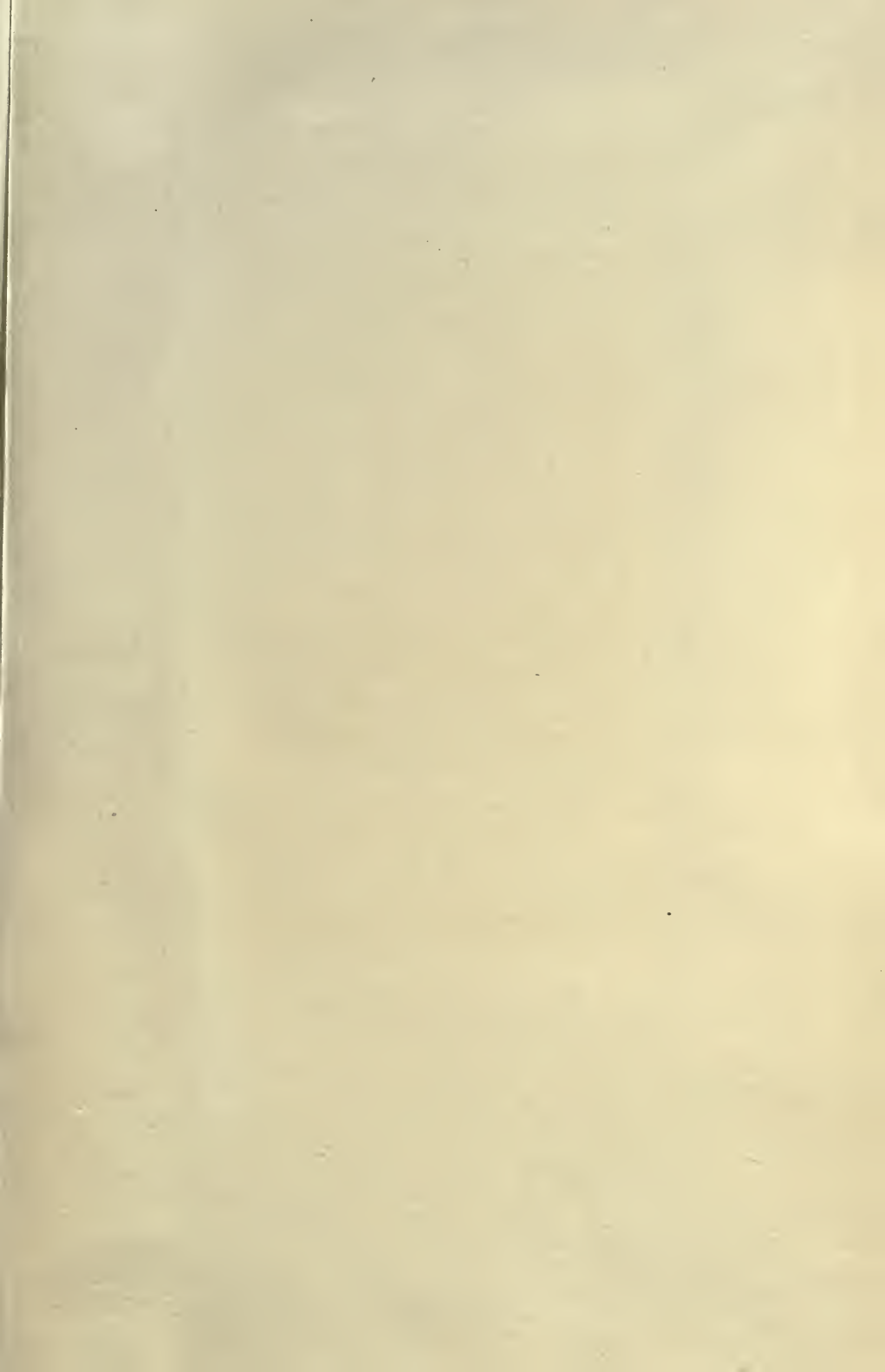
CLASS OF '70

U. OF M.

GIFT OF
Charles S. Carter



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Mrs. Dodge

Mrs. Beman

Mrs. Beman

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Class Reunion, June 1905

Wing Dodge Darrow

HISTORY
OF THE
CLASS OF '70

DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE ARTS,
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

Supplement, 1903-1921.

Edited by
Charles S. Carter, Secretary.
Milwaukee, Wis.

PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY OF THE CLASS.
1921.

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Gift
Chas. S. Carter

"Fading away like the stars of the morning,
Losing their light in the glorious sun,
So do we pass from the earth and its toiling,
Only remembered by what we have done."

GIF

1870

G. E. 1

TO THE MEMORY

Of Our

Departed Classmates

This Book is

FONDLY DEDICATED.

456807

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PREFACE.

When the Class of Seventy of the University of Michigan assembled last June, 1920, to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary with a banquet in Michigan Union, it was realized that our numbers were being rapidly reduced and that those who were left were in no condition to stand an old-time rush on the campus. The once stalwart forms and vigorous minds of our members were disappearing, leaving records of life work for the benefit of their children. The subject was introduced and a resolution was offered authorizing and requesting the secretary to consider the plan of getting out a Supplement to our former History, published in 1903, if agreeable to him to do so.

Steps were taken at once to collect the necessary data for this volume. Time has shown that we did not begin this work any too soon; for since that lovely June day two of those who took part in passing that resolution, Allyn and Wing, and three others who were too ill to be there, Foster, LeFevre and Whitman; five in all, have bid us goodbye within a space of four and one half months. Of the seventy-six who received diplomas in 1870, forty-six are now awaiting us in the Better Land; thirty still linger here.

It is hoped that the activities of the Boys of '70 shown by their records in our former History and in this Supplement will satisfy our alma mater, our friends and our children that we have been tolerably busy during the past half century, striving to reach the goal pointed out to us by our able instructors in the long ago. We have kept up the battle of life



through the vanishing years, and although many have fallen in the struggle our flag is still flying, and we predict that it will continue to fly until the last survivor brings it over the top to our final reunion, when we shall all once more join and move on to a higher destiny.

FIFTY YEARS AFTER—AND THEREAFTER.

By Edward Everett Darrow.

In the Spectator, Joseph Addison
Presented, some two centuries ago
In guise of oriental apologue,
An allegory of the life of man.
Vision of Mirza was the name it bore,
To whom while wandering on the Bagdad hills
(Harun Al-Rashid's realm of wizardry)
Upon a holy day and musing deep
Upon the vanity of earthly things
The Genius loci, unseen, heard before,
Appeared, as shepherd, playing on a pipe,
As wondrously bewitching melody
As the Pied Piper's of old Hamelin town,
Of melancholy moving Mirza's tears.
Seeing, the spirit took him to a rock
And, from its summit, bade him gaze about.
The old familiar landscape faded out,
Left in its place a wide-extended vale,
Beginning and the ending lost in mist,
And standing in the flood a mighty bridge,
Both ends of this, too, shrouded with dark cloud.
Along it moved a vast, unending crowd
Treading the bridge, but many all the time
Fell through and vanished in the wave below,
On hidden trapdoors stepping or being pushed,
Some, chasing bubbles and in act to grasp,
Their footing failed, while others too, with arms,

Rushed to and fro to strike their fellows down;
Some gazing at the skies in thoughtful mood;
Some in the midst of mirth and some in grief;
All falling sheer, clutching at straws for life,
So, on the bridge, the ceaseless stream poured by,
The selfsame way, no traveler coming back.

Seventy whole arches were there and at end
There were some broken ones, scarce could these make
The hundred out, and, hobbling here along,
Some few who one by one slipped and fell in,
Quite tired and spent with the long march of life.

Vision of life from birth to death is here!
Fate-driven and doom-devoted seem they all,
Which lends a solemn grandeur to their march,
Silent as moving figures on the screen.
Scant gleam of joy falls on this caravan,
No sprinkling here of differing age or sex
Nor family nor happy human life,
They come in sight, they pass, they disappear;
Majestic as Niagara's rapids are,
Before they slip across the cataract's edge
(Inexorable as gravitation's law)
Into the gulf that yawns for them below
And yet the mist begins to climb again!

Classmates of Seventy; now it's up to us!
Those seventy arches, all who're here have passed
Safe, though not all may say exactly sound,
Tried them all out, each of us qualified
To say if vision, thus far, has held good,
(I speak not yet of our Majority

Who vanished, one by one, upon the road
 And left us to negotiate alone
 The shattered piers that in the 70's lie)
 Now clambering on with footing insecure.
 With strength diminished, hearing, sight impaired,
 Battling for life, or only clinging now?
 Or waiting death? some with impatience too?
 Still stumbling on without a chance to reach
 A shore; each instant liable to slip,
 Flounder a moment, then be swallowed down,
 The last survivor, like Ulysses, spared
 To be the last to make the Cyclops' meal.

Here you might ask "Why call this thing a bridge?
 Like famed Venetian Bridge of Sighs that spanned
 Canal 'twixt Doges' hall and dungeon door?
 More like the plank that pirates' victims walk
 With shocking lack of all provision made
 For adequate terminal facilities.
 I'm none too keen myself to take the plunge,
 Though calling back the boy's experience
 Standing stark naked on the river bank
 Hearing the call, "Come in! The water's fine."
 Yet dreading first chill of the water's touch
 Delicious though he knew 'twould be when in,
 Deep as he plunged he knew he'd rise again.
 Had we some such presentiment as that,
 Even if not strong enough for guarantee,
 Cleansed and revived to issue forth,
 Think you we'd choose to linger on the bridge?

Well, there is more to tell, to Mirza shown;
 For, seeing this, he spoke with troubled mind;

“How vain, how wretched is the lot of man
Tortured in life and swallowed up in death”
To whom the tutelary spirit said,
“Fix now thine eyes upon that wall of mist
“Whereto the tide is bearing all that fall.”
Then the cloud fled and far away he saw
Innumerable Islands of the Blest
With flowers and fruits and sparkling waters round,
And thereon shapes in glorious raiment clad
With garlands on their heads, passed 'mongst the trees,
Or were reclining by some fountain's side,
With ravishing harmony of singing birds,
Of falling waters, of the human voice
And instruments melodiously attuned.
He longed to fly unto those happy shores
With wings of eagle, but the Genius said :
“Passage there's none but by the gates of death
That open every moment from the bridge.
Millions of islands lie beyond thy sight
Even beyond imagination's grasp—
The mansions of the righteous, after death—
Assigned according to degree and kind
Of the perfections of their habitants
And every isle a paradise for each.”

In such conception of a life to come
(As in his picture of the life that is)
We notice Addison ran true to form.
In contrast sharp but in conjunction close
He strove to weave into the life ahead
All noblest joys the clarified sense might crave
Ours for eternity as recompense
For troublous, short, and trial life on earth.

The life's the coming one—mere prologue this—
 No occupation—joy of doing—there,
 No need for work—at least all drudgery gone—
 The Doer did all that to last for aye.

Such life may not appeal to all of us,
 'Twould not have done so in our boyhood days,
 The boy wants something doing **all** the time,
 (A more constructive, less receptive joy)
 I doubt 'twould ever have pleased Roosevelt.
 But have we any better plan in mind?
 With more dramatic action, more detail
 Bryant has followed in his "Flood of Years"
 This very apologue of Addison,
 His Flood picks up, sweeps on and overwhelms
 The life it bears but brings it all at end
 Unto those selfsame islands of the blest.
 So, if the major poets whom we know
 (Though sometimes speaking somewhat guardedly)
 Care not to trace the destiny of man
 And circumscribe it to this life alone,
 How dare a Molly make-believe, like me,
 Presume to doubt we too are permanent,
 In the enduring system of the world,
 We too to live through Time's Eternity,
 That part of it that lies before us yet,
 And, in some sort, **have** lived through all behind.

You see what lies beyond the Gates of Death
 Must needs be touched, were there no other ground
 Than that our Class majority are there,
For, if not **by** them some solution's found
 And that solution apt to stand for us,

And any day may come the testing out,
Which makes it most intensely personal.
Giving full credence to the life to come
What is our evidence 'tis pictured true?
Still something lacks, we wish to see it cast
In the necessary forms of human thought,
Time, Space and Manner, the When, Where and How.
What's the real nature of the change we make
Is the insistent question on our lips.

As to the form we'll take when comes the time
Our present incarnation drops away
There are too many entries in the field
For me to back my winner 'gainst them all
Millenniums old are some, some of to-day,
Others, millenniums hence, may yet appear,
And that man would be bold indeed who'd pit
His present knowledge against all to come,
Whether bodied or unembodied we go on,
Immediately to wake from death or not,
In this world or some other, make our home,
Permanent or transient as the case may be,
With personality the same or changed,
Whether I'll know that I am I, or not,
Or what the difference, if any, be.
Oblivion's always possible of course.
Call it Nirvana, dreamless sleep or plain
Extinction, with frank-spoken Henry James
(Referring to his brother William's death,)
Which cuts the ground from under Joy and Hope
But too, from under Pain and Fear as well;
I've kept the dualistic theory
Of soul and body, separate entities,

It seemed the easier to treat it so,
 But I won't presume to rule the monist out
 For just that point I will refer to Lodge,
 Who says that he's inclined to think the soul
 Will have a body; ether very like,
 Ethereal body clothe ethereal soul!
 'Twould seem that this might bring the two in one
 Anything more tenuous mind's not yet conceived;
 Even the spirit takes its name from air
 And that is ponderable, the ether not.
 Lodge holds to intercourse between the worlds,
 No message has come back, to me at least,
 From Classmate or from other friend gone on,
 Nor have I found a way to get **them** word
 From us, but others may have, I know not.
 The problem of the future's **posed** at least.
 We'll seek solution somewhat further on,
 Scan first the course before that transfer point,
 But "Michigan" 's the goal that first we'll seek.
 So here's Ann Arbor! and here's "Michigan" !

Shall it be old or new that first we greet?
 The Michigan Union? We have share therein;
 And it throws wide its hospitable doors
 To make a home and center for us all,
 For days, together breakfast, lunch and dine,
 Chat or are silent, as the spirit moves;
 To feel each other's presence is enough,
 Or find a pleasure in the knot of friends,
 In reminiscence, dwelling on the past;
 Recalling, walking back from Ferry Field,
 Contests in northeast campus corner waged

By giants of our own in those "young" days
When Blackburn, Cooley, Dawson played the game.

We wander too along the foliaged streets
Seeking old landmarks, houses where we dwelt,
The world that bloomed for us in blossom time
White as Ann Arbor's green Catalpa blows,
That seemed to wait for us this fiftieth year
A fortnight past its time to grace our day.

As Heine, rising from his "mattress-grave"
In pain and shadow of approaching death
Dragging himself round Paris, as he writes,
For last glance at his idols, at the feet
Of the Melian Aphrodite of the Louvre
Sank down and wept, and she, compassionate
But deeply grieving seemed to him to say
"Fain would I help thee but I have no arms."
Somewhat the same come we this day of days,
Uncertain lest it well may be the last,
Seeking **our** idols of our golden time,
One seeking this perchance, another that,
Whose contact might set free the spark to light
The brain and heart with all the young-time thrill—
Why, there is Nydia! the Thessalian girl,
Our Nydia, standing in the statued hall,
(Born 'neath Olympus, 'neath Vesuvius
To die, the morrow, though she will not flinch
She does not see us: it were shame for us
To ask compassion in **her** hour of need,
Day of Pompeii's death and burial,
Day the caged prisoner of the underworld
(Blind force of Nature struggling to get free)

Long raging 'gainst his barriers broke his chain,
 Shook down the cities built above his head
 Stretched up and found the century-locked door
 High in the mountain side, burst out on world
 Of light and color, odor, breath of life,
 Of sun-steeped groves and vineyards, twinkling sea
 A swift up-growing, towering upas tree
 Of pitchy blackness blotting out the sun,
 With rifts of lightning-flashes, strangling fumes
 With showers of ashes traveling fast and far
 While heated rocks came hurtling through the air.

She's thought for nothing but the work in hand,
 Her master and her mistress safe to lead
 From the beleaguered city to the sea.
 Each she had saved for other, once, this day,
 (though one to her was life the other death)
 With eyes unseeing but each other sense
 Quivering with power, hearing and touch attent,
 And yet no sign is in that tranquil face;
 Trance-like, as though some deity bears her load,
 She, but the unconscious agent of his will,
 Her feet, unsandalled, know the way they tread,
 Her staff relieves them for more delicate touch,
 Her hand, recurved, assists her ear to catch
 The faintest sound that might spell life or death.
 Before the blast her raiment close enwraps
 Her form, or flies ahead in sinuous folds
 Perhaps she felt, treading that fearsome way,
 Phoebus Apollo walking at her side
 Shaking his father's ægis o'er her head.
 She'll reach the harbor with her charges both
 And vessel will take all of them on board.

Finished her task; naught for her will be left;
Barred from Elysium by her tortured heart,
Twice-barred as self-doomed offering to die
Could be no worse, and it might give her rest;
She'll seek nepenthe in Vesuvian bay.

The vision fades; I leave Memorial Hall,
We sit at banquet, not uproarious
But quiet, the still waters running deep,
Strong too, with memories, emotion, love,
Though "all the guests sit close and nothing lacks"
'Tis a memorial that we observe,
A score, the fourth of the old Class, are here.
Some fewer are the **absent** living ones.
It's the first time that our majority
Is of the "Great Majority" beyond,
We **represent**, not constitute "The Class."
The Class was the great circle, but within
Was many a smaller one of closest friends;
Without the greater ne'er had been the less,
And in such circles, undisturbed by death,
Are those whose presence brightens through the years,
Their personality acts on and on;
Had we not known them, clasped them heart and hand,
How much less fruitful would our lives have been!
Another circle too the years have brought,
The one that had its birth **since** college days
In those who each quinquennial strove to meet
"To keep the altar-fires alive till death."
We first must recognize with gratitude
The University, into the sphere
Of whose attraction all of us were drawn
Else we had never formed the Class at all.

Now all of us have passed the Iron Gate
 That stands at end of three score years and ten
 (So was that milestone styled by Doctor Holmes
 At that Atlantic dinner given him
 To mark the closing of his seventieth year)
 "So when the Iron portal shuts behind us"
 "The glimmering starlight shows the gates of pearl."
 Should we look back or forward for a theme?
 Seek inspiration from the years behind,
 Or in the years that lie before us yet?
 Can either hold the substance of a song
 Made, one from Memory's pictures, one from Hope's?
 The former's gone and in the record placed,
 Is not the story in the Classbooks writ?
 Original documents by ourselves compiled,
 Clio, not Polyhymnia, handled that:
 Anticipation holds the future still
 But will she build as fifty years ago?
 On what materials will she lay her hands?

Thou well-beloved Oliver Wendell Holmes!
 Thou vanished singer of a vanished class,
 Thou tuneful bard of Harvard '29,
 Had I the power and gained the free consent
 Emeritus poet laureate shouldst thou be
 Especially for Michigan '70,
 Immortal singer of the college soul!
 I count thee 'mongst that choir invisible
 Who found their voices, wore their crowns while here
 Not to **thy** class alone but **every** class
 And classmate was thy voice attuned to wake
 Undying echoes in responsive soul

Who of all college poets I could name
So early came, oft spoke and stayed so long
Strung such a rosary of pearls of song.

Dear Doctor Holmes, I'll not invoke the Muse,
In your last poem here on earth you wrote
"Vex not the Muse with idle prayers—"
"She will not hear thy call;"
"She steals upon thee unawares,"
"Or seeks thee not at all."
"For thee her wooing hour has passed,"
"The singing birds have flown."

If so with thee, what could another do,
Not known on Helicon nor Parnassus-born
If wise he'd do what I shall try to do,
Take thee for guide, follow thy footsteps close.
Lean rather heavily upon thee too;
There is no gleaning on the fields you reaped
But I shall give thee credit just the same,
It was the ultimate consumer's gain.
And thou shalt bring thy Harvard '29
(Named once the 58 of '29)
Experience not swords to measure with
That class of '70 of Michigan
That followed, after one and forty years.
Thou art silent; but 'tis silence gives consent.

So, Classmates, with such escort we proceed
He was Class poet, Class-day, '29
(James Freeman Clarke was the contestant then,
The Keeper of the Class-book through his life,

Amongst his dearest friends while life remained:
 "After the Curfew "was his elegy
 In part: the other part was that of Class):
 Then came a score of years till '51,
 Frequent class-meetings but no poem read:
 Then and thenceforward, covering '89
 The annual meeting with its annual song
 Or poem, by our poet writ and read.
 "Thirty-sixth Variant of the Old Tune" he called
 The song of '86: so that of '89—
 "After the Curfew," was thirty-ninth and last.

Take from your shelf the volume—read again
 The "Poems of the Class of '29"
 (Such is the caption given to the sheaf
 'Twixt '51 and '77 clasped)
 Bringing Class record near to the 50th year:
 How did he treat that subject-matter then?
 Not much with memories of the olden days
 Of books, games, hours of study or of toil
 Instead 'twas their elixir that he chose,
 The precious residue distilled from all
 The associations of those morning years,
 Much gold refined from out that ore of life:
 What themes were they, persistent through his song?
 First Youth, its effervescence, strength and joy,
 "The Boys" runs through that song of '51
 Again and still again we find that strain
 Incorporating all the Spring of life
 Trying to hold and carry it to end:
 And there is Friendship, ripening into Love,
 And its continued emphasis runs through

As though it were fruition of the life.
But scanty note of what the deeds they did
In the long years in manhood's prime till age,
What fame they garnered or what wealth or power,
(True, he was poet, not historian.)
Then through it all, the minor chord still runs,
The evanescence of the powers of man,
He struck it early and he struck it hard
But made himself the target of the notes,
Before his evening, wrote the "Even-song,"
Age comes or's coming but not yet **old** age,
One and another go but still "All here"
Invisible, they still sit at the feast:
And then there's Time; personified from start,
Our oldest friend, who greeted each at birth.
To travel with us all the days of life
And hand us to Eternity at end.
Read farther on: Three groups of poems now
Will carry you from '77, on
To '89: official end of class.
"The Iron Gate": the poems centering round
Our Poet's 70th anniversary,
Of Class, the 50th; poems five of these.
"Before the Curfew" forms the second group,
Takes them from '82 to '88
Seven in number, then, for '89
"After the Curfew"—the last word—is writ.

We'll walk along with them their last decade,
(It is the one that lies before **us** now)
What may we learn of these ten years for **us**?
Struggling through the "twenties" for **our** sixtieth year

Shall we arrive and greet it as a class?
 How long was it their last survivor stayed?
 We'll quote more freely as we jog along.
 First quote from "Ad Amicos," '76,
 (It is "The Boys" still and they are "The Friends")
 "'The boys' we were, 'the boys' we'll be"
 "As long as three, or two, are creeping;"
 "Then here's to him—ah! which is he?"
 "That lives till all the rest are sleeping;"
 "The Last Survivor"—theme of '78
 "Yes! the vacant chairs tell sadly we are going, going fast,"
 "And the thought comes strangely o'er me who will live to be
 the last?"
 "When the twentieth century's sunbeams climb the far-off
 eastern hill?"
 "With his ninety winters burdened will he greet the morning
 still?"
 Answer upon all these queries waited one and twenty years.
 Then Samuel May as last survivor stood revealed—and dis-
 appears,
 Saw the sun of 90th summer, but not 90th winter shine,
 In November nine and ninety joined his class of '29.
 Now we're at '79—their 50th year
 Where **we** were standing in the summer past
 Two poems here "Vestigia Quinque Retrorsum"
 (Eliding rightly you'll improve the rhythm)
 At Alumni Commencement Dinner read,
 "Are these 'The Boys' our dear old Mother knew?"
 "Sixty brave swimmers. Twenty—something more—"

"Have passed the stream and reached this frosty shore!"
 Second poem "The Archbishop and Gil Blas,"
 How all the frailties of old age come forth

Before the merciless inquisitor!
How the Archbishop parries and mistakes,
Explains, exculpates and extenuates,
Gets deeper in with every step he takes!

"Before the Curfew' comes in '82,
The warning that the actual call is near,
"Not bed-time yet"! How quick the children cry!
Leave us a little longer by the fire!
Play games, tell stories, riddles ask and guess,
We're afraid to go alone and bed is cold.
How with us older children at the call?
As yet unsleeping and still loth to go,
Questioning how 'all continued stories end,
Sitting with friends before the genial fire
Guessing the riddle of the universe
I shall not quote: I'd not know where to stop.
Another year: The "Loving-cup" goes round,
"Come, heap the fagots! Ere we go"
"Again the cheerful hearth shall glow;"
"We'll have another blaze, my boys!"
"Till life and love are spent, my boys,"
"Till life and love are spent.
Persistent now through two years more that strain,
Through "Friendship's Girdle and "Anacreon's Lyre"
Still more insistent grows that theme of love:
"Not Eros, with his joyous laugh,"
"The urchin blind and bare,"
"But Love, with spectacles and staff,"
"And scanty, silvered hair."

In '87 "The Broken Circle" comes
Stonehenge: with columns broken, leaning, prone.

(He'd visited it in the summer past)

"So let **our** broken circle stand"

"A wreck, a remnant, yet the same,"

"While one last, loving, faithful hand"

"Shall live to feed its altar-flame!"

Next-last '88 "The Angel-thief"

Who brought our blessings and who takes them back,
Time's last appearance, no disservice now,

An angel now to rend our prison-walls;

"When gathering rust has clenched our shackles fast,"

"Time is the angel-thief that Nature sends us"

"To break the cramping fetters of our past"

"Pries off a bolt and lo! our souls are free."

Comes '89, closing their sixtieth year

"After the Curfew": Covered now the fire!

How could I better do than quote his words

In part, and leave the comment to your thoughts?

"The Play is over. While the light"

"Yet lingers in the darkening hall,"

"I come to say a last Good night"

"Before the final Exeunt all."

* * * * *

"We come with feeble steps and slow"

"A little band of four or five,"

"Left from the wrecks of long ago,"

"Still pleased to find ourselves alive."

* * * * *

"One breathing form no more, alas!"

"Amidst our slender group we see";

"With him we still remained "The Class."

"Without his presence what are we?"

* * * * *

"So ends "The Boys,"—a lifelong play."

"We too must hear the Prompter call"

"To fairer scenes and brighter day:"

"Farewell! I let the curtain fall."

There comes just one more decade ere the time
The "Last Survivor wears that "wreath of stars"
There's meeting held at "Parker's" following year
But three were present—melancholy quite—
(This the good Doctor in a letter tells)
Then at his home for three or four years more,
Once four were present—fifth would have made all
The usual number that was there was three
(The data of these later years, gives May)
The Doctor stayed through the quinquennium
And May to "carry on" the full decade

And what about our "Keeper of the Book?"
The "General Secretary" of the Class,
Not merely "kept" it, brought it into form,
Made it abiding record of Class life,
Then gave to each the opportunity
To put in book the story of his life
(Would some had been more full, more personal)
But that was not the Secretary's fault.
He was the "Central" too for all of us,
Installed the plant, connected up with all,
Even with all charter members (as myself)
Who failed to take their final papers out,
Wrought out a closer, stronger bond wherewith
To fight time, distance and forgetfulness.

So, full appreciation, heartfelt thanks
 And kindest wishes till his journey's close,
 "May he live long and prosper,"—long enough—
 Up to that psychologic moment when
 The gain in going outweighs gain to stay
 When the Special's ready and the Signal drops,
 The friend would not detain the voyager.
 And forward looking now for 'Seventy's bounds,
 Again I take a leaf from 'Twenty-nine;
 While Clarke stayed with them they were still "The Class,"
 After he went, the curfew bell was struck.

The Five who've left us since that day in June,
 They only, know, if they, whether their call
 Untimely was or not, we mean, for **them**,
 (Not but they soon will know if not as yet)
 How short the time! How many heard the call!
 Two of them sat at banquet with their Class,
 Two dared not undergo the risk to come
We still stay here and plan about both worlds!
 What still awaits us **here** before we're called!
 It is ourselves we're to interrogate.
 First, what about that plant of ours we name
 The body, is it functioning as at best?
 Is it our servant yet or master now?
 How is it with our senses' group of five,
 That makes connection with the universe
 Outside the body; sight and hearing chief;
 Are they still rendering service as of old?
 Hope used to run with us in college days,
 Is she still tripping just ahead—or gone?
 And then her stronger, steadier sister, Faith;

Faith in ourselves, our aims and in our powers,
Is she beginning to distrust us now?
And young Ambition too! Fertile in plans,
Ready to take the scent and run them down;
Have you seen anything of him of late?
And where is Energy who financed them all?
Does he still honor drafts we'd like to draw?
Where too is Memory? Holding fast the gains
That thought, use, repetition won for us?
She has a trick of vanishing nowadays
And takes along some things she won't bring back.

Are they all leaving us or gone ahead
Where we shall meet them in the life so near?
Are we not caught in the tremendous drag
Of an ebb tide that will not flow again?
That's drawing every source of power away
A tide that's ebbing off into the sea,
But well I know that tide the sun will lift
In water vapor every source above,
To fall again and run next cycle through.

Each one of us must quite appreciate
That ageless holiday of happiness
Humanity perfected and at goal
With no more sorrow, no more pain, nor death;
But most beliefs have put it far ahead.
I make no guess at any 'ultimate'
Where we shall go to when the sun goes out,
That problem's not a pressing one just yet,
It's just "where do we go from now and here,"
Is the immediate question for us all.

Further, "whence did we come to here and now?"

For History is the lamp for Prophecy

The life behind us throws its light ahead.

How link the individual with the race.

How if we've been here from the very first,

That we came from our last life into this,

Precisely as we'll pass from this to next

To keep returning while the race survives?

Just as we had no memory of a life

Before, we'll carry none into the next.

Unlikely 'tis we shall know each other there,

But we shall get acquainted, as this time.

(I reason so since no remembrance here

Have we of those we knew in previous life,

Nor of ourselves as far as that's concerned)

Deep is our sadness as on that we dwell,

But trust there's way that reconciles it all.

Our Poet's "Homesick in Heaven" offers key.

To all of us who've loved the life they've lived,

How great the privilege to come back again

With old and worn-out body changed for new!

'Tis well that memory goes not back of death

To tell the child he'd seen it all before,

'Twould "pluck the heart out of the mystery,"

The path that winds through far-off centuries

Robbed of divinity and pleased surprise.

Shall we be born as born before, to grow

Insensibly to consciousness of self,

So travel on from infancy to age?

And what for us until that new life come?

Adjust our aims to what's within our grasp

And recognize the failing afternoon
That grows toward evening when the time to rest
And yet not quite the time to sleep is here;
The time men tell their reminiscences,
No longer speak of things they've yet to do.
Unyoked the oxen wander to the barn;
Ourselves to house returning, 'neath the trees
Awhile to sit and watch the fading light,
Till sleep lays hand at length on brow and eyes.
With infancy's wonder-opened eyes, we wake.

FINIS.

OUR CLASS LETTER.

It will be remembered that at the time of our last banquet before we separated, after receiving our diplomas, the Class passed a resolution to start and maintain a letter to be known as the "Class Letter"; Adams, the first man, alphabetically, was to write a letter to the Class and send it to Baker, the next man down the alphabet, and Baker was to write another letter to the Class, put the two together and send both on to the third man down the line who was to continue the process, and all to do likewise on receipt of the accumulating bundle until it had made the circuit of the alphabet, and all had had an opportunity to read all of the letters. In theory this looked all right, but in practice it met with some difficulties. It was not easy to keep track of the young graduate, just liberated from a four years' bondage. Even if one knew that he was on the way to Hong Kong, there was no way of telling just how long he would be in getting there, so as to address the letter properly and send it in time; and if the letter should arrive the next day or the next week after the addressee had gone, where would the letter go? The first one started was lost, but a second met with better luck; though it took several years for it to make the circuit. I believe it went to Europe once or twice chasing up globe trotters. It was delayed two years at one time as related by Fearon in his biographical sketch in this book, but it has been preserved. Its several components written by persons now deceased, have been published in connection with biographical sketches of the respective authors, for these reasons: The letters were written to the whole Class and some of the members have not had an opportunity to see all of them; and, although they may not contain much that is new at this late day,

yet the tenor, style and peculiar expressions used in them by their authors will revive memories of the departed and of college days which we would not willingly miss. In reading these letters we are carried back to the old time; we seem to have with us again the same mirthful boys, with their accustomed jollity and fun, their unfailing friendship and brotherly affection—we are boys again.

ARTHUR C. ADAMS, A. M., M. D.

Born at Washington, D. C., April 14, 1847—Died at Washington, D. C., December 31, 1904.

Mr. Adams continued in his medical practice in Washington from 1903 until his death.

In his last letter to the secretary he said:

"Am royally glad to hear from old '70. We see and hear comparatively nothing from members of the Class, but entertain the very best wishes for their welfare. A call from one and all would be highly esteemed."

Second Class Letter.

Washington, Feb. 26, 1875.

Dr. Adams presents his compliments to the members of "Seventy," tendering most cordially his services to gratify the "eye and stomach" of any classmate who should be so fortunate as to visit the Capital City, or so unfortunate as to direct his steps hitherward during the "honeymoon," as Washington seems to be a very delectable place for many such. After leaving Ann Arbor I passed the summer and autumn in Chicago and Evanston. Returning to Washington the following winter, when the study of medicine attracted my attention. Passed two years as assistant in the Freedman's Hospital. Received the M. D. in March, '73, and have since been administering the healing art in the vicinity of 1102 Eighth street N. W. Also occupy the position of visiting physician to the Children's Hospital, and now we are ready to prescribe or operate. Entertain no thought of marrying. I have been in love innumerable times and engaged about ten

times. I have been concerned in several births, but medical ethics prohibits further detail.

Hoping health, happiness and prosperity may accompany every member of '70, I remain,

as formerly,

ARTHUR C. ADAMS.

His son, Louis W. Adams, was graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1903, and at present is manager of the steel works department of the Ashland Iron & Mining Company at Ashland, Ky. He is married and has two boys. His sister, Mrs. Eric Plump, is living at 401 Stuyvesant Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., has one daughter.

GEORGE WASHINGTON ALLYN, A. M., M. D.

**Born in Plymouth, Mich., November 28, 1845—Died at 1030
Morewood Ave., Pittsburg, Pa., February 26, 1921.**

Dr. Allyn attended our Class re-union last June.

He wrote the following only a short time before his death:

"But little has happened to record since 1903, when our full history was published.

"In 1906 my wife and I made our third trip to Europe. We took the southern route. We landed at Naples and took the steamer at once for Palermo. It was my desire to visit the scenes of the Grecian settlement on the island and the punic wars of Rome. From Taormina we could look down upon the seashore of Naxos, the original landing place of the Greeks. The visit to Girgenti (the Agrigentum of the Romans) recalled vividly the Roman times and the splendid Grecian temples took us back to B. C. 500. On returning to the mainland, we visited Perugia, that old Etruscan town. Here we visited the Etruscan tombs, with the inscriptions which

have never been read. We visited several places not visited in former visits. In 1917 and 1918 I made some seventy large-size enlargement of my negatives, which I had made in oils and mounted. These I exhibited in the Art Room of the Carnegie Institute. The exhibition was fully described in papers of the city and several exhaustive descriptions were made of the members. In the spring of 1917 I retired from my work, and my residence, wanted as an outlet to the Carnegie Institute of Technology, was sold. One winter was passed in Washington, D. C., one in Florida and this winter was passed in Pittsburg. We are in good health at the present writing.

"GEORGE W. ALLYN."

Dr. Allyn for many years occupied his vacation seasons largely in making enlarged bromide prints from negatives taken by him during summer outings. These were made on a variety of art papers and tinted in oil colors, being a process standing between straight photography and painting in oil colors. The doctor having been the secretary of the Pittsburg Academy of Science and Art for years and then its president, dedicated the bromide prints to the Academy. Dr. Allyn was an enthusiastic photographer. He found great pleasure in completing these works of art.

A Pittsburg paper speaks of Dr. Allyn's exhibition as follows:

"The salon of enlarged bromide photographs, hand-colored in oil, Gallery K, Carnegie Institute, the work of Dr. George W. Allyn, is a photographic event. It is an event for artistic picture makers by the photographic art because Dr. Allyn has challenged the criticism of the friends of both 'straight photography' and painting. * * * The finicky photographer will probably say, 'They're not photographs.' The artist will probably say, 'They're not paintings.' Those who admire

beautiful pictures, regardless of the medium, will say they're well-made works of art. One, 'Black Head,' a view on the coast at Monegan, Me., is a picture that either the critical photographer or painter would be proud to claim as his own. The darkly frowning headland, erect and powerful as a gigantic sentinel, has been the joy of some of the foremost painters of the country, whose pictures have been shown in our international salon. It is the sort of bold fascination that brings the spectator back to it for another look.

"In contrast to 'Black Head,' with its imperial grandeur, is 'Sunshine,' a village street scene in the same vicinity. 'Sunshine' charms with its simplicity. 'Black Head' commands with its suggestion of potential power. The lines of 'Sunshine' lull with a reposeful atmosphere—'Black Head' makes one think of a 16-inch gun on guard. What may be called 'A Hetzel' is a bit of landscape at Middle Scalp Level, which has been the favorite sketching ground for Pittsburg artists for half a century. But there is more of the Hetzel in this lively landscape than the Scalp Level scenery. The Hetzel composition is there and the dash of Hetzel sunshine lights it in just the right place and the right way. 'Lower Scalp Level' is a fitting companion. 'Morning Reflections' is a view on Chartiers Creek, a mile below Bridgeville, is Dr. Allyn's hint that it isn't necessary to go far from home to find the material for beautiful pictures. This is a charming little brook scene, happy in the arrangement of the trees and portrayal of the lights and shadows in the water of the foreground. It is likewise an illustration of how hard it is for the photographer to get what he wants and preserve the simplicity his eye sees.

" 'Evening' and 'Night,' two pictures of woods and stream, taken at Romney, W. Va., will be remembered by every one

who sees this exhibit. The prints are of the same depth, but differ almost as the poles through the coloring. 'Evening' is light and full of life, with brilliant foliage and sparkling light, while 'Night' is simply a duplicate of the same picture put into a dove color key, dark blue. The very weight of a darkening atmosphere is felt as well as seen in this picture. The beholder can fairly feel the darkness settling down all around and clinging to him. 'Autumn,' another local picture taken at Chartiers, reminds that Bayard Taylor, the world-traveler, once said the scenery of Western Pennsylvania surpassed in beauty anything in the world. After inspecting Dr. Allyn's home pictures of home landscape, one is ready to agree. 'Husking Time' and 'The Frost Is on the Pumpkin' are autumn farm scenes that hold the admiration without the dash and sparkle of the coast pictures or the reflected beauty of the woods and streams. 'The Velvet Pathway' at Monhegan, Me., is carpeted with beautiful lichens and leads through cathedral woods to an extended view of the ocean. The composition is admirable. 'Fern Glen,' also at Monhegan, Me., is a much-admired piece of woods interne. 'Fern Glade,' in the same locality, a little ravine, cool and shady, down which the waters of the passing shower trickle between its rocks and mosses. 'White Head,' Monhegan, Me., shows how 'The breaking waves dashed high on a stern and rock-bound coast.' 'A Roller' is the reward of the extremely difficult job of getting a satisfying picture of the dash and smash of a 'roller' against the rocks crowding down to the very water's edge. There is the wave, the rocks, the spray—the picture. The waves have met a resistance greater than their own after an unimpeded sweep of 2,000 miles. 'The Washerwoman' is another breaker scene at Monhegan, where the water mounts to 200 feet in the air at times. 'Across the North Harbor,'

same locality, is a pleasing composition with many features of unusual artistic values. "Transept of Lincoln Cathedral," 'Choir of Lincoln Cathedral' and 'Nicola Pisano's Pulpit at Pisa, Italy,' are unusual bits of architectural photography. The Pisano pulpit is the first sculpture after the Dark Ages. Other church sculpture is pictured at other Italian cathedrals. St. Mark's, Venice, is shown in an across-the-bay view."

A Pittsburgh paper of February 27, 1921, contained the following notice of his death:

"Dr. George W. Allyn, physician and Civil War veteran, died yesterday at his home, 1030 Morewood avenue. Dr. Allyn was born November 28, 1845, in Plymouth, Mich. He graduated from the University of Michigan in the scientific and medical departments. When the Civil War began he enlisted in the Navy and was assigned to the lower Mississippi squadron, where he remained until the war closed. Dr. Allyn came to Pittsburgh in 1878, taught natural science in the High Schools for six years, practicing medicine at the same time. In 1884 he began his specialty of eye and ear work and continued this practice until 1917.

"He was at one time president and secretary of the Academy of Science and Art, Carnegie Institute of Technology, a member of the Allegheny Medical Society, the State Medical Society, the Otological Society, the Ophthalmological Society and Post No. 259, G. A. R. He leaves his widow and a brother, Dr. H. S. Allyn, of Brazil."

"The Bulletin," the organ of the Academy of Science at Pittsburgh, said:

"Death of Dr. Allyn.—We regret to record the death of Dr. George W. Allyn. He was one of the most faithful and useful members that the Academy has ever had serving as Secretary and President, being largely instrumental in the

formation of several sections, among them the Photographic section. In a very real sense the Annual Photographic Salon is and will be a memorial to Dr. Allyn."

MARCUS BAKER, A. M., LL. D.

Born at Kalamazoo, Mich., September 28, 1849—Died at Washington, D. C., December 12, 1903.

The first Class letter was started by Adams, but went astray and never showed up. The Class spirit, always possessed by Baker, induced him to start another, as follows:

University of Michigan,
Ann Arbor, Dec. 10, 1871.

Dear Classmates:

The Class letter seems to have had but sorry success thus far, but yet it is hardly worth while to cry "quarter" and give up beaten. Adams started the letter as per agreement shortly after Commencement, and I forwarded it to Baldwin and have never heard from it. As Adams has not started another, I take the liberty of doing so, for I feel very anxious to have the matter carry. And, being the first to write, pardon me for urging that each one, upon the receipt of this, immediately forward to the successor, with the request that he acknowledge the receipt of it, so that if at any time it shall miscarry, it may be known and reported to Carter or the "Chronicle."

By a little care on the part of each one, we can get this epistle through Uncle Sam's mail bags and receive much enjoyment. For '70's sake, make it a success.

Very cordially yours in '70,

M. BAKER.

The last thirty years of Mr. Baker's active life was spent in the employ of the Government. His labors in the U. S.

Coast Survey took him to Alaska in 1873, which were followed by work in the geological field. Mr. Baker was cartographer of the Venezuelan Commission and accompanied the Commission to Paris. When the Carnegie Institution was founded at Washington, Mr. Baker prepared the articles of incorporation, and was made its assistant secretary and served in that capacity until his untimely death. From the time of his permanent settlement in Washington in 1875, Mr. Baker became deeply interested in its various scientific activities. He was secretary and afterwards president of the Washington Philosophical Society and at one time was member of the governing boards of four of the smaller scientific organizations.

JOHN ALBERT BALDWIN, A. B.

Born at Detroit, Mich., June 27, 1847.

Address: Los Gatos, California.

The last letter mailed to Mr. Baldwin within two or three months was returned with the memorandum, "Not found." Until then it was supposed he was still living at Los Gatos, Cal., where he had been residing since 1887.

His Class letter was as follows:

Union Theological Seminary,
New York, Dec. 15, '71.

Dear Brothers in '70: .

You see from the heading of this epistle that I am in the great Metropolis. I left my native burgh (Detroit) in the fall of '70 and have been here most of the time. The entire course here is three years, of which I have completed one-half. I hope this Class letter will have a rapid circulation, and upon him who holds this letter may the everlasting furies of Tar-

traus blow dust in his eyes. May the second start be a successful one, and each man write immediately.

Ever yours in '70,

JOHN A. BALDWIN.

CHARLES BALLENGER, A. B.

Born at Williamsburg, Wayne Co., Ind., September 23, 1846
—Died at Indianapolis, Ind., March 13, 1881.

Following was his Class letter:

Cambridge City, Ind., Dec. 25, 1871.

Dear Classmates:

The Class letter reached me Saturday evening, containing two letters, one from Baker and one from Baldwin. I learned a great deal about Baker from his letter.

I spent the summer of 1870 on my father's farm near Williamsburg. Was married August 25, 1870, to Miss Jennie Lamb, taught school at Emory, Ind., in the fall and winter of 1870, began the study of law the 1st of February, 1871, at my father's. Moved to this place, Cambridge City, September 19th, 1871, and now am reading and practicing with my brother. I have a very fine little boy about four months old, whom I suppose to be the "Class boy." If circumstances permit, I hope to exhibit him at the Class reunion in '73. His name is Walter Sylvester Ballenger. I like the law and am rushing it with about all the energy I have. Life with me passing along pleasantly and happy. Now, dear Classmates, permit me to say that the man of '70 who isn't married in five years after graduation at A. A. isn't half a man. I hope this

letter will be kept going rapidly until the reunion in '73, when we can arrange to start a new one.

Ever yours,

CHAS. BALLENGER.

This is Christmas. May it be merry to you all.

C. B.

A letter was written to Walter Sylvester Ballenger at Indianapolis, Ind., recently, asking as to his activities, but no reply has been received up to the time of going to press. It is understood that he is doing well in business there.

HENRY HOYT BARLOW, A. B.

Born at Hastings, Mich., June 10, 1850.

Address: Coldwater, Mich.

Mr. Barlow continues in his successful practice of the law at Coldwater, Mich. He and his wife were present at our Semi-centennial Re-union last June.

GEORGE WILLIAM BATES, A. M.

Born at Detroit, Mich., November 4, 1848.

Address: Dime Bank Building, Detroit, Mich.

Mr. Bates has devoted his life to the arduous and successful practice of law at Detroit, where he has hosts of friends. He never misses a Class Re-union.

**PROFESSOR WOOSTER WOODRUFF BEMAN, A. M.,
LL. D.**

Born at Southington, Hartford Co., Conn., May 28, 1850.

Address: Ann Arbor, Mich.

Professor Beman still continues at the head of the Department of Mathematics of the University. Is a member of the American Mathematical Society, London Mathematical Society, Deutsche Mathematiker Vereinigung, Circolo Matematico di Palermo, Italy, fellow A. A. A. S., member of Phi Beta Kappa, Treasurer of Michigan Baptist Convention for many years, was member of executive committee Northern Baptist Convention, 1910-16, of Federal Council Churches of Christ in America, 1916-1920.

Joint author (with David Eugene Smith):

Plane and Solid Geometry, 1895; Higher Arithmetic, 1897; Famous Problems of Elementary Geometry (from the German of Klein), 1897; New Plane & Solid Geometry, 1899;

Elements of Algebra, 1900; A Brief History of Mathematics (from the German of Fink), 1900; Sundara Row's Geometric Exercises in Paper Folding (revision), 1901; Academic Algebra, 1902.

Sole author:

Continuity & Irrational Numbers;

Nature & Meaning of Numbers (from the German of Dedekind), 1901.

The regents of the University of Michigan at their recent meeting adopted resolutions on the completion of 50 years of continuous teaching in the university, which has been accomplished by Prof. W. W. Beman. The resolutions follow:

"Whereas, W. W. Beman, a graduate of the college of literature, science and the arts of the University of Michigan with the class of 1870, has been a member of the teaching staff of that college for 50 continuous years and since 1887 head of the department of mathematics.

"Whereas, he has been a teacher of scholarly interests, whose work has been successful to a rare degree, and

"Whereas, he has ever been untiring in his devotion to the best interests of his alma mater, therefore, be it

"Resolved, that the regents of the university congratulate Prof. Beman upon the happy completion of this one-half century of university service and express to him their full appreciation of the work which he has done."

The Class of '70 is under very many obligations to Professor Beman and wife for their kindness and generosity in repeatedly entertaining us at their charming home on E. Kingsley street, Ann Arbor, on the occasions of our re-unions. These receptions have been especially delightful to our ladies who have accompanied us on these pleasant journeys.

JUDSON SLATFORD BIRD, C. E.

Born at Ann Arbor, Mich., October 9, 1846—Died at Washington Co., Kan., March 19, 1882.

Class Letter.

Jackson, Mich., March 30, 1872.

Dear Classmates:

The above letterhead shows about what I am engaged in now (engineering and map-making). My life has been a busy one since I left Ann Arbor. For the first nine months after graduating I published city maps under the firm name of Taylor & Bird; was then appointed City Engineer for the City of Jackson, Mich., which position I still have. I have worked up a good business outside of my official duties and have combined with our classmate, Mickle, in a state agency for an iron bridge company and we are doing first rate. Bird, Mickle and Waters are publishing city maps at the rate of one city per month. Altogether our corps numbers nine men. You can count on my being at that little fight in Ann Arbor in '73 over the cups. I feel proud that our class is multiplying so rapidly and feel sorry I have no part in the matter.

Yours in '70,

J. S. BIRD.

Mrs. Mary E. Bird, widow, is now with their daughter, Mrs. K. G. Westfall, 3616 South Logan Street, Denver, Colorado.

Miss Cora Bird, sister of our classmate, whom many of the class remember out in the old peach farm near A. A., died

April 9, 1920. Mrs. Jane Bird, mother of our "Jed" Bird, died November 29, 1907, at the ripe old age of 83 years. She was born in Trowbridge, Wiltshire, England, October 6, 1824. Miss Jennie L. Bird, her daughter, is still living on the old Peach Hill farm.

JULIUS ABIRAM BLACKBURN, A. M.

**Born in Town of Gaines, Genesee Co., Mich., February 23,
1847—Died at Manchester, Mich., April 25, 1876.**

Buffalo, N. Y., April 4, 1872.

Dear Classmates of '70:

Class letter received last night, and contents read with much pleasure. With a desire to hasten this encyclical letter, I take time, which does not probably belong to me, in order to write. Since graduation, I have rejoiced in the title of "Brisk, Wielder of the Birch." In September, 1870, I was called to the charge of the High School of Clannahan, Illinois, where I was initiated in the work of teaching and was taught to feel the awful importance and responsibility of the pedagogue. At the close of the school year, I resigned my position and accepted a better one as principal of No. 3 Grammar School of Buffalo, where I am now engaged, but expect soon to go West to take a still better position which has been tendered me. I find my position fraught with hard work, though interspersed with enough of the amusing and ridiculous to take off the curse. I chanced one day to go into my Primary Department to inform the little ones that the next day was

Thanksgiving and consequently a holiday. I undertook to give them some idea of the nature of the holiday and stated to them that, by a proclamation of the President of the United States it was made general throughout the country. It then occurred to me that it might be well to test them a little as to their knowledge of the Chief Executive of the nation. Accordingly I asked them who was President of the United States. Well, several guesses were made, but no one seemed to know. Finally a little girl over in the back part of the room held up her hand, and in a piping voice called out: "I know, Mr. Blackburn." Well," said I, "who is it?" "**Jesus Christ,**" she shouted (exit Blackburn, holding his sides).

This is one of the many ridiculous occurrences in the experiences of a teacher.

No marriages as yet in my experience and consequently no births. I hope this circular letter may meet with no mishaps, but on the contrary that it may make the circuit quickly, and I shall look for its return to me with much interest and pleasure. In conclusion, I join with imprecations upon the man, who, by neglect or carelessness diverts or delays it in its ecliptic (Figaro).

In the bonds of '70,

J. A. BLACKBURN.

JAMES HARRISON BLANCHARD, A. B., LL. B.

Born at Niles, Mich., December 6, 1846—Died at Los Angeles, Cal., January 24, 1918.

"Mr. Blanchard was nominated as candidate for governor of the State of California on the Prohibition ticket in 1906. Our classmate, John S. Maltman, wrote under date of January 25, 1918:

"For some few years last past, Blanchard had ceased from hard work. I called at his office a few weeks ago for a little chat. He looked pale and thin—some internal disorder had weakened him. He was a fine character; all his leanings were towards the lofty, pure and noble things. He labored to that end in temperance and church lines, even to preaching on the public streets of the city. His wife, lately deceased, was noted for her labors in the affairs of women and children. This leaves me the sole survivor of the class of '70 in these parts. Jones, Wells and Blanchard, having gone hence, awaiting above, let us hope, another happy re-union of dear old '70."

His Class Letter.

Ann Arbor, April 10, 1872.

Dear Classmates of '70:

The Classic City still holds me. The sacred walls of **alma mater** have until very recently protected me from the chilling blasts of the outside world. Life begins to look real and earnest; am simply taking breath for the future.

For the past year and a half have been engaged in the study of law and beg leave to state to the unfortunates of '70 that

"Marriage and Divorce" has been my specialty and am now ready to free any of those who have formed any unpleasant relations by a **divorce a mensa et thoro** or **divorce a vinculo**. Large retainers are, however, necessary before anything is done.

Am glad to hear of the unprecedented success of all my classmates.

Yours without a tear till '73,

JAMES H. BLANCHARD.

CLARENCE MORTON BOSS, M. E.

Born in Town of Pittsfield, Washtenaw Co., Mich., January
2, 1850.

Address: 4029 E. Superior St., Duluth, Minn.

In the previous volume of the Class History, Boss was left in the Sudbury mining district of Canada. During the winter of 1902-3 the Algoma Commercial Co., suspended operations at all their mining properties, including the Elsie mine at which Boss was employed as superintendent, and he returned to his home at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich. After a short rest he took up the work of consulting mining engineer and was engaged in examining and reporting on mining prospects in Canada, east and north of Lake Superior.

In December, 1903, a trip was made to northern Montana to examine some mineral claims near Libby in the Kootenai river district. Returning from Montana he was sent to eastern Quebec, Canada, to report on some more deposits.

In the fall of 1904, accompanying a Canadian survey party, he enjoyed a very interesting canoe trip through the northern

wilds, going up the Ottawa river and over the height of land, then down Abitibi lake and river to the vicinity of Hudson Bay. This trip occupied two months.

The winter following he superintended some shaft sinking on iron prospects north of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

In June, 1905, he passed a civil service examination and was appointed a government inspector of dredge work, and spent the summer checking up the work of dredges employed in the widening and deepening of the river channel in the vicinity of Sault Ste. Marie.

In October, 1905, he was engaged by the Canadian Copper Co., to superintend the development of a new nickel property in the Sudbury district. This work was a success, and a permanent desirable situation seemed assured, but it would involve moving his family there for a home. The thought of bringing up his children in a foreign land became so repugnant that in March, 1906, he resigned his position and came to Duluth, Minn., and entered the employ of the Oliver Iron Mining Co., the mining subsidiary of the U. S. Steel corporation.

He was given charge of diamond drill prospecting on the then newly discovered Cuyuna iron range, and remained there until April, 1907. He was then sent to the little village of Pyrites, in northern St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., to investigate and experiment with a deposit of iron pyrites in that vicinity. He completed this work in April, 1908, and returned to the Duluth office for the summer.

On Sept. 1, Boss was appointed to the newly created office of mine inspector for the properties of the company in the Michigan mining districts, to look after safety, sanitation and general mining conditions, reporting to the Duluth office monthly. The duties of this office were followed until Sep-

tember, 1909, when he was transferred to the Minnesota district to take up the same line of work, which he has continued to date.

The Oliver Iron Mining Co. has approximately thirty mines and pits in the Minnesota district in operation at all times, and inspection visits are made to each of these at least once in each month. The work is somewhat in routine at present but with all very interesting.

For a number of years the widely varying localities to which his occupation seemed to call him deprived Boss of much of the pleasures of home life. His family remained at the home at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., until he went to Pyrites, N. Y., in the spring of 1907, when they moved to Detroit, Mich., for a year, where his son, Alward, completed his course in manual training in the Thomas Normal Training school.

On his return to Duluth in 1908, Boss brought his family there and established a permanent home. His son, Alward, after graduating in Detroit, was instructor in manual training at Blee Military Institute in Missouri, and at Niagara Falls, N. Y., finally going to Prescott, Ariz., to take charge of that work in the public schools there. At the close of his first year in Prescott, he married Florence Troy Jones, daughter of a prominent citizen, and settled down to steady work with the schools there. Four children have come to him, and his home life is a very happy one. After eight years of service in Prescott, he moved to Bisbee, Ariz., to take up the same line of work.

Boss' daughter, Mary Agnes, graduated from the Duluth High School in 1914, and completed a course in Domestic Science at Stout Institute, Menomonie, Wis., in 1916. She has since remained in Duluth.

In the spring of 1917, Boss and his wife enjoyed a trip to southern California, visiting various points of interest, and

on their return trip spending several days with their son and family at Prescott, Ariz. They also visited the wonderful Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

The great grief of a lifetime came to Boss in February, 1919, when his beloved wife passed away after an illness of two months, leaving a void that cannot be filled in this life. Since that time strenuous attention to work serves to divert his mind, and time will sooth the wound. He maintained his comfortable home in Duluth, with his daughter, Mary Agues, as housekeeper.

Although not quite so sprightly as in the past, Boss still retains sufficient physical vigor to expect to remain in the harness for several years yet. He enjoys fishing and shooting in season, and takes great interest in baseball and all athletic sports. He has attended all the reunions of '70 since the vigitenial, and is planning on renewing the old associations again in 1925.

Duluth, Minn., September, 1920.

REV. FRANKLIN BRADLEY, A. M.

Born at Chatham, 10 miles south of Springfield, Ill., June 4, 1845—Died at Clarkston, Mich., May 22, 1916.

Mr. Bradley's latter years were passed under the cloud of a great bodily affliction. To those of his classmates and other friends who were informed as to its nature, the loveliness of his Saintly character shone forth clear and bright under the conditions of his severe trials like a star of the first magnitude. In spite of his growing infirmities and loss of strength, Mr. Bradley continued faithful to his charge, showing great devotion to his life work and astonishing fortitude in his suppression with a smile and without a murmur, the sharp pangs

of physical pain which from time to time reminded him of his misfortune. He commanded the deepest sympathy of the entire class.

On June 15, 1915, he wrote what proved to be his last letter to the Class. It is here printed in full.

"As the days draw near for the gathering of the Class forty-five years after graduation, the longing to be with you grows on me, but it cannot be so. I send my greetings and assure you that in spirit I shall be with you. I want to thank the members of the Class for their interest in me and for the cheering encouraging letters several have written me. I have not felt able to answer all, but have certainly appreciated them. After 42 years in the active ministry I was retired last September. We have a pleasant little home in this village of Clarkston, situated among the lakes and the hills of Oakland County, Mich. I have had relief but am not cured. I have enjoyed my life work and would be glad to continue longer in it. I am trying to keep sweet and submissive and am finding the comfort and sustaining grace of God sufficient. The years are passing with us all, but life has been worth the living and I am sure we have all tried to make good. In mind I shall shake hands with you all and wish you all God speed in the journey still before you. There has been much of loving fellowship cementing us together during our student years and the years that have followed, and I am sure it will continue to mature and be more manifest when we go on into the fuller life of the future. I would be with you to see your faces and hear your voices and grasp your hands and have a share in the songs and the cheer. My heart will be there though it seems a long way to Ann Arbor.

Cordially Your Classmate,

FRANKLIN BRADLEY."

THOMAS HARPER BUSH, A. B.

Born at Tremont, near Pekin, Tazewell Co., Ill., April 3, 1847—

Died at Chicago, Ill., March 29, 1887.

Class Letter.

Geneseo, Illinois,

May 27, 1872.

Dear brothers and sisters:

My autobiography is as follows:

July 13, '70, sailed from New York, visited Great Britain. Winter of '70-'71, at Leipzig with Scott, Moses and Prof. D'Ooge. Spring of '71 went south via Berlin and Vienna to Italy, there two months, one of them at Rome. In June went north via Munich to Heidelberg. In August walked over Switzerland. In September returned home by way of Paris. Law lectures at A. A. under the maternal roof until holidays of '71-'72. Since then in the office of an uncle at this place, reading my 50 pages per day of Kent, Mark Twain, etc., etc. Expect to be at A. A. again next winter and to see the excitement at Commencement '73. Shall not marry until after that event.

To my dear nephew, Walter Sylvester Ballinger, I hereby send my joyful congratulations. You were born under a lucky star, my boy! Who would have suspected that you were the individual about whom the '70 wise men disputed so long and earnestly! "Such is life!" Ah! Winch! We little thought that night last winter when we came up to see the "Class Boy" and have some oysters that you were attempting to buy our votes, but I'm not sure but what Carter is right and there should be two cups.

The boy of August 12th is legally entitled to the cup and his name begins with a B. That's an advantage. But the remembrance of those oysters is sufficient to me at least to confuse the dates a little. Mr. President, I move a cup to "the boy of August 13th."

BUSH.

PATRICK HENRY BUMPUS, A. B., M. D.

Born at Ypsilanti, Mich., January 21, 1841.—Died at Devereaux, Mich., February 18, 1898.

Class Letter.

Jackson, Mich., May 13, 1872.

Dear Classmates:

The long looked for Class letter has at length arrived. I have led an eventful life since graduation, the recital of which would draw tears from the fretful crocodile. The first great event happened on the 16th day of August, 1870, when, in the presence of Tweedy and Ripley and sundry other persons, I took upon myself the awful responsibility of supporting a wife and family. I tell you I have passed through some harrowing scenes since then and prudence forbids a recital. In October of the same year I had quite a fit of sickness and came near "pegging out," but made out to "rally around the flag boys" and came out all right. Since that time I have sawed wood and worked at ——— occupations. Last winter I attended medical lectures at *alma mater* and had a good time with the boys. Bird, Mickle, Waters and Fleming are here in Jackson. I am now engaged in peddling sewing machines and doing my part to humbug the public generally. I am not yet able to state that married life is the sweetest thing

on wheels. At least such is not my experience. Well, good bye boys and be at A. A. in 1873.

Yours Fraternaly,

PAT H. BUMPUS.

CHARLES FRANCIS BURTON, A. M., LL. B.

Born in Romulus, Seneca Co., N. Y., November 8, 1849.—Died at Detroit, Mich., October 5th, 1911.

Mr. Burton suffered a stroke of apoplexy Oct. 5, 1911, while on a street car in the City of Detroit, where he then resided. He lingered in an unconscious condition at his home for two days before he finally passed away.

Our Classmate George W. Bates kindly sent a wreath for the casket marked "Class of '70, University of Michigan."

He had been continuously practicing law at Detroit for about 37 years. For nearly 30 years of that time he had given his attention to patent law and was widely recognized as an expert in that branch of the law profession. He was connected with the firm of Parker & Burton in the Moffat block. He left a wide circle of acquaintances both within and outside of his profession. He was a member of the Wayne County Bar.

His widow Martha and daughters Ethel E. Burton and Anna Grace Grow all still survive him. Mrs. Burton and her daughter Ethel at present are in Los Angeles, but consider Detroit as their home.

Class Letter.

Detroit, May 24, 1872.

Dear Brothers of '70:

I am glad to hear from those who have gone before me matrimonially as well as alphabetically. May the pleasures

of family life never grow less for those who have entered into that blissful state.

My own hopes of following their example are not at present very great. The prospects are that when next I meet you all it will be in the character of a bachelor forlorn.

Although like the rest of you I have been living history, still it has been very uneventful. On the 4th of July after graduation I commenced work on the lunar tables for Prof. J. C. Watson. Remained in A. A. until the next May, taking the winter course of lectures in law. During the summer of '71, I was in the Lake survey office in Detroit. In the autumn I went back to Ann Arbor and during the past winter I finished the law course. Have been admitted and am ready to assist Blanchard in obtaining those divorces. Owing to the migratory character of the old Class, I have had the fortune to see many of the boys during the past two years, and they are doing well.

I am situated where I can gaze down upon the Noble Howland as he sits in his office below me. Oratorical Bates is just across the way in one direction and muscular Campau in another and during the season I expect to hold numerous seances with the musical Baldwin.

Well, boys, I wish I had a more eventful history of my own to give you and when we meet next year, I hope to be able to relate stories of hair-breadths escapes and all of that.

But until that time I give you the health and prosperity of the members of the glorious old Class. May its numbers increase and multiply.

CHARLES F. BURTON.

GEORGE THROOP CAMPAU, A. B., LL. B.

Born at Detroit, Mich., July 29th, 1847. Died at Detroit,
Mich., February 5th, 1879.

Class Letter.

Detroit, Mich.,
May 23, 1872.

George T. Campau:

"Hail fellows well met," and a most hearty greeting to all dear Classmates, who will, I trust, pardon, this once, my characteristic egotism in beginning this note with my name, but it saves turning this portly volume an unseemly summersault to find the illustrious author of each autobiography.

On the 12th of July after we parted, I sailed across "ye briny deep," and while in mid-ocean, July 18, war was declared, we were warned of the event by an English pilot boat and just escaped capture by a French cruiser by running into Plymouth (I was in a German packet). Was in Berlin during the first half of the war and a few weeks after Sedan; there was much to see of course, but it broke up my plans entirely, and rather than waste the time waiting its uncertain termination, I returned by way of England to Detroit. Spent six weeks on my father's fisheries, after which it required 185 pounds avertedupois to balance the scales. On November 29, I started for Albany where I spent the last six months of the course in law under Sen. Ira Harris, Judge Parker and others. It was a good school. Returned to Detroit in June, 1871, entered Holbrook's office, studied a little and was admitted May 10, 1872. Am working on my first case "a nigger in the fence."

Faithfully Classmates, I ever remain to '70,
G. T. CAMPAU.

Mrs. Campau and her three boys, Woolsey, Montgomery and George are living in Detroit. Woolsey and Montgomery are married. George is with his mother. Two or three of them have attended the University. They are all pleasantly situated.

OSCAR JAMES CAMPBELL, A. M., Ph. B., LL. B.

Born at Cuba, N. Y., April 27, 1846.—Died at Cleveland, O., June 17, 1917.

Class Letter.

Cleveland, O., May 29, 1872.

All hail!

"Health to old Seventy, we pledge." My first cup to '70. Blessings on Walter Sylvester Ballenger and his father and his mother. Walter Sylvester Ballenger, in the language of Rip Van Winkle "here's to your good health and your wife's and your family's—may they live long and prosper."

My second cup to Walter Sylvester Ballenger, born August 12, 1871, Harley Corson Winchell, born August 13, 1871, ought not to be slighted.

My third cup to Harley Corson Winchell who came within one of it." The letter came to me this morning like a "gale from Araby." It was read with "feelings." Space too short to gush. Business: I came first to the confessional. I am virtuous, consequently pretending to be looking for a school. In that time I took a kind of a post graduate course. Learned things I had not learned in calculus or quintilian. * * * Spent six weeks of summer under the paternal roof, taught mathematics in high school Ann Arbor, school year of '70-71. Came

to Cleveland, June 19, 1871, into Hutchins & Ingersoll's law office where I still am.

Most heartily in the bonds of '70.

O. J. CAMPBELL.

The following is a characteristic letter from our old time genial Classmate:

Cleveland, O., April 20, 1905.

Of course I shall attend old '70 reunion. I shall bring with me "my sisters and my cousins and my aunts", so to speak. That is to say, my son Charles Fuller Campbell will graduate in June, so my wife and my daughter will be in Ann Arbor on that occasion and will eat with the class—the boy will probably have other engagements. Rufe Day wrote me he would be there to see his son Steve graduate.

Oh, won't we have a jolly time. Carter put the kettle on and we'll all take tea. Seventy forever!!

Yours truly,

O. J. CAMPBELL.

The following letter recently received from O. J. C., Jr.:

My father's life from the year 1903 was comparatively uneventful. He continued the practice of law until about the year 1913. He then retired and devoted most of his leisure time to the study of genealogy, particularly that of his own family and that of his wife. During the last two years of his life he was in poor health, although he was free from any active physical suffering, and he continued to be the delightful and stimulating companion that he always was. To the very end perhaps his greatest interest and enthusiasm was the University of Michigan and his class. As you know, he attended the 45th anniversary of the graduation of his class when he was seriously ill and should have been under the care of a physician.

I append a few notes concerning his children.

Oscar James Campbell, Jr. Graduated 1903 from Harvard; taught English and Constitutional Law in United States Naval Academy for two years; married in 1907, Emily Lyon Fuller, Bridgeport, Connecticut; Ph. D. at Harvard, 1910; travelling fellow of Harvard University, 1910-11; since then at University of Wisconsin as instructor, assistant professor, and associate professor of English. Has three children. Address 15 East Gilman Street, Madison, Wisconsin.

Charles Fuller Campbell. Graduated from University of Michigan, 1905; captain of Michigan baseball team; married in 1907 to Miss Cornelia Van Renslaer Sweet, of Grand Rapids, Michigan; has two children. Since his graduation from college he has been engaged in the manufacture of furniture. He is at the present time eastern representative of The Luce Furniture Co. of Grand Rapids, Mich. Present address D. K. E. Club, New York City.

Jean Campbell. Married in 1912 to Emory Gilfillan Hukill, who is president of The Petroleum Products Co. Has two children. Lives at 2905 Coleridge Road, Cleveland, Ohio.

Very truly yours,

OSCAR JAMES CAMPBELL, JR.

As we are about to go to press the delightful news comes that Professor Oscar J. Campbell, Jr., has accepted a full professorship in English at Michigan. We can imagine what joy this news would have given his father could he have known it was to occur so soon after his death.

CHARLES SIMEON CARTER, B. S., LL. B.

**Born in Town of Metomen, Fond du Lac Co., Wis., March 31,
1846.**

Address: 501 Newton Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

The course of my life has continued about the same for the last 25 years, being that of a busy lawyer in the various courts of this state. Returning from New York to my native state in 1885, we located at Milwaukee, where we have lived ever since and where our two children, Lillian and Charles, received their early education. I resumed my law practice here. Our special object in coming back to Wisconsin was to be near my parents in their old age, having been away from them almost continually since the beginning of the Civil War. From Milwaukee we visited them frequently and they came to us occasionally while they lived, thus rendering life more enjoyable to all of us than it was while we were in the East, far from home surroundings and old-time acquaintances. My law practice, from time to time, was sufficiently diverse and varied to be both interesting and instructive. I might mention one novel case which came to hand during the great war which may interest some of the law practitioners of the class: Our client, "C," was a banker in New York City. A customer of his, "A," had an account in his bank and was an expert salesman of a certain kind of machinery manufactured in Southern Wisconsin by "B." Business relations had existed before between "A" and "B," and October 24th, 1916, they entered into a written contract, whereby "B" hired "A" to go to Europe to sell "B's" machinery on commission. It seems that this machinery was such as would likely be in great demand in the war-stricken countries after the close of the war, and "B" was anxious to get it introduced into various

portions of those countries, in advance, in order to have an advantage over rivals. Be that as it may, "B" hired "A" by this written contract to go to Europe and introduce this machinery to the trade, canvass for customers and to sell the machinery. The contract also provided that "B" was to advance to "A" on account of commissions to be thereafter earned under the contract the sum of \$500 and to deposit the same "on or immediately prior to "A's" sailing from New York for Europe to carry out his contract, in "C's" bank in New York to the credit of "A" on "commission account." "B" was also to deposit a second \$500 in "C's" bank to the credit of the same account on the **first** of the next succeeding month. "B" agreed also to advance a large amount of money to pay up existing creditors of "A" and to charge the same to the "commission account" with "A." No definite date or time was agreed upon as to when "A" was to sail from New York, but "A" exercised due diligence in endeavoring to obtain reservations at an early date. Trans-Atlantic travel at that time was very precarious and uncertain. No deposit had been made in "C's" bank by "B" under the contract up to January 4, 1917, when "A" had finally arranged to take passage, and desired to purchase his ticket. "A," therefore, to obtain necessary funds for his trip, drew on "C's" bank against the anticipated commission-account funds for \$1,000 and gave the bank an assignment of his contract with "B," as follows:

"To the.....Bank, New York: 'I hereby assign to you as against value received the two payments of \$500.00 each to be made to me through your bank by 'B' as per conditions stated in my contract with 'B' dated October 24, 1916, and of which you have a certified copy. New York, 4th January, 1917.'"

(Duly signed by "A.")

The bank gave due written notice to "B" of this assignment to it by "A" of the written contract between "A" and "B."

"A" succeeded in getting reservations by and took passage for Europe on the steamship Laconia on February 16, 1917, which was sunk by a German torpedo boat February 26, 1917, and "A" was, in consequence, drowned. "B" had not made either of the deposits of \$500.00 each according to his agreement, and thereafter refused to do so, claiming that no commissions, in payment for which they were to be made, had been earned, nor could they now be earned under the contract, as the contract was for **personal** services; that there had been an entire failure of consideration under the contract and that nothing was due.

The bank came to us for advice in the matter. The result was that an action was commenced by the bank, through us as attorneys, against "B," after due demand being made on "B" to make the deposits in the bank as he had agreed. The litigation was continued quite vigorously in the circuit court for Wisconsin, extensive depositions having been taken in New York City preparatory to the trial. Before the case was reached on the trial calendar we received a substantial offer of settlement by the payment to our client of a sufficient sum of money to satisfy it for its loss in the matter and the suit was discontinued.

After living for many years in rented quarters, my wife, daughter and self determined early in 1910 that we would make a change by purchasing a lot or parcel of land in some desirable spot in the suburbs of Milwaukee and build a residence to our liking in order that we might have elbow room, plenty of light and fresh air, the benefit of rural scenery, a place for flowers and a vegetable garden. Accordingly we

took a few rambles along the lake shore to the north of the city and found what we concluded might be a desirable spot in the open country. There had formerly been a good many large oak trees in the locality, but some had died out, leaving a few scattered here and there, which produced shade and furnished nesting places for the many birds in the vicinity. We ascertained that we could get a piece of 50 feet fronting the north, having a depth of 140 feet, which, by a little filling in, would present a gentle slope to the south, suitable for a vegetable garden, grapes and flowers. This place is on high ground, but a few minutes' walk from the lake and a half hour's ride from the central part of Milwaukee on our best street car line. It was evidently intended for us from the beginning, for there were the golden-rod, the sunflower, the wild rose, the wild aster and the dandelion in great profusion, and Mrs. Carter is a great lover of flowers; there were the robin, the meadow-lark, the blue bird, the wren, the thrush, song sparrows and a host of warblers in season, and our daughter, Lillian, is a great enthusiast on birds; and there was a great opportunity on that southern slope for raising peas, beans, onions, carrots and tomatoes, and I had been a farmer in my youth, and was an expert gardener by proxy, our daughter being the proxy. With all these things in mind, the deliberation was short and the lot was purchased. A change immediately came over the spirits of our dreams. There would be something doing now besides monotonous law practice, including interviews and conferences in close, tobacco-scented quarters. We saw visions of a real home springing up in the near future in that lovely, restful spot, surrounded by every convenience, with flowers and vegetables in quantities as they might be desired. Happiness reigned. Good cheer brought rosy cheeks. Grocery bills increased as doc-

tor's bill diminished. Books on gardening and architecture soon covered our library table. Pencil sketches and outline plans of gardens and cottages covered the floor. Much enjoyment was derived from this pastime, but it was followed by the employment of a real architect, who soon brought order out of confusion when informed just what we wanted. He had the excavation for the basement under way by April, 1912, and the building nearly completed and the beer sign up by July 4th. The plasterers and painters were out of the way so that we moved in October 1, 1912. We then began to realize, which has grown upon us ever since, that life is worth living, under some circumstances at least. We give a standing invitation to the members of '70 to come and see us at our home..

Our son, Charles, took the bachelor's degree in electrical engineering in 1904, followed by the master's degree at University of Wisconsin. He took a post graduate course in chemistry there, and also received the degree of M. E. He spent one season in Alaska with a party on a railroad survey. His life work has been in charge of gas and electric plants. At the present he is manager of the gas and electric plant at Danbury, Conn. Is married and has a daughter 6 years old. He was at our class re-union in June, 1915.

Our daughter, Lillian, was graduated from the State Normal School in Milwaukee in 1897, and was at once employed in the Public Library of Milwaukee, where she has been ever since. Now has charge of the catalogueing of department, with five assistants. The library has 400,000 volumes and is increasing at the rate of 5,000 volumes per month. She attended our class re-union in June, 1910.

Mrs. Carter claims to be a member of '70, because she was born in Ann Arbor and was living there during most of the

time we were there and knew many of the class—some of them in the high school there. She is always ready to accompany me to a re-union.

I am a member of the Congregational Church, the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, a society originally formed by officers of the Civil War immediately after the death of Lincoln; State Historical Society of Wisconsin, Old Settlers' Club of Milwaukee County (Vice-President), 850 members; State and County Bar Associations; 32nd degree Mason.

THOMAS CHALMERS CHRISTY, A. M., M. D.

Born at Kinsman, Trumbull County, O., October 1846—Died at Pasadena, Cal., December 17, 1913.

Class Letter.

Kinsman, O., June 8, 1872.

Christy, T. C., sends a hearty greeting to all his classmates and is impatiently waiting the coming event of 1873. The week of graduation found me but poorly fitted for grappling with the future, physically speaking, so taking the advice of our worthy President—may Heaven bless him—Prof. Frieze, I came here and commenced laboring on my father's farm. Since then my life has run quietly enough, and today I congratulate myself that I am much stronger in mind and body than I have been for years. Last fall, feeling the need of a slight change, I took up the study of medicine with our family physician and do not hesitate to say that this study is to me intensely interesting. I commenced Dec. 14th, '71, but was broken off nearly a month since by the sudden and severe illness of my father. For the immediate future I have but few plans, but during the present summer and autumn shall fol-

low the humble calling of my paternal and will be happy to receive any or all of '70 at whatever time it may be convenient for them to come. Have seen but two of '70 since graduation, namely, Wells and Haven. And, strange to say, both of them were, at that time, but recently married and were on their wedding tours to the East. My best wishes to all.

As ever,

THOMAS CHALMERS CHRISTY.

The following letter is from I. H. Pedrick, of the Class of '69:

Pasadena, California, Jan. 5th, 1914.

My dear Mr. Carter:

I am glad to have your letter and to know that copies of the neat necrology card you kindly enclosed, will also, through your kindness, go to the surviving classmates of Dr. Christy.

Dr. Christy continued in the general practice of medicine at Pittsburg, Pa., and very successfully, I am told, until his health became impaired about 1901. He suffered several periods of prolonged illness, but resumed practice at intervals when somewhat improved. The rigorous climate at Pittsburg, not being favorable to his restoration, he, with his family, spent the winter of 1903-4 at Pasadena, California, and, finding himself somewhat relieved, and the climate very acceptable to himself and family, they finally purchased a residence and adopted Pasadena as their permanent home.

During his earlier years there, he found much pleasure and spent many hours in visiting some of Nature's quiet retreats, easily reached from his residence, where, as in boyhood, he loved to again commune with her unbought gifts to mankind. His health, however, did not become sufficiently restored to resume his profession, and of late years he seldom

went beyond the limits of his lawn and garden, where, after he had spent an hour or two daily, he usually gave the remainder of the day to books, current news and to friends, who were always glad to have a quiet hour with one who had read so widely and conversed so interestingly. Though not physically able to return their visits, he welcomed friends, old and new, with his characteristic openness and good will. He had a warm feeling for the men of his university and watched the progress of the latter with much interest.

Although his step became slow, his form remained erect and seemingly strong, and so like his appearance on his graduating day, that except for the crown of white, almost any schoolmate carrying his sturdy form in memory, could not mistake his identity, even at a considerable distance.

He was deeply interested in the social and national life, but like some of his old-time friends, he did not feel that all of the new things of the present day, are necessarily better than the plainness and sturdiness of former days, but he maintained implicit faith in the ultimate outcome of the right among nations and people.

His wife, Mrs. Rebecca Kinsman Christy, survives him, and expects to continue to live in their home, 99 N. Hudson avenue. No child survives him, but Mrs. Christy's sister will live with her.

Yours cordially,

ISAAC H. PEDRICK.

Mr. Bennett of our class, who died at Pasadena, Cal., in 1919, wrote as follows:

Pasadena, California, April 10, '14.

Dear Mr. Carter:

In reply to your letter, allow me to speak first of the death of our beloved friend and classmate, Dr. Thomas C. Christy.

He came to Pasadena several years ago with health shattered and greatly discouraged.

Under the influence of our mild climate, he slowly but surely began to improve.

His step was more firm and quick, his eyes brighter and his whole appearance more pleasant and natural.

Excepting an occasional return of his old trouble, these favorable conditions continued until a short time ago, when a change for the worse occurred.

Complications set in and the end soon came.

And so has passed away one of the most genial of men—a loving husband, a kind neighbor, a true friend.

We classmates who knew him so well can truthfully say his was a beautiful character, one that is exceptionally rare among men.

Among those attending the funeral exercises were Judge Willett, Pedrick, Blanchard and myself.

As to my own affairs, after 26 years' service as Secretary of the first Land and Water Association of Pasadena, I gave up my position, together with all other outside business, and in 1904 went to Europe for a year's trip with Mrs. Bennett.

Again in 1908-10 we enjoyed two years more of travel, covering not only the principal points of interest in Europe, but also those in Northern Africa and Palestine.

Since then I have led a quiet, uneventful home life in Pasadena, in the same home in which Mrs. Bennett and I have lived for 26 years and on the same street on which I have lived for 40 years.

Cordially yours,

HENRY G. BENNETT.

From Mrs. Christy.

99 N. Hudson Ave.,
Pasadena, Cal., Jan. 26, 1914.

My Dear Mr. Carter:

Permit me to express to you my sincere thanks for your kind, sympathetic letter, together with the very pretty and suitable card which you have been so good as to send to my husband's classmates. I shall treasure one of them and send one to his sister.

Dr. Christy felt a very tender affection for his college class, some of its members—yourself among the number being particularly dear. It has been a sore disappointment to him that ill health has prevented his enjoyment of the various re-unions from time to time.

We have enjoyed our California home—and I am sure our coming here has added ten years to his life and to our time of happiness together. There is one friend very close, both to my husband and to me, whom I would like very much to have notified, as I do not know his present address. He has of late been traveling abroad—Mr. Everett Darrow. May I trouble you to do this favor for me, if you can ascertain his whereabouts?

Very truly and gratefully yours,

REBECCA K. CHRISTY.

EUGENE FRANCIS COOLEY, A. B.

Born at Adrian, Mich., November 15, 1849.

Address: Lansing, Mich.

Since the publication of the former issue of '70's book, my days have been passing swiftly along on about the same lines as noted therein. My record has been that of the ordinary

business man, successful in a general way, but with nothing remarkable to report in this day of large things. Have never held or sought public office of any kind, but have devoted my time to my business and family, paying only enough attention to politics to perform my duties as an American citizen, hence have only business and family matters to chronicle.

At the present time my family consists of the wife, eight children and seventeen grandchildren. All my children are married and have done well.

Edith married Arthur D. Baker, secretary and manager of the Michigan Millers Mutual Insurance Company, a very large and prosperous institution. They have two children, Katherine, just graduating from Smith's College, and Stan-nard, now attending Northwestern University.

Fanny is the wife of Major Geo. M. Chandler, of the Regular Army, now engaged in engineering work at Frankfort, Pa. They have one son, Bruce, now attending the U. of M.

Edgar L. is a prominent and successful business man of Lansing, secretary and manager of the Michigan Supply Company, which is doing a large and prosperous business. He married June Davis of Lansing and they have four children, two boys and two girls.

Elizabeth, wife of Frank B. McKibbier, well known and successful Lansing business man. Children, one boy and one girl.

Frank married Clara Gower, daughter of C. A. Gower, of Lansing, and is now holding a responsible position with the Reynolds Cushion Spring Company of Jackson; also has a large dairy farm at Holt, Mich. They have no children.

Eva is wife of Carl E. McAlvay, of Lansing, an officer of the Michigan Millers Insurance Company. They have five children.

Adaline C. Kessler lives in Lansing and has two children, a girl and a boy.

David H., the youngest, married Olive Richardson, and they have one child, a girl. David went to France with the army as 1st Sergeant of Engineers. Like so many others, he had to endure terrible hardship and privation, and, after the armistice, was brought home and sent direct to a hospital. After he had partially recovered, he went to his home at Topinabee, in Northern Michigan, where he is now living in the endeavor to regain his health.

In a business way, the Michigan Supply Company, which I founded nearly forty years ago, has been my mainstay, and I am still its President. The stock is all held in my family. I am still Vice-President of the City National Bank, the office which I have held since its organization in 1886. At the present time its deposits are around \$7,000,000, and it has been a very successful institution.

I am still active in business, but have arranged matters so that I can take a couple of months off in winter and summer. Have a summer cottage at Topinabee, in Northern Michigan, where wife and I and such of the children as can get away spend July and August. For the winter vacation I have a cottage under the "Tall Pines" at Winter Park, Orange Co., Florida, a most lovely spot, an earthly paradise in fact, and at either one of these places, or at our home in Lansing, Mich., we should be most happy to welcome any member of our class who comes our way.

JOHN LOVELAND CULLEY, C. E.

Born at Ashtabula, O., October 11, 1847—Died at Cleveland,
O., February 5th, 1902.

Class Letter.

Warren, O., June 22, 1872.

Fellow Classmates:

I rejoice in the increase of '70 and that those two brave lads whose race for the 12th of August, 1871, will have their reward. Ah! Young Winchell, fate seems to have been slow with you one day, but, my boy, be of good cheer. Your fathers in '70 will stand between you and all harm. Walter Sylvester B. is of goodly proportions and parts and will share with you your joys and sorrows and your fathers will do equally well by both of you.

Fellows, the thing uppermost seems to be "Are you married and how many have you? I am not married and therefore I have none. My autobiography is as follows: The week after Commencement I took charge of the improvement and enlargement of Sandusky Harbor, Ohio, under U. S. engineers, where I remained until the last of November." I then returned to Ashtabula, where I busied myself until the last of February, '71; then spent two months in railroad work; then came home and remained till August, 1871, when I was employed by the Pennsylvania railroad, and frequently saw Hyde, Davock, "Dixie" and Meyendorff, the only four of the boys I have seen since graduation.

Yours truly,

JOHN LOVELAND CULLEY.

Mr. Culley in the last few years of his life took great interest in Class matters. He printed and distributed among the members, at his own expense, several circulars containing news about various movements and activities of the "boys" and traveled through the country with his wife and called on many. He was enjoying his leisure time by renewing his college friendships. His death was unexpected.

EDWARD EVERETT DARROW.

Born at Meadville, Pa., October 28, 1846.

Address: 610 W. 111th Street, New York City.

The writer, continuing the sketch of his life from 1903 up to the present date, April, 1921, has a very clear-cut section with which to deal. In 1903 he was still in the traces, though he had, many years before, determined to get clear at the age of sixty if the financial condition of the family would justify it. The family decided that it did, and a year earlier than he had fixed, in the summer of 1905, he resigned from a Chicago high school, thereby closing a continuous teaching period of thirty years. Of this period he would say that he enjoyed it all, and he severed his connection with teaching, with a certain regret. While glad he made it his life-work then, yet if he were beginning again, with his present opinion of the conditions of the public school system, especially of large cities, both within and without, he would seek some other field.

In 1905, then, he "retired" as the expression is, meaning in his own case that he was to divert his time and energy from "making a living" to the problem of getting the best value he knew how, out of life—living life as one would choose for the rest of his term freed from the "cost of existence." So he entered on his freedom.

He should say here that the last thing in the world that he had in mind was to drop activity. It was only to set it free from everything not done for its own sake. It took a little time, however, to "find himself."

Fortunately his school work was chiefly in directions in which he had great interest, in economics, government, history and literature.

Of course he was seeking the truth. How could a **teacher** be seeking anything else? Any error or falsehood creeping or injected into the investigation invalidates the conclusion as inevitably as it does in mathematics. In the field of pure science there is little motive for one to have any other aim than to establish the facts. No one seems to have any motive in obscuring them. They seem either to affect all men impartially or not at all.

But in the field of human relations, every man feels a personal interest. The investigator here is fighting a constant battle.

Suffice it to say that the writer finds this activity full of interest and sees no reason for thinking that the direction of his work will be materially changed in the future, subject, of course, to "circumstances over which he has no control."

The year following his resignation was spent abroad. They traveled as a family, as also the next time they were there, going in the summer of 1911 and returning in September, 1912. The son, who had graduated in June, 1911, at the University of Chicago, used the academic year in attending courses in Paris and Berlin, specializing in mathematics in the former and physics in the latter. Forty-nine years had passed since his father had spent a year in the same cities.

The writer does not attempt to assign any special value to these two years in Europe following his resignation, except

for recreation and enjoyment. He enjoyed revisiting the old, with its added charm of old association, as well as the new, unvisited before. Among these later impressions he recalls with unadulterated pleasure a week spent in the Harz at its freshest and most alluring season, also when at Rome a trip into the Sabine country and the alleged site of Horace's villa on his "Sabine Farm." We saw the two claimants for the honor of being the site, but a year or two later saw an account of the discovery of the "real" site a mile or two farther up the valley of the brawling Digentia. We, however, stick to those we saw.

Then, too, near Naples, the town of Baiae and its bay, and Lake Avernus, where Virgil located the place of descent of his hero, Aeneas, into the world below. A signboard standing at the mouth of an apparent cave bore this remarkable inscription: "Entrance to the Infernal Regions—Private." We feared Cerberus might be lurking somewhere about the mouth and did not investigate.

The family returned in 1912, when the son took up graduate work at the University, making physics his specialty, and received his degree of Ph. D. in 1917. That summer he obtained a position as a research physicist in the Western Electric Co. He came to New York in September, 1917, and the other members of the family, the following month.

Their present address is 610 W. 111th St. They will be glad to see any of the members of '70 at any time.

HARLOW PALMER DAVOCK, C. E., M. S.

Born in Buffalo, N. Y., March 11, 1848—Died at Bretton Woods, N. H., August 30, 1910.

Mr. Davock was in attendance at our Class re-union in June, 1910, apparently in excellent health, yet in about two

months from the time he left us for a short recreation trip in New England mountains, he was laid low. He, with his wife and others, had been up Mount Washington in the afternoon of the day of his death, and, on returning to his hotel, sought his room for a little rest. Not coming down stairs in about an hour, his wife went to the room and was shocked to find him in convulsions. He lasted but a short time thereafter. The burial took place at Detroit.

Classmate Bates writes from Detroit: "To me, Davock was a very intimate friend, and I knew him perhaps better than any other one in his class, and his loss to me is a personal bereavement. He had been here for nearly thirty years and I have known him intimately all this time and I had learned to admire him. I considered him a man of more than ordinary ability and was a devoted member of the class. He took a great interest in everything that concerned it, and especially its members. Nothing has impressed me so much of the uncertainty of life as Mr. Davock's death has done."

Class Letter.

Heart of Egypt, Illinois, June 29, 1872.

In the words of H. G.: "D——"

I dare and defy anyone to find a more uncivilized, barbarous, heathen and forlorn country than this. Am covered with flea bites, wood ticks and other vermin are my most affectionate companions.

Interlude, Biography.

After graduation, spent fall of '70 in office of a civil engineer in Cleveland, then in November secured an appointment of engineer on St. L. & S. E. R. R. Was stationed successively at Evansville, Ind.; Posey Co., Ind.; Mt. Vernon, Ind.;

Wabash Bridge and Shawneetown, Ill., until January 1st, 1872, when the same company commenced this road. Have been leveler on St. L. & S. E. R. R. and as transitman and have had charge of work, etc. At present have a division through the roughest part of Illinois, and, as I have 3-90 curves on my line (this is for C. E.'s), hope every one will have their life insured when this road is finished. Expect to be here until October. Was in Ann Arbor on January 5th, 1872. Saw Price, Hyde, Day and Winchel. Have met Campbell twice or three times in Cleveland and George Campau once in Detroit. Met "Dixie" Gilbert, Meyendorff and Culley on St. L. & S. E. R. R. Am not married, neither am I engaged. Have been in St. Louis several times, but never could hit Stevens. Am something of a walkist; the other night missed a carriage and came 18 miles from the station after dark. If I am not on the road to glory, let me assure you, fellow Classmates, that I am at present where ye natives of Tennessee and North Carolina abound. Spend all the money I have in making trips North to find something to eat. Hope I may never see any of you down here unless you have a choice in regard to purgatory. There! I have him, and as Mr. Flea bows to me, flea-tingly I say farewell until '73.

HARLOW P. DAVOCK.

P. S.—Met Bird in Jackson a week ago.

Nov. 6, 1876. Over four years have passed and here I am again. My life during the last year and one-half has been the same as Noble's. Am at 85 Washington Avenue for the winter, Detroit, Mich.; at Sault Ste. Marie for the summers. After leaving Egypt, I was at Cleveland, and from June, 1873, to October, 1874, was upon the Erie Railway in New York City. George Campau is even with Marsh—he has two. Alas! Poor Benedicts. It is rather embarrassing for us jolly

bachelors to know we are the object of envy of all such unclaimed mortals.

H. P. D.

Mr. Davock attended our class re-union in June, 1910. At that time he appeared as well as usual, except he had a weary look and said he was going down East for a breath of mountain air. His friends were astonished, therefore, on seeing the following in the Detroit Free Press September 10, 1910:

Stricken by sudden illness, Harlow P. Davock, referee in bankruptcy of the United States district court of the southern division of the eastern district of Michigan, died Tuesday night at Bretton Woods, N. H. No explanation of the cause of death has been received in this city, but it is supposed to have been an attack of heart disease.

With Mrs. Davock, who was in feeble health, Mr. Davock went to the White mountains on a vacation trip, leaving this city August 18. They spent some time at Balsam's Gap, N. H., and messages received from them by relatives here announced that both were deriving great pleasure and benefit from the trip. From Balsam's Gap they went to Bretton Woods, a summer resort in Coos county.

The suddenness of the end is shown by the fact that Edward G. Wasey, representing parties in proceedings pending before Referee Davock, received a lengthy telegram from Mr. Davock Tuesday, naming places where communication might be had with Mr. Davock on his way back to Detroit. Mr. Davock's office force had been notified that he planned to visit Boston and would start home from there next Saturday. Souvenir postals with pleasant messages arrived for several of the clerks yesterday morning, just about the time news of his death also reached the office on the fourth floor of the Trussed Concrete building.

Mr. Davock's career had been one of wide activity. Born in Buffalo, March 11, 1848, Harlow Palmer Davock was graduated from the high school of that city, and in 1870 from the literary department of the University of Michigan, helping himself through school and college by working during vacations. He began his business life as office boy in the employ of the Buffalo & Erie railroad at Buffalo.

After finishing college, he was engaged as a civil engineer on many important railroad and engineering projects. He served under Gen. Godfrey Weitzel, federal engineer at Detroit, assisting in the construction of the Weitzel lock at Sault Ste. Marie and the government docks at that place, and also in construction of the Cascade locks in Oregon.

While working as a civil engineer, Mr. Davock formed a close friendship with Alfred Noble, who has since gained wide fame as an engineer and was one of the consulting engineers on the Panama canal. He had planned to go hunting with Mr. Noble this summer, but was unable to arrange his vacation to get away at the time expected.

Mr. Davock finally took up the study of law, entering the offices of Maybury & Conely, in this city. He was admitted to the bar in 1878 and began active practice in 1882. A year later, January 4, 1883, he took as his bride Miss Sarah W. Peabody, their marriage taking place at St. Clair, Mich.

Mr. Davock was a lifelong Republican. He served as a member of the Michigan legislature in 1893-94; was a member of the board of health of Detroit from March, 1895, to March, 1900, receiving two appointments and serving two years as president. In 1894 he was United States chief supervisor of elections for the eastern district of Michigan.

His appointment as referee in bankruptcy was made by Judge H. H. Swan, of the United States district court, in Au-

gust, 1898, immediately after what has been described as the "new bankruptcy law," became operative. Mr. Davock had held the position ever since, receiving a renewal of appointment a few weeks ago. As referee he received no salary, the emoluments of the office being limited to fee fixed by law. The work of the office had increased to such a degree that Mr. Davock was forced long ago to abandon his private law practice.

As referee, he was noted for his fairness and courtesy to those having business with the office. Many of the younger attorneys of the city have received helpful suggestions from him, and he was ever watchful to prevent older practitioners from taking advantage of the inexperience of younger men.

For many years Mr. Davock was an active member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity, and one of the proudest days of his life was when he assisted in the initiation of one of his sons into the same fraternity. He was an active member and a trustee in Westminster Presbyterian church and was seldom absent from the church on Sunday, unless out of the city or detained by illness. He was a member also of the Sons of the American Revolution of the University Club and of the Detroit Boat Club. For several years he had been a non-resident lecturer in the law department of the University of Michigan on "Bankruptcy Practice."

Besides his widow, he is survived by two sons, both civil engineers and graduates of the University of Michigan. They are Clarence W. Davock, associated with the Detroit Steel Products Company, and Harlow Noble Davock, assistant to Gardner Williams, of the engineering department of the University of Michigan. He leaves also brother, W. B. Davock, prominent vesselman of Cleveland, and two sisters, the Misses Ella and Hattie Davock.

R. S. Mason, vice-president of the Peoples State Bank, is a brother-in-law, as is also A. B. Raymond, former engineer of the health board.

Following the receipt of the news of Mr. Davock's illness, Tuesday night, his son Clarence started east. He heard of his father's death in Buffalo and went on to New Hampshire.

GEORGE ELLIS DAWSON, A. M.

Born at Laomi, Sangamon Co., Ill.

Address: First National Bank Building, Chicago, Ill.

Since the publication of our Class Book in 1903, the events in my life are not exceptional. The death of my oldest son at the age of eighteen, and that of my youngest at the age of twenty-two, have left their deepest scars. My son, Manierre, after graduating in the course of Civil Engineering at Armour Institute in Chicago, was employed by the firm of Holabird & Roche, architects for many of Chicago's most important business and public buildings, for a period of three and one-half years, then after spending a year in painting in oils and water colors, and six months in travel abroad, decided that he preferred farming to any other occupation, and since 1914 has been living in Mason County, Michigan, about ten miles south of Ludington.

He married a young lady of the neighborhood and they have a boy and two girls.

My son Mitchell graduated in the Literary Department of the University of Chicago in the Class of 1911, and from the Law School in the Class of 1913, having meanwhile taken a six months' trip abroad.

He came into my office, where he has been since with an interval of a year and one-half in the army. The firm is now Dawson & Dawson.

On March 8th, 1921, my son Mitchell married Miss Rose Hahn, who had been a student at the University of Wisconsin, and also at Smith College, Northampton, Mass.

I have always had an office in the First National Bank Building in Chicago since entering into the practice of the law. My partnership with Isaac H. Pedrick, after a duration of over twenty years, was dissolved in 1904 by the retirement of Mr. Pedrick on account of ill health. Mr. Pedrick has resided for the past fifteen years at Pasadena, Cal.

My life has been one of uniform regularity. My business, like that of all lawyers, has consisted of many unimportant matters, and some of more or less importance. I have often thought, and so expressed myself, that I might have been a better, or at least a greater lawyer, if I could have brought myself to give a more undivided attention to law to the exclusion of other interests.

This I have never permitted myself to do. I have made it a rule to take no work home with me except in cases of imperative necessity, occasions which come to all lawyers, but I have made it a point to reserve my evenings for my family and for the pursuit of literature and music.

I organized a musical club called "The Vorwaerts Club," which met once a month at my house. At the time of its inception, I was the tenor of the quartette at one of the leading churches, having so served in different churches for ten years after coming to Chicago.

The Vorwaerts Club was composed of men and women who had given serious attention to music. Most of them belonged to church choirs and some were teachers. Among them, P. C. Lutkin, now for many years at the head of the Musical Department of the Northwestern University at Evanston, Ill.

The object of the Club was to give an opportunity for the elaborate study of music of importance which was worth serious study and would not usually be produced at concerts. Being prepared for an audience, which, by previous training and musical experience, was well fitted to know what was best in music and in musical interpretation, the opportunity was of great value.

The meetings were most enjoyable and continued over a period of six or seven years.

It may be remarked that I still "keep up" my music and with Mrs. Dawson as an accomplished accompanist, few evenings are passed without the singing of a dozen or more songs. A wide field is open among English, American and foreign songwriters, and both Mrs. Dawson and myself being excellent readers of music, new music is taken up and read with the pleasant anticipation with which new books are opened and read, of course with the attendant result of approval or disapproval, according to the success of the composer.

Since the avowed purpose of these records is to give to classmates some information as to the spiritual and possibly mental growth of the members of the class, it may be mentioned that I deliberately chose to defer the period of entering into the law and went abroad for the purpose of continuing my study of foreign languages, in which I had become greatly interested. I made sufficient progress to be enabled to read French, Italian and German in the languages themselves without conscious translation, and also acquired a serviceable use of them in conversation.

Although these studies were taken up solely for cultural purposes they have been of the greatest practical advantage, I having had almost constant use of them, particularly of Italian, since the beginning of my practice.

One experience in this connection was the formation of a little German Club called Die Rundetafel, of which Mr. and Mrs. Darrow were members during a period of over thirty years of its existence. It began in 1883 and continued with some interruptions until 1916, when the Darrows removed to New York. It met at first weekly and then twice monthly. It went over the whole field of German literature from the *Nibelungen Lied* to the most modern works of Hauptmann and Sudermann. The chief works of the best authors were in turn studied, one member preparing questions on the allotted matter read, the answering and discussion of which in German took up the evening's session.

My reading has been continuous and diversified and in the different languages. A favorite line is autobiography and biography. I usually read from three or four to a dozen or more volumes per month.

Since the year 1898 I have had the habit of making a memorandum of the books read from month to month. A summary of these memoranda would read something like what is shown in the *Autobiography of Governor Pennypacker of Pennsylvania*, which many of the Class may have read.

The annual list runs from forty-one to one hundred and twenty-eight volumes per year, or an average of over sixty volumes. I do not claim that I have derived any great store of permanent knowledge from this reading, but I have been keenly interested in my subjects, and no doubt a few crumbs have been digested and assimilated, adding to my spiritual and intellectual health.

I joined the Chicago Literary Club in the year 1891 and have been a somewhat constant attendant at its meetings, which occur every Monday night from October to the middle of June. This Club was organized through the efforts of

Librarian Poole, the author of the Periodical Index, and others, and has had many eminent men among its members. For example, Robert Collyer, Brooke Herford, Professor Swing and four members of Presidential Cabinets.

In this connection I have derived great pleasure from gathering the material for and preparing papers to be read before the Club. The following are some of the subjects: *The Integral Phalanx*, *Diary of Henry Crabb Robinson*, *Mary Wollstonecraft and The Rights of Woman*, *Amiel et Son Journal Intime*, *The Holland Land Company*, *The Story of a Very Great Writer* (William H. Hudson, Naturalist). These papers were sometimes "on the block" from six months to a year, requiring research, correspondence and the selection of material.

Prior to the year 1905 courts presided over by Justices of the Peace were the imperfect tribunals before which small claims were litigated in Chicago. The failure of justice was in many cases flagrant, and, after much discussion and agitation, a law was passed in 1905 establishing Municipal Courts, covering certain specified districts in the City of Chicago.

The two parties were, of course, eager to capture the places. A strong movement, however, arose, to place an independent ticket in the field, and at the solicitation of those interested in this movement, I permitted my name to be placed upon the ticket. As usual, the rank and file clung to the parties, and, although the ticket had over forty thousand votes, the Republicans elected their candidates by a plurality equal to the vote of Democrats and Independents combined. Not having expected an election, it was no disappointment. The Municipal Court now has thirty judges and is a very important part of our judicial system.

I have not until very recently given any thought to the fact that I am in the ranks of those beyond the allotted three

score and ten. On realizing that four of the Class have passed away since our re-union in 1920, two of whom were present and apparently in almost as good a physical condition as I was, I begin to realize that I shall not go on forever. At the same time I hope to continue my interest in my daily pursuits and recreations, so long as I am permitted to do so, without any unnecessary dwelling upon the inevitable shortness of the time yet before me.

In looking back, the important thing, of course, with me, as with us all, has been to make a living. That has filled up the length and breadth of life. Sometimes one feels that more might have been done in this direction or that, either by way of self-improvement or to help some other wayfarers.

When I wish to gain a little reflected glory in the eyes of people I meet, I am apt to mention belonging to a class that had among its members a Civil Engineer of world-wide reputation, a Secretary of State and Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, two eminent newspaper men who became Secretaries of great Expositions, to mention but a few, and that three members of my Class, Day, as Secretary of State; Baker as Geographer, and Penfield, as Solicitor of the Department of State, were present at the peace negotiations ending the Spanish War.

I also sometimes mention that while principal of the Peoria High School, I prepared Grier Hibben for Princeton University. He is now its President, having succeeded Woodrow Wilson.

JUSTICE WILLIAM RUFUS DAY, B. S., LL. D.

Born at Ravenna, O., April 17, 1849.

Address: Washington, D. C.

In February, 1903, President Roosevelt nominated Justice Day from the Circuit Court of Appeals to the United States Supreme Court Bench, to which he was at once confirmed by the Senate, and he took his seat on March 2 of the same year. From that time to the present his judicial record shows continuous, efficient and distinguished services to our country in its highest court.

Justice Day and wife were present at our Class re-union at Ann Arbor in June, 1905. The Class remembers with much pleasure their presence at our banquet table and the interest they took in the welfare of all the "boys" and their families. Two of their sons are alumni of our University. It will be remembered that the Alumni of the University of Michigan tendered Mr. Justice Day a great banquet in New York City in February, 1911, at which a thousand or more sons of the University, including a considerable number of our class were present and enjoyed a most happy re-union. No pains were spared to make the banquet a success. It was a very enthusiastic gathering and truly a national dinner and gave evidence to the eastern portion of the country of the importance of the great University of Michigan as an educational factor, as well as showing the loyalty of her Alumni there assembled from every part of the country.

The following letter explains itself:

Mackinac Island, Mich., Aug. 7, 1920.

Mr. C. S. Carter,
Secretary, Class of '70,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin,
Dear Carter:

I have your circular letter addressed to the survivors of the Class of '70 asking for data with a view to publishing a supplement to our Class history. Complying therewith, I have to say:

In March, 1903, I began service as a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, which I have found a steady job from that time to this. Fortunately I have had sufficient health and strength to attend to the duties of the place, except for a severe attack of influenza in January, 1916, which incapacitated me from service for the rest of that term.

In January, 1912, the greatest bereavement which can come to a man overtook me in the loss of my wife after a married life of thirty-six years.

Our boys all chose the profession of law. The two elder, William and Luther, are practising law in the city of Cleveland. Stephen is following his profession in Chicago, and Rufus, the youngest, is practising in Washington, D. C. I make my home with Rufus and his family. My oldest son, William L., was appointed to the Federal Bench by President Taft, having previously served as United States Attorney by appointment of President Roosevelt. After three years of judicial service, he returned to the practice as he regarded the judicial salary inadequate to support a growing family. I have been greatly blessed by the success of my boys, and the four fine daughters which they have brought into the family by marriage, and an interesting and lively group of ten grandchildren.

I need not repeat how much I regret my inability to be with the boys at the Class Re-union last June. I have had the pleasant experience of meeting some of them from to time in Washington. As we grow older, the friendships of our youth make the strongest appeal. I hope whenever you come my way you will give me the pleasure of seeing you.

As ever,

Cordially your friend,

WILLIAM R. DAY.

CHARLES KEENE DODGE, A. B.

Born in Town of Blackman, Jackson Co., Mich, April 26, 1844

—Died at Ann Arbor, Mich., March 22, 1918.

Class Letter.

Jackson, Mich., July 21, 1876.

My Dear Boys of '70:

On receiving this mammoth letter my enthusiasm was almost too much for me, and I came very near letting off an involuntary yell. Two years have now passed since graduation, and I believe every one of us is alive and doing well.

Autobiography.

In the summer of 1870, after much vexation of spirit, I found a position as principal in a school at Rockland, Ontonagon County, Mich., among the copper regions, where I have since remained, and shall also teach there the coming year. Boys, as to love matters you know at college I was always very innocent and unpretending.

After leaving Ann Arbor, I even called myself "Innocence Abroad the Second," but alas! how the things of this world will change. For instance, who would have thought that our

modest Ballenger was going to get the cup. Cupid has certainly hit me in the region of the stomach, but I cannot tell you what may be the result. Boys, let me have all of your prayers, for, as one of you says, the matrimonial testimony of '70 is conflicting.

I saw Noble and "Dixie" Gilbert at the Sault Ste. Marie Canal, Bird, Bumpus, Fleming, Mickle and Wing are at Jackson. Boys, I am going to vote for Greeley, but it is the hardest thing I ever did.

Yours for ever,

CHAS. K. DODGE.

Mr. Dodge continued the practice of law at Port Huron at the same time holding a position in the U. S. Custom House at that place up to the time of his death, March 22, 1918.

Some mystery surrounded the death of his widow, which has not been solved so far as the Secretary of the Class knows. Her body was found in St. Clair River October 16, 1918.

WILLIAM THOMAS EMERSON, B. S.

Born at Racine, Wis., July 23, 1848—Died at Racine, Wis., August 29, 1897.

Class Letter.

Racine, Wis., August 17, 1872.

Classmates of '70:

My half sheet to add to this mass of evidence of the prosperity of '70 has been delayed much longer than I should have desired on account of illness,—not that kind of illness we were wont to have three or four years ago, but a real bona fide case of gripes and summer complaint, which, however, leaves me just now rather weak in the pins, etc. I had quite the stand-

ard amount of "feeling" on receiving this package direct from Edwards on the 7th of this month, and with the rest of you, doubtless, shed my (crocodile) tears for poor Pat Bumpus. No man of '70 who has with his eyes open got himself into such a fix will receive any sympathy here, you bet. But that is neither here nor there, so as desired I give you my eventful history since graduation, to-wit: Spent part of the summer and fall of '70 on Lake Michigan on the Lake Survey. From December, '70, to the present time have been reading law in a law office in Racine with but few interruptions. No prospects of any marriage with me, nor the responsibility of any additions to the population.

Yours in '70,

WILLIAM T. EMERSON.

Following item referring to the death of Mrs. Eliza Emerson, mother of our deceased classmate, is taken from the Racine Daily News under date of July 10, 1911:

In the death of Mrs. Eliza Emerson, here Sunday, at the age of almost 102 years, there passed away one of Southern Wisconsin's most famous women pioneers. She was believed to have been in fact the oldest woman in the southern part of the state.

Mrs. Emerson was born Feb. 14, 1810, in New Hampton, N. H., her maiden name having been Eliza Woodman. She was married to Thomas J. Emerson in 1843, and they came to Racine in 1844. Her husband was the founder of the Racine Linseed Oil Company.

Mrs. Emerson was a woman of many brilliant attainments, being educated in Latin, Greek, Italian and French. She was a graduate of New Hampton seminary, and at one time conducted a seminary at Parsonfield, where she taught classes in

the languages above named. She was a daughter of the Revolution.

CHARLES S. EDWARDS, A. M.

Born in Marshall County, Ill., November 6, 1840.

Address: Eldorado, Kansas.

Class Letter.

Sparland, Ill., Aug. 5, 1872.

Brothers of '70:

On returning from a little visit of recreation I found this little budget of letters in the office which before opening I took to be a parcel of handbills from Carter announcing that he, his son or grandson would lecture in our place, but was much surprised to find the Class letter which I supposed to be dead, dead, dead. In regard to my feelings on receiving it I can only say, blessed be the man of '70 who originated the idea of a Class letter. The all important question seems to be are you married? Well, yes, I believe I am, according to my understanding of the case, which event took place on the 28th of March, 1871, to Miss Mattie Boys of Lacon, Ill. You know I was always afraid of the girls, so thought I would take one of the boys. Have you a competition for the cup? Not any and my mind is greatly agitated with doubts and fears in respect to the future. Oh, ye lawyers of '70! Already ye are beginning to raise strife and that, too, among your brethren. Now let Ballinger and Winchell alone. They are honorable, upright men and will settle the baby question amicably.

Ah, Pat! I thought you would go astray when I was no longer beside you to pull your hair and minister the rod of correction. I pray you mend your ways.

Success and prosperity to all of '70.

Yours forever in the bonds of '70,

C. S. EDWARDS.

Edwards remained at York, Neb., until about 1910, when he removed to Eldorado, Kan., to be near relatives. He has been able to attend but one Class reunion. In 1910 he sent word that he regretted he could not go to Ann Arbor to meet the class, but in referring to his health stated that, "the people here generally take me to be from five to eight years younger than I am. I am the wonder of all the people here that I can do so much." He was then in his seventieth year.

In April, 1914, Edwards wrote from Eldorado, Kan., stating that his wife had relatives there and none at York, hence their change of residence. He also stated that his hearing had been greatly impaired by a severe attack of typhoid fever in 1893 and that he had been compelled to abandon his profession of teaching on that account; that he was then following a quiet life, doing a little dairy work; that his health was fairly good for one of his age. He said: "I often think of my old Class mates and wonder how they are and where they are and what they are doing. Am always glad to hear anything about them. My best wishes always go with every member of my old Class of '70. A tie was formed during those four years of college life that nothing can ever sever."

After the death of Fearon, Foster and Edwards were the two oldest members still living; Foster died Feb. 10, 1921.

RUSSELL ERRETT, A. B.

Born at New Lisbon, O., September 6, 1845.

Address: Christian Standard, 8th, 9th and Cutter Sts., Cincinnati, O.

Bro. Errett writes January 6, 1921:

I would be glad to forward something with regard to myself, but the older I grow the less I am inclined to write at all, particularly of my own personal affairs. It was my intention to send something for the Class Reunion [last June], but in the multiplicity of business it was entirely overlooked. I will, however, take a few minutes this afternoon and pen something that will answer for copy—if it does nothing more than that.

Cincinnati, Ohio,
January 6, 1921.

MEMORANDUM.

Perhaps the most striking feature, to the Class, in this attempted sketch, will be the fact that in the fifty years that have intervened since the graduation, I have hardly seen a classmate except at the reunion in 1910. Barring that occasion, I do not remember having encountered a single one of our number—except Baker, shortly after graduation. Whether this is due to Cincinnati's indubitable position as the 'Hub of the Universe'—requiring all subordinate bodies to revolve around and never, no never, to pass through it—I leave to the wisdom of the Class. I simply record the fact.

Thanks to Friend Carter,—who is obviously the best secretary any Class ever had—the darker side of our Class history has inevitably been kept before us in the deepening shadow

of the fateful tidings, as one by one the boys pass over the Great Divide. Yet, at 76 I find how good the years have been to us, that so many are now left. Surely in the light of this, our Indian Summer, there is much to be thankful for amid all the deplorable losses of the past.

On my own part, I am thankful for the fifty years of schooling given me since we took our Degrees. Following the publishing business as a calling, I have spent fifty years in the service of the Standard Publishing Company which in that time has grown more than fifty fold. In that service I have learned the value of the Sermon on the Mount, and believe it to be the one panacea of the ills that now multiply around us.

That sums up my business life.

Have twice been married. First in 1879, to Mary Glass, of Cincinnati, Ohio, whom I lost in 1888. We had three children, all now living and all married. Hallie M., married to Roy Slifer, Oakland, California; John P., married to Aleen Reed; Corine V., married to Harry M. Baird, Jellico, Tenn.

Second in 1890, to Augusta Tomlinson, of Oxford, Mississippi, having three children: Russell, (died in 1912); Malcolm, (died in 1913); Henry T., married to Mary Flynn.

Two grand children—the children of John P.

My home is at Terrace Park, thirteen miles from Cincinnati, Ohio, where we have lived for thirty-one years.

For further particulars look in any good history of the Country.

RUSSELL ERRETT.



Wing Ripley Mrs. Dodge Matthews
 Bates Mrs. Burroughs Barrow
 Davock D'Ooge French
 Carter Miss Carter
 Boss Mrs. Ripley
 Ripley, Jr. Price, Jr. Olds Mrs. Boss
 Barlow Olds Mrs. Ripley Price
 Bradly Bradley Mrs. Carter Allyn
 Kinther Beman Mrs. Kinther Mrs. Barlow
 Williams Campbell Mrs. Dodge
 Beman, Jr.

Class Reunion, June 1910

ROBERT NEWTON FEARON, A. M.

Born in Madison County, N. Y., March 14, 1839.—Died at Ironton, O., January 18, 1910.

Class Letter.

Oneida, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1874.

My Dear Classmates:

Upon arriving home this morning after an absence of about two years, imagine my feelings when I unearthed a pile of letters which upon examination I found to be the Class letter of '70. At once I could see the ghosts of seventy familiar faces rising up to accuse me. I criminate myself for want of more precaution, but let me explain. Upon leaving home some two years since, I left directions to have my mail forwarded to me at Minneapolis, Minn., and ordinary letters were so forwarded, but upon arrival of this, father interprets by saying that he supposed it to be an old file of letters or papers that had been sent to me for safekeeping, and without the slightest examination laid them away and never said "boo." Humbly begging the pardon of the Class, and trusting that 'ere this other Class letters have been started, I will give a few words of personal history and send the budget to our secretary to be disposed of as he will better know how to dispose of it.

February, '71, held the position of principal of the public schools of Ionia, Michigan. Married during the summer vacation in New York state; went to Minneapolis, Minn., engaged in business during '72; acted as principal of the high school of that city during '73; engaged in the flouring business in '74, in which I am still engaged. Have a boy sixteen months old and fair prospects for the future. Should there be another

Class letter in circulation, hope it may not pass me and I will take due precaution that it suffers no delay.

Fraternally Yours,

R. H. FEARON.

Mr. Fearon continued in the lumber business from 1903 up to the time of his demise, which is described in the following obituary notice:

Taken from the Ironton, O., Register, of January 27, 1910.

Sadness reigned last week in the home of R. N. Fearon, husband, father, citizen, christian gentleman, whose spirit took its flight near the midnight hour Tuesday night, January 18, 1910, for that country from whence no traveler returns. The visit of the messenger of death into this home was, however, not unexpected as Mr. Fearon had been in very poor health for over three long years and had at intervals during that time been very low, but would survive, and improve sufficiently to get away to other climes for relief. But death, that arch enemy of us all comes as a grievous blow even though it is expected.

About three years ago, Mr. Fearon's family physician found his patient suffering with arterio sclerosis, or hardening of the arteries, this trouble soon produced asthma and other complications and advised an immediate change of climate and scenes, so at once Mr. Fearon and his ever faithful wife, went to California for a prolonged stay, hoping to secure not only temporary relief but a permanent cure. Several months were spent in the most delightful part of that state, but at last a longing for home and old associations brought them back to Ironton, the patient improved, but not permanently benefitted. This has been repeated for two summers since the California trip, each time going to Bay View, Mich., that most delightful climate during the summer season. Here Mr. Fearon

could not only get the benefit of the bracing and healthful Michigan climate, but was most of the time in that splendid intelligent and religious atmosphere which abounds especially during the summer Chautauqua held at that great resort. Each season a nice quiet cottage was rented and there everything known was applied to make the patient comfortable and happy. After the return from Michigan last fall, there seemed to be quite an improvement in Mr. Fearon's condition, indeed for some time he was able to attend the Sabbath morning services at Spencer. This continued until about two months ago, since which time he has gradually been growing weaker and weaker until Tuesday morning, it was seen by all, that the end was near.

During all these years of sickness all that loving hands and hearts could do to make Mr. Fearon comfortable and free from pain was done. After a faithful wife's exhaustion from loss of rest and sleep, competent nurses were in attendance and it was all so greatly appreciated by the sufferer, Mr. Fearon often speaking of how every want was anticipated. Twenty-five years ago, Mr. Fearon moved to Ironton from Catlettsburg, where he had been attracted on account of the Sandy Valley being such a great lumber producing section of the country. He at once established the Fearon Lumber Co. of which he was and has remained its president. During the last few years of his active life with this company—he trained and educated a coterie of young men, who proved to be experts in the business and have been able to conduct the affairs of the company successfully all during the illness and absence of their chief. During the life of this plant, it went through a very disastrous fire some 12 years ago, but was rebuilt and its greatest success came after that time. At one time Mr. Fearon was a member of the city council, but

that is the only public office he ever held, declining all others. He was a devoted member of Spencer M. E. church, a member of the official board of that organization and one of the real, solid substantial men of that institution, a man with whom the minister was always glad to advise and consult and to whom all the people could look with confidence and a feeling of genuine sincerity.

LUTHER ELLIOTT FERGUSON, C. E.

Born on a farm near White Pigeon, Mich., September 22, 1845.

Address: White Pigeon, Mich.

Seventy-five years old Sept. 22, 1920, I refer the other survivors of '70, who may be interested in this, my last autobiographic sketch, to Carter's History of 1891, in which may be found a few autobiographic statements in outline of my youthful activities to that date. Further refer to Carter's History of 1903 for more facts edited in the language of third person. Note the difference in style. Since 1903, I have been busy for the good of others; producing foodstuffs in quantity sufficient and in pleasing variety enough to feed indirectly all the survivors of '70. In working out this stunt I have enjoyed good health, physically, mentally, morally.

In this month of October, 1920, I have picked off apples: standing on a ladder and limbs of the trees on my orchard; of a prize quality, and in quantity for the coming winter need of all the survivor's of '70. Come to Riverside, please, and get your individual allotment.

When the great world war had been carrying on a month, it occurred to me that the only way for me to read the history of it would be day by day as the war progressed. So my recreation for six year has been a close study of events, and a

filing away of authentic facts. And when the armistice began, I commenced to formulate in my own mind how the final peace terms should be arranged, and what should be the fate of some of the belligerent nations, and rulers thereof, responsible for the devastating fracas.

Then I thought of a possibility that nations should go to war no more, and how this peace arrangement should be consummated. I wrote down my own views in anticipation of what should be done at the coming peace conference. I will say at the end of two years that my views of right, justice, progress and prosperity have not been very closely followed by the great statesmen of the world in their attempt at political world reconstruction.

I am not pleased with the league of nations as written out.

My idea was: After a suitable preamble, to agree to and sign up two resolutions by the peace makers in peace convention assembled, and invite all the nations of the world to subscribe to it. Resolved by the undersigned allied nations in convention assembled: That there shall be no more wars between nations in the future,

Resolved, that we the undersigned association of nations will take any and all suitable peaceable measures to enforce the principle set forth in resolution one.

Those two resolutions would have been acceptable by everyone as the beginning, and sufficient to addition of details later; as agreement and harmony would dictate, to provide for a yearly assembly of statesmen to work out international problems. And a court of twelve eminent jurists in continuous session to finally decide the right of all international controversies. An association of nations should be founded on a few principles of universal acceptance, subject to a continuous growth, from year to year, of additional principles as

could be agreed upon. However I shall not vote in the coming referendum, Nov. 2, to advise our country to participate in the league as set forth by the four great world statesmen.

ACHILLES FINLEY, A. B.

Born in Calloway Co., Mo., May 15, 1843.—Died at Fulton. Mo., May 15, 1916.

Mr. Finley served several terms as district attorney at Fulton, Calloway County, Mo., and continued in the practice of law at Fulton until his death, May 15, 1916. He never attended any of the Class reunions and but little was heard from him after he left the University.

EDWIN FLEMING, A. M.

Born at West Lebanon, Warren Co., Ind., December 11, 1847.

Address: Buffalo Club, Buffalo, N. Y.

Edwin Fleming's father, Jackson Fleming, was a physician at West Lebanon, where Edwin's early education was acquired in the common schools, supplemented by one year's study at Indianapolis. He entered the University of Michigan in September, 1865, but withdrew for one year during which he taught school and returned in September, 1868, joining the Class of '70, with which he was graduated.

In college he joined the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity, the Alpha Nu literary society and was a member of the University Glee Club. Was a speaker of the first Sophomore exhibition, at the Junior exhibition and at commencement exercises. He was one of the editors of the University Chronicle. After graduation he entered at once upon the profession of journalism, joining the city staff of the Detroit Post. During the winter of 1870-71, he had charge of the telegraph desk of the

Detroit Tribune. Night work disagreeing with his health he quit journalism for a time and read law at Ann Arbor from February '71 to June '71, when he went to Kalamazoo to do editorial work on the Daily Telegraph and then on the Jackson Citizen. In 1872 he resumed work on the Detroit Tribune for six months, going to Washington in December '72, as correspondent of that and other papers during the session of Congress. Returned to Michigan latter part of March, 1872, and remained until Class reunion in June. He then started on a trip to Europe. He and Lovell of '70, traveled together through Scotland, England, Belgium, Germany, France, Italy and Austria. They met Darrow of '70 in Paris. Mr. Fleming returned to Washington in the fall of 1874 and became the Washington representative successively of the New York Journal of Commerce; the New York Commercial Bulletin; the Detroit Free Press (from 1875 to 1885); the St. Louis Republic (from 1881 to 1885); the Buffalo Courier from 1876 to 1885; the Detroit Free Press, from '75 to '85; living in "Bachelor's Hall" with "The Judge."

From June 1, 1885, to the Pan American Exposition period he was the editor of the Buffalo Courier. In 1899 he acted as secretary to Mayor Diehl of Buffalo in organizing the exposition—enlistment of citizens in the organization, securing legislation at Albany and Washington, handling preliminary details and so on. After incorporation, became secretary of the Pan-American Exposition company, continued to be secretary through the whole period of construction, operation and winding up of the exposition, several years of unceasing activity and whirl. After the exposition episode, returned in 1906 to editorial work on the Courier, and is there at the time this is printed. Was present at the 50th anniversary of graduation.

Mr. Fleming says in one of his letters with reference to his inability to be present at our reunion in 1910.

"I am greatly disappointed. I had been looking forward with eager and pleasurable thoughts to the coming reunion of '70, hoping to see you all and to live over again with you those fine, fruitful college days; to surrender myself again to the charm and exhilaration of that delightful, undefinable something called college spirit—something that those who have once known can never forget—something that those who have not known can never fully understand. I had hoped to enjoy again with you all that choicest product of college spirit, class comradeship—something that is unattainable anywhere else in the wide and wonderful world. I had hoped to see again the old campus—to note how the trees look as they grow old with the rest of us; to renew acquaintance with the old buildings if any of them are left; to look at the streets of the town and the hills and the river; to search for old landmarks and,—but I must not go on this way; I may be taken for a sentimentalist, and sentimentalists are tabooed these pulsing Rooseveltian days. I could not refrain, however, from throwing out certain kinds of feelings that may lead you, too, to feel that I shall be with you in spirit at your gathering."

MORRIS BISHOP FOSTER, B. S.

Born in Keelerville, Van Buren Co., Mich., January 15, 1843.

Died at Rector Township, Renville Co., Minn., Feb. 10, 1921.

A sketch of his early life appears in our former class book issued in 1903.

Mr. Foster confined his declining years to the activities of a farmer's life in Renville County, Minnesota, but had been

associated with the progressive element of the community in which he lived. He had not been situated so that he could join us in our Class reunions much to his regret. Am informed that he was for some years superintendent of schools at Glencoe. In 1916 he was living on a farm in Renville county.

Morris Bishop Foster was born at Hartford, Michigan, January 15, 1843, son of Ira and Caroline Bishop Foster, when that was the frontier country. He spent his early years helping to clear up the farm and going to district school winters.

The Civil War broke out when he was 17 years of age and he was among the first to volunteer. When the period of his first enlistment expired he re-enlisted for the duration of the war. He served in Grant's River Campaign in Company D, 66th Illinois Volunteers, taking part in the engagements at Fort Donaldson, Shiloh, Corinth and other places, and was with Sherman's forces in that memorable march from Atlanta to the sea. During part of his army service he was attached to the general staff and carried dispatches for Brigadier General Dodge. This he looked back upon as the most perilous of his army experiences, though at the battle of Shiloh but one out of five of his company responded to roll call the next morning.

At the conclusion of the war he returned to school, prepared himself for college and entered the University of Michigan, graduating with the class of '70. He afterward taught at Benton Harbor and Saginaw, Michigan, and then came west to Minnesota where he was superintendent of schools at Wabasha. While there, in 1874, he filed on a homestead in that unexplored region which later became Hector Township, Renville County. Here he built the first frame house in the township. From Wabasha he came to Glencoe as superintendent

of schools, improving and breaking up his homestead during vacations. In 1878 he quit teaching and devoted himself entirely to farming. He made his home on the old homestead with the exception of a few years of residence in Hector until he died.

His army experience, extending over a period of four years of the most impressionable part of his life, left a lasting influence. He always retained the bearing and habits of a soldier.

Born in a pioneer country and coming again to a pioneer country as a young man, he became so imbued with the pioneer spirit that he remained a pioneer and was ever eager to be among the first in a new field of endeavor. His delight was in opening the way and in the accomplishment of new undertakings rather than in following the beaten paths and gaining advantages for himself. Between his 70th and 76th years he laid several hundred rods of tile drain on his farm, unassisted, though he had never seen tiling done until he had reached three score and ten. He derived a great deal of satisfaction in demonstrating that he had added a new accomplishment to his list. He was an enthusiastic and tireless worker whose spirit never flagged; standing courageously, face to the front and asking no quarter. A considerable of an idealist, a Puritan in spirit, his private life was self-denying and guided by the highest motives. With others he was honest, frank and sincere, and to his family he displayed a solicitous devotion. His whole life was a most active one.

Although assiduously pursuing his own business, he took an active interest in all public matters and kept abreast with the times. Despite his years he did not become an old man but was still an eager and enthusiastic participant in all the affairs of life to the day of his last illness.

While teaching at Saginaw, Mich., he was married to Catherine Louise Folwell, who remained his devoted helper until December, 1912, when she was called to the Great Beyond. Although her death was the saddest of blows, he bore up under it with his characteristic fortitude.

He is survived by four children: Dr. Bainbridge Foster of Spring Valley, Minnesota; Mrs. E. C. Gaines and Robert M. Foster of Buffalo Lake, and Thomas I. Foster, who reside on the farm, and by two sisters, Mrs. Olivia Newton of Muskegon, Mich., and Miss Josephine Foster of Hartford, Mich.

GEORGE JAY FRENCH, A. B.

Born near Tekonsha, Mich., January 31, 1847.

Address: Homer, Mich.

Classmate French wrote December 22, 1920:

"I have neglected to send you any of my history for the good reason that I have not made any that I consider worth recording. Since my trip to New York, Philadelphia, Washington and Pittsburg in September, 1917, I have not traveled much. Nineteen hundred twelve was the last time I saw the city of Chicago and I have not seen Milwaukee since 1874. I have been in Detroit, Grand Rapids, Lansing, Saginaw, Battle Creek and Kalamazoo several times in the last 50 years.

Here is hoping that we all may meet again without the loss of one in that brighter world beyond the sky.

I remain your friend and classmate,

GEO. J. FRENCH.

He says further:

I attended the commencement exercises at Ann Arbor in June, 1917. My brother Henry N. French of the class of '67 and H. P. Churchill of the same class were there at that time

to celebrate their 50th anniversary. I had a very pleasant time, altho I did not meet any of '70 except Beman and Kintner. In 1874, four of us from Homer took a trip from Detroit to Chicago by boat via Lakes Huron and Michigan, stopping at Mackinac, Charlevoix and Milwaukee. Two of us went on as far as Janesville, Madison and Devils Lake near Baraboo, where we saw much grand and beautiful scenery. I think it would be well for us who now constitute what is left of Class of 1870 to meet at A. A. once a year if possible. I shall endeavor to be there next June and I hope to meet many of the old familiar faces at that time.

Yours,

GEO. J. FRENCH.

Homer, Mich., April 14, 1921.

Dear Carter:

The sad announcement of the death of my old chum, Whitman, struck me with quite a shock. Whitman was my roommate for nearly 4 years at A. A., and I studied with him sometimes in Judge Joslin's pagoda, situated in his capacious grounds at Ypsilanti, on the border of the banks of the Huron. We slept together nearly 4 years, all the time, except 5 weeks I roomed with a medical student at Jones' place. Said Jones was a retired Baptist preacher, who kept boarders just across from the campus, northeast. He was the father of our classmate Jones.

Whitman and I were sick a day or two in senior year while living at Banister's, on State street. He employed Dr. Sager and I employed Dr. Palmer, both of the medical faculty. We moved our bed out from the wall, and each of us had a chair or stand near, where we could readily reach our medicine. Fortunately we recovered promptly from the malady which

took possession of us. I don't remember what was the matter with us, but I know he dropped down suddenly, somewhat like a person fainting. He has visited me once since graduation, but I never went to see him. The last time I saw him, I think, was in 1915, at Ann Arbor. He was well built physically. He was quite an athlete. He had a cough while at Ann Arbor, and was what we used to call of a consumptive build, but he was generally in the enjoyment of good health as far as I know. He roomed with Matthews a few weeks while at Jones' place, but for some reason they could not harmonize, and he solicited me as a chum and we stuck together until graduation without any serious disagreement.

Yours, etc.,

GEO. J. FRENCH.

During the past 3 or 4 months I have been writing a history of the earlier events of this locality, which have appeared in the Homer Index, and seem to be of considerable interest to readers of that paper.

G. J. F.

CHARLES P. GILBERT, C. E., M. E.

Born at Bridgeport, Conn., March 16, 1846.—Died at Los Gatos, Cal., October 1, 1917.

Class Letter.

Sand Beach, Mich., May 16, 1875.

To the Classmates of '70, Greeting:

Having long since abandoned the hope of seeing the long looked for Class budget, my joy on receiving it was the greater in consequence. The letter has taken an overland trip to the Sault and back again in its pursuit of me, its next claimant and to that trip must be charged the soaked and streaked ap-

pearance which it now presents. I notice that it has slipped my brother "Reb," Finley, and deem it but fair that it should go back to him before going down the list. I send it to him with the remark "Be virtuous and you will be happy." Hoping that each member of our glorious old class will be as much warmed in Class feeling as I have been I start it again on its mission of friendship adding according to program my own history.

I was married in Chicago on the 22nd of May, 1872, and am now the father of a two-year-old daughter. The history of my wanderings is as follows: I spent the summer of '70, looking around for work, making Meyendorff a visit down in Illinois, and finally accepted a situation as draughtsman in the office of M., K. & T. R. R. at Sedalia, Mo. After a few months of labor and associations by no means agreeable, I joined Meyendorff on the Wabash river where a bridge was in course of erection by the St. L. & S. E. Ry. Co. A few months of pleasant work and companionship was followed by an inglorious retreat from that delightful region which Davock has well described, before an attack of ague (bona fide shakes twice a day), I went to Chicago, and while recruiting was irregularly employed reporting and writing for the R. R. Gazette, visiting several of the prominent bridges in the west for that purpose. While thus engaged I received an appointment as assistant upon the government work at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., which was then as now under the local charge of Noble. After $3\frac{1}{2}$ years of both winter and summer work in that decidedly cool region I was ordered to the Harbor of Refuge building at Sand Beach, Mich., and placed in local charge of the work, which position I still hold. I have secured for Perry a position with me for the present season, and we have enjoyed together the arrival of the Class letter. Engineers

are not expected to live among civilized people, therefore I have no right to complain that my life is, and must be, passed away from social privileges, and am satisfied that I can be contented and happy whenever I can have a comfortable home with my family and envy no bachelor member of '70, who may be fortunate enough to be surrounded by a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

Sincerely Yours,

C. P. GILBERT.

After residing for a time at Berkeley, Cal., Gilbert made his permanent home at Los Gatos, Cal., where he occasionally saw John A. Baldwin. He wrote from there in June, 1910, saying that he much regretted that it would be impracticable for him to attempt to join us at our reunion that month, and that he doubted whether he would ever undertake to cross the continent again. He said: "Please express to Mr. and Mrs. Beman my thanks for their kind invitation and to the classmates who attend, my cordial regards. I have the pleasure here of meeting Baldwin occasionally."

His oldest daughter Jennie, married L. H. Earle, who resides in Los Gatos, as do his widow and daughter Mary.

JUDGE FRANK GUNNISON, LL. B.

Born at Erie, Penn., Feb. 2, 1848.—Died at Erie, Penn., April 23, 1919.

Honorable Frank Gunnison, President Judge of the courts of Erie county, Pa., from January 1, 1887, to January 1, 1897, died on April 23rd, 1919, in the seventy-first year of his age.

His father was one of the earlier leaders of the Bar of Erie. Judge Gunnison was born into the higher circle of the profession, and was an heir to its best traditions.

He received his training in the Erie Academy, the University of Michigan, and the Harvard Law School. Upon his admission to the Bar, he began a busy professional career which continued almost to the hour of his death. His career as a lawyer and a judge covered fifty years of continuous work.

His well-trained mind and strong common sense quickly grasped the essential facts of apparently complicated matters, and accurately applied the rules of law, reaching decisions which were seldom overturned. He commanded the respect of the public and the courts, not only because of the excellence of his work, but because of his high standards of conduct, his refinement of character, his charming personality, and his spirit of helpfulness to all with whom he came in contact. He had an ever present sense of humor which the most formal occasion could not suppress, and which lightened the labors of his associates and of every tribunal over which he presided or before which he appeared.

But few of the associates of his youth now survive him, so rapidly does the personnel of the Bar change with the passing of the years; but a generation of practitioners who came to the Bar while he was upon the Bench and since, remember with gratitude his kindness and assistance in their studies for admission and in their professional efforts.

He was a wise and safe counsellor; no lawyer was ever truer to the interests of his clients. He combined unusual business judgment and experience with profound knowledge of the law. He was not a lover of litigation and did not hasten to advise it; but when he felt that his client's rights had been violated, he seldom ceased his efforts to obtain redress until after the decision of the Court of last resort.

He was interested in public affairs, in the problems of society and government; a student of legislation and of history;

and his wide reading was supplemented by extensive travel in his own country and in foreign lands. He was one of the most loyal of Americans; a large part of his time was given freely to the activities of the war, even when his health was such as to make such efforts inadvisable; and the last hours which he spent at his office before his fatal illness overtook him were devoted to this work.

OTIS ERASTUS HAVEN, A. M., M. D.

Born at Malden, Mass., July 27, 1849. Died at Evanston, Ills., February 3, 1888.

Class Letter.

Evanston, Ill., Nov. 20, 1875.

Ever Dear Classmates:

The bonds of '70 are still dear to me and now after five years of busy life since we parted upon graduation day seem dearer than ever before. I am an old pedagogue. Am teaching now and should not wonder if I always followed this work. Immediately after graduating I went into the large furniture house of A. H. Andrews & Co., in Chicago, as corresponding clerk. Remained there six months and then left, heartily disgusted with my experience in business life. Then went to McGregor, Ia., where I remained two years and a third as principal of the school. Imagine your numble servant entering upon the duties of a principal over a school having twelve teachers! Did I tremble? I'll never forget my experience in opening the high school at morning exercises that first Monday morning. Well, anyway, with all the trials and tribulations I succeeded and so well that I concluded to share the trials as well as the pleasure with a better half. So on August 2nd, 1871, Miss Alice L. Sutherland and myself

were united in the bonds of matrimony. After remaining in McGregor two years, having received an appointment as superintendent of schools in this place I accepted, and here we are in one of the most pleasant places in Illinois, 12 miles from Chicago, and the seat of the Northwestern University. Here we expect to remain. Our little girl three years old calls me papa "Otis" Evasticus and other affectionate appellations. The wife calls me "hub" and we three, wife, Gracie and myself are about as happy as happy can be. We pity all bachelor members of '70. May their numbers continually grow less! I frequently meet members of '70, and sincerely desire that if any of our Classmates ever pass this way they may make their home with

Your Brother in '70,

O. E. HAVEN.

JAMES ALFRED HAYWARD, C. E.

Born at Dublin, Cheshire Co., N. H., September 12, 1849.

Drowned in Gulf of Mexico, off the Texas Coast, Aug. 12, 1880.

Galveston, Texas, Nov. 13, 1876.

Fellow Classmates:

The Class letter reached me in New Orleans a few days ago on the eve of my departure for this place, and I take this, my first opportunity, to add to its volume. It is useless for me to try to express in words my feelings as I carefully read the history and the experiences of my beloved Classmates. I will therefore briefly add my autobiography. Since Class Day of 1870 my life has been an eventful one. To attempt a full history would be to write a small volume. I have seen both prosperity and adversity in its various ups and downs. I have worked as a day laborer and positions commanding

good salaries. I have enjoyed a season of most perfect happiness, and passed through one of the severest trials that ever mortal man can be called upon to endure. Briefly: Soon after Class Day '70, I went to Kansas where I soon secured work as assistant on the St. L. L. & D. R. R. My eye sight failing I was compelled to abandon my situation. I then secured work on the L. L. & G. R. R., first as wiper in the engine house, then as fireman on a locomotive. In the spring of '71 left that road and endeavored to amass a fortune by publishing maps. Fortune smiled and frowned upon me in this enterprise until her frowns, combined with a protracted illness compelled me in the summer of '72 to abandon that business. I then went to Winona, Minn., and secured a position as fireman on a locomotive on the W. & St. P. R. R. I remained there three months, when having entirely recovered my health I accepted a situation as draughtsman and deputy county surveyor in La Crosse, Wis. I remained there as long as the work lasted and during the winter proceeded to Milwaukee, Wis., Chicago, Ill., and finally Rock Island, Ill., in search of work. Failing to secure it I embarked in the map business again and joined Willits and Waters as silent partner in publishing maps of Rock Island and Moline, Ill., and Davenport, Ia. Here fortune frowned again and I had but little to show for that winter's work when in July '73, I departed to see my prospective wife in Kalamazoo, Mich. While on this visit fortune smiled, for I learned through Bird of a chance to earn some money in Texas and received through Ripley an appointment as draughtsman on a government survey then in his charge. Afterwards through Mr. Ripley's influence I received an appointment as Asst. U. S. Engineer, which I retained until March '75, a portion of the time having charge of a surveying party, and a part of the time stationed

at the mouth of the Mississippi river to assist on important work there. July 26, '73, previous to my going South, I married Miss Ida Upjohn of Kalamazoo, Mich., formerly of Ann Arbor and well known to many of my Classmates. The winter of '74-'75 she passed with me in New Orleans and in March '75, I returned with her to Michigan. For a few months I remained in idleness, (but in the fall of '75, accepted an offer from Bird and Mickle of Jackson and joined them on a small salary in the map business. I remained with them until March '76. It was then that I passed the happiest hours of my life and enjoyed for a brief period those blessings which make life so dear to us all. Anxiously I looked forward to the time when nothing should be wanting to make my happiness complete, but alas! On the 26th of April '76, my wife gave birth to a dead child and followed it in a few hours to that life we know not of. And now I am left to plod alone this weary world of woe, doubly lonesome in the loss of her I loved so dearly.

The north becoming distasteful to me I returned last June to New Orleans. For a while I amused myself in publishing in the "Engineering News" and "Chicago Times" attacks upon Capt. Jas. B. Ead's Jettie Works at South Pass, Mississippi river. * * * I had a situation as Asst. U. S. engineer offered me there, but refused to take it. Early last month I received an appointment as draughtsman in the U. S. Engineers' office in New Orleans, and a few days ago an appointment as U. S. Asst. Engineer, and given charge of an important survey in Galveston Bay. I have decided to make New Orleans my future home. I will now pass the Class letter over to Ripley who will, I trust, say his say. After which it will be forwarded as suggested by Noble.

Hoping prosperity and happiness will be the lot of all my beloved classmates,

I am in '70 forever yours,

J. A. HAYWARD.

JOHN COLLINS HOWLAND, M. S.

Born in Mundy, Genesee Co., Mich., September 27, 1849.

Address: 106 South Brook Court, Washington, D. C.

Mr. Howland has devoted much of his time for the last 20 years to law matters arising in the Land Department in Washington. About 1907 he had the very great misfortune of breaking a leg. He later had a fall and broke a rib which aggravated his difficulty. He manages to get about, however, by the aid of a crutch and a cane. He attended our reunion in June last and was cheerful and happy. The boys were delighted to see him once more. He has the sympathy and best wishes of all his classmates in his misfortune.

FRANK HOWARD HOWE, A. B., LL. B.

Born at Green Bay, Wis., May 10, 1850.—Died in New York City, December 29, 1897.

Class Letter.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 2 , 1876.

To my former Classmates of 1870:

The Class letter which I find was started some five years ago reached me for the first time the other day through the kindness of Messrs. Thayer and Adams. I make haste to add my contribution to those that have gone before. My life has passed very pleasantly and rapidly for the past six years. I

have spent most of it in the "City of magnificent distances" where I propose making my future home. In the summer of 1872 I was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of the D. C. as a graduate of the Columbia Law College. And since the summer of 1873 I have been practicing my profession. My history, I think, can be briefly summed up in those two or three sentences. As one of those who has written before me has said the life of a lawyer is exceedingly monotonous. One must look for interesting passages and thrilling adventures rather in the lives of the Engineers of the Class. I think Meyendorff, for instance might be able to add a very readable chapter to the Class history by narrating the story of his life on the Montana plains and in the California mountains. Being but a plain attorney myself, I can but regret my inability to say anything very interesting or amusing and to subscribe myself with the best wishes for you all.

Very sincerely yours,

F. H. HOWE.

WASHINGTON HYDE, Ph. B., LL. B.

Born at Farmington, O., May 7, 1847.

Address: Warren, O.

Mr. Hyde has continued in the active and successful practice of law at Warren, O., since 1903. He attended the semi-centennial reunion last June. He is President, Treasurer and Attorney of the Warren & Niles Telephone Company, which has grown to be a corporation of more than one-half million assets and nearly 6,000 telephones, and is President and Treasurer of The King Furniture Manufacturing Company of Warren, O., of which he is a large owner; and President of The Warren Rubber Company, a wholesale jobbing house

with \$300,000 assets. Mr. Hyde has recently been elected President of the Trumbull County Bar Association of Trumbull County, Ohio.

His youngest son, Clarence, who was with the American army in the great war was killed on "Flanders Field" October 31, 1918. He has five children and eight grand children living. His second son, Edward, was admitted to the Ohio Bar last December and is now engaged with him in the practice of law at Warren, under the firm name of Hyde & Hyde.

Mr. Hyde's health was never better, physically or mentally. He is very busy caring for his large business interests and law practice.

FRANCIS WAYLAND JONES, A. M., LL. B.

Born at Hamburg, Washtenaw Co., Mich., August 23, 1849.

Died at Los Angeles, Cal., January 8th, 1905.

Class Letter.

Chicago, Ill., June 16, 1877.

In adding my postscript to '70's volume I am reminded by its size that "personals" only are acceptable; therefore: The first year after we separated I spent at "Alma Mater" pursuing a post graduate course in Latin and Greek and receiving M. A. degree on examination, at the same time taking a course of lectures in the law department. In September '71, I was called to take charge of Mathematics in Wayland Seminary, Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, where I had prepared for college.

The fall and winter of '72 I spent at Climax, Michigan in charge of the school at that place, remaining there till February, '73, when I moved to Washington, D. C., for the purpose of completing my law studies, at the same time receiving

an appointment in the Treasury Department on examination under the Civil Service rules, ranking eighth in a class of about 525.

In May, '74, I graduated from the law school of the National University, was admitted to the bar of the District of Columbia and immediately resigned my position in the Department and removed to Chicago, where I have since been engaged in the practice of the law.

To the world at large my matrimonial prospects remain in statu quo, but to the boys of '70, I will admit a contract (not of record) which, when carried out, will, I trust, enable me to extend a cordial invitation to all of '70 to come and see us as they pass through this great metropolis.

In the meantime dire vengeance on the man who dares to pass through Chicago without calling at 84 Washington street, room 3.

Am well pleased to have heard from so many of the boys of '70 and of their prosperity and promising to attend to Maltman's invocation in regard to our reunion,

I remain as ever in '70,

F. W. JONES.

Mr. Jones died at Los Angeles, Cal., January 8, 1905, and was thus spoken of by the Press at that place:

Francis W. Jones, assistant secretary of the Los Angeles Title, Insurance and Trust Company, died early yesterday morning after a brief illness. The immediate cause of his death was hemorrhage of the brain, superinduced by overwork.

Mr. Jones was well known among the business fraternity of this city, having been connected with a number of enterprises for the past ten years.

He was a graduate of the University of Michigan and also of the Columbia College of Law at Washington, D. C., where,

as a young man, he was admitted to the bar. After practicing for a number of years in the Capital City, he was named by President Garfield to a responsible position in the National Treasury where he served through the Garfield and Arthur administrations. About ten years ago he came to Los Angeles and has been interested in public affairs in this city ever since.

Mr. Jones was fifty-five years of age and leaves beside his widow, three daughters, Elizabeth, Ethel and Marie. His death occurred at the family residence at 12:30 Sunday morning.

Though pressed with many business cares, Mr. Jones gave a generous part of his time to church work. He was an honored member of the Temple Baptist Church and was a trustee of the church at the time of his death.

REV. EUGENE KETCHUM, B. S.

Born at Pulaski, Hancock Co., Ill., April 13, 1840.—Died at Waverly, Iowa, November 16th, 1906.

Our Classmate Ketchum had quite a remarkable life, considering that he was practically blind from his 15th year until he was about twenty-four years of age. He deserved great praise for accomplishing what he did. The following letter from his daughter gives the details concerning the close of his active life.

Riceville, Iowa, June 22nd, 1907.

Dear Mr. Carter:

Mamma received your very kind letter some time ago and has asked me to fulfill your request concerning papa's last illness.

Our home was in Waverly from the summer of 1904 until November last. Papa's health had failed rapidly during the

past summer but he was not confined to his bed until about November 2nd, when he was suddenly attacked with typhoid. During the following three weeks he was delirious most of the time. The afternoon before his death, he was conscious a few hours although almost too weak to speak.

All the children were home during the last week except Vesta, the eldest, who had left last July for Pasadena, Cal., to take up nursing. He was so low from the very first that the doctors thought she could not get home in time.

He passed away without any suffering on the morning of the 17th. A short service was held at the house on Sunday morning, and in the afternoon the family left for Riceville where the public funeral was held on Monday. The remains were buried in the local cemetery.

Since then mamma and Jennie have stayed with Ethel in Riceville and Alice, who taught seventh grade in Waverly, remained there together with Floyd, who attended the High School.

Hoping this may prove to be what you desired I beg to remain,

Yours sincerely,

EDITH L. KETCHUM.

CHARLES J. KINTNER, C. E.

Born in Town of Boone, Harrison Co., Ind., April 19, 1848.

Address: 309 N. Ingalls St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

After serving many years in the patent office at Washington as an expert in the field of electricity, Mr. Kintner removed to New York City and opened an office and took up the practice of a patent lawyer, engaging in controversies over the use of electricity in connection with patents. He also invented and

took out patents in his own name for various applications of electricity. Was an expert in patent causes. He was a great student and applied himself very closely, in fact too closely for his own good health. His broken health, doubtless, results from too strenuous an application to his life work in his profession. Mr. Kintner retired from active work some time ago and returned with Mrs. Kintner to their Ann Arbor home.

It is great consolation to the Class to know that our dear "Charlie Kintner" is receiving every care possible from a devoted wife. We sincerely regretted that his ill-health did not permit of their attendance at our semi-centennial banquet last June.

JUDGE OWEN EDGAR LE FEVRE, Ph. B.

Born in the Town of Little York, O., August 6, 1848.—Died at Denver, Colorado, March 28, 1921.

To the Members of My Class, Thirty-three in Number, Greetings:

After the lapse of these fifty years, I again am in your midst, at least in spirit. To recall the intervening years since June of '70, is to review my life almost in its entirety, only faintly recalling the days which I had passed before that time, and they were days of unalloyed happiness.

But in June, 1870, my days of work actually began and were continued uninterruptedly until I quit the Bench in 1902, to take an enforced vacation, which has been prolonged until this date. When I retired from the Bench I was past 52 years of age, and not desiring to resume the practice of the law, I longed to see more of other countries and to give more time to travel, and the study of art. I had previously, on two occasions, been in England, France, Holland and Italy. Whether

I had good and sufficient reasons for that quitting I am unable to say—but quit I did. While abroad I lived in Berlin, Florence, Oxford, England and Paris, two or more years in each city; engaged in the study of art, history and the various social conditions there confronting us. My life while there was a busy one and a happy one until it was brought to an end by the world's war, in the closing days of 1913, before open hostilities began in 1914. At sundry times I returned to America, and in the meantime visited different parts of my own country as well as Egypt, the Holy Land, India and the far East, where I met our genial and able friend Judge Thayer, in China.

So you will understand that my years, since I became one of the world's daily workers in 1870, have almost been continuous, either at work or play, both having been rather strenuous. Thirty years in the law, and twenty years in travel.

The time passed in Oxford was perhaps the most delightful, because I was attending the University, and had with me as classmates my wife, who was a graduate of Ohio Wesleyan College, and my daughter, who had been graduated from Bryn Mawr College, in 1905, and who had been with me since that time, pursuing her musical work in the aforementioned cities up to 1912, when she became Mrs. Bellamy.

The days spent in Norway and Sweden were delightful. The time on the Nile and in Egypt was so novel that I would gladly pass it again; while the trip through the Holy Land made more sacred the spots visited by our Savior. The visit to India and seeing its hordes of the poor, rejoiced me to leave it. But the visit to Japan refreshed us, because of the universal, kindly, attributes of its people; and the travel and a somewhat prolonged stay in Russia impressed me with the natural wealth of that now impoverished land.

I have accomplished nothing since I retired worthy of public notice. In closing I wish only to make mention of something of rather painful interest to me, and it is this. In February, 1906, I had a stroke of paralysis which has partially incapacitated me from active life, and this will account for my absence from Ann Arbor at the times of our class reunions. I am not so enfeebled that I cannot and do not send my love to each and every member of the Class of '70 now living.

Your Classmate,

OWEN E. LE FEVRE.

The Denver Post of March 28, 1921, contained the following:

Colorado and the west are poorer today, because, through the death of Owen E. Le Fevre, which occurred at his home, 1311 York street, at 4 o'clock Monday morning, a splendid imagination, unwavering and undaunted courage as applied to Colorado, are no more.

Born in the town of Little York, Ohio, Aug. 6, 1848, Owen E. Le Fevre was one of the young easterners who came west with the determination of making it richer and better for his coming, and through persistent effort that hope was fulfilled through great mining and agricultural efforts, in his profession of the law, as public official and in the cultural movements of the community.

As a pupil in the district schools of Ohio and later in the preparatory department of Antioch college, Owen E. Le Fevre glimpsed the vision of what an American citizen should be.

For three years he had watched the struggle between north and south and, although but 16 years old, he made up his mind to have a hand in settling the great issue involving the integ-

city of the union. Leaving his classroom, he enlisted with the 154th Ohio volunteers and shared their fortunes until mustered out of the service.

Returning home, he completed preparations for the University of Michigan, and entering the junior class of that institution he graduated with honors in June, 1870.

Like many another of America's distinguished lawyers Owen E. Le Fevre taught school to pay his living expenses while studying law and his first associations in this profession were John A. McMahon and George W. Houck of Dayton.

But the west—the real west—called to the young patriot and, having married Miss Eva French on the day she graduated from the Wesleyan university, he began his journey westward, with his lovely bride, toward opportunity for constructive service and fortune.

In June, 1873, the Owen E. Le Fevre arrived in Denver and selected the Highlands as the scene of their home. Almost immediately the community realized the presence of a vitalizing force, not alone through the energetic mentality of Mr. Le Fevre but in the sincere culture and forward looking qualities of his wife.

The Le Fevre's home, remote as it seemed from the city's activities, became a center of a charming social and intellectual life, and there many of the plans, which later matured into beauty spots for Denver and into organizations whereby a community's humaneness is reckoned, were evolved.

As a native of Ohio, Owen E. Le Fevre admitted that he must take an interest in politics, and so, in 1875, he became attorney for the Highlands and was re-elected in 1876. In 1885 he became mayor of the suburban community, then not an integral part of Denver. Having moved into "the city"

by 1892, he was elected judge of the county court on the Republican ticket at a time when Populists were carrying everything before them. In 1894, at the expiration of his term as county judge, he was elected to the district court.

But the part which Owen E. Le Fevre played in the development of Colorado's resources proved the imagination and vision of the man.

The fortune left by Owen E. Le Fevre came from the earth. With his friend, the late A. E. Reynolds, and Henry Wolcott, he went into Creede and risked a fortune in the New York Chance mine, which, through its flood of silver, repaid his faith a thousand fold.

Having accumulated a competence upon which he might have retired, Mr. Le Fevre wanted to demonstrate the arid land of Colorado might be made to produce crops, and to this end he purchased land east of Denver, invested in machinery and, by a system of deep tillage, proved his contention and achieved one of the splendid show farms of the state.

But Owen E. Le Fevre was wise enough to realize that man must play as well as work, and so with his wife and daughter, Frederika, now Mrs. Harry E. Bellamy, he went on far journeys, which took him into all civilized countries where a sure art sense and deep appreciation for literature enabled him to become the possessor of art objects and books unequalled in this section of the country.

Perhaps Owen E. Le Fevre was the interesting man he was to his hosts of friends and even to casual acquaintances because he was so deeply interested in all that pertained to life and living. He was interested in music, in painting, in writing, in public speaking, in young men who wanted to get on in the world and were faced with the same stark problems of existence that he had faced, in the theater and to the splendid

war service rendered by Mrs. Le Fevre and Mrs. Bellamy, he gave unstinted sympathy and endorsement.

In the early days, when Denver's social life was crystalizing in clubs, Owen E. Le Fevre was an active force in creating the Denver and Country clubs and was one of the picturesque figures in the gentlemen's driving club. For several years Mr. Le Fevre's health had been failing and his death was the culmination of many months of suffering.

Surviving this estimable citizen are his widow, Mrs. Eva French Le Fevre; his daughter, Mrs. Bellamy, a ranking personality in all art movements, and a granddaughter.

Funeral services will be held Wednesday afternoon at St. John's cathedral.

Our classmate, C. M. Boss, was in Denver on the day of Le Fevre's funeral, but he was not aware of our great loss until sometime later.

VINCENT SMITH LOVELL, A. M.

Born at Elgin, Ill., May 2, 1845.—Died at Scranton, Pa., Dec. 7, 1892.

Class Letter.

Elgin, Ill., April 16, 1877.

My Dear Boys:

Bush, who is now practicing law in Chicago, came out to spend Sunday with me so that we might read over the Class letter, which came a few days before, together; and we had a grand good time doing it, and recalling old faces and associations.

Bush will deliver the packet to Maltman and Jones, who

are both in Chicago, after whom will come Mickle, and then Moses, who is now professor of history in the University of California, Berkeley, Cal. The only ones who will then have failed to report will be Boss, Finley, Foster and Ketchum, none of whose addresses I know.

The bundle is getting so bulky that I will only add as briefly as possible my biographical contribution:

A few weeks after graduation in 1870, I went to Albany, N. Y., where I remained two years with the Albany Argus, one of the oldest newspapers in the state, first year as night editor, and second year as managing editor. My health giving out I returned home in the summer of 1872, and remained for about a year, when Fleming and I met at '70's reunion at Commencement '73, and thence started for Europe together. We were chums for about a year together in the old country, seeing something in the meantime of Scotland, England, Belgium, Germany and France, Italy and Austria, and of course enjoying ourselves immensely. Our companion in arms in Paris for about two months was Darrow of '70. In the summer of 1874, I left him at Leipzig, along with Dawson of '70, Walters of '68, and other fellows, and returned to Elgin. Soon after began work as associate editor of Chicago Evening Post, in which I was and still am a shareholder and remained till summer of 1876, when I again went to Europe, and was married in August, 1876, at Hamburg, near the Rhine, in Germany, to Eliza A. Hadwen, an English girl, whose acquaintance I had made three years before in Rome. We took a tour through the Black Forest and Tyrol, and came to America last autumn in season to see something of the exposition in its closing days. Am for the present at my old home in Elgin, Ill., where letters would always reach me, and where '70 is of course always welcome.

There are about 30 more boys to write, and we ought to get the letter around surely by '78, and have it at the reunion.

Yours always,

V. S. LOVELL.

JOHN SCOTT MALTMAN, B. S., LL. B.

**Born in Glasgow, Scotland in 1843. Address No. 123 South
Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.**

Steamship Bombay, February 23, 1906.

Dear Classmate:

I desire to report myself in the land of the living. Am now on my way westerly to America, where I hope to arrive about January, 1907. Left New York for a trip around the world by the easterly route, August, 1904; got as far as Egypt only February, 1905; wishing to visit Japan, and the Russian fleet being just ahead of me I changed my plans, taking the westerly route, arriving in America after an absence of one year. Stopped a few days at Los Angeles before resuming my journey and learned the sad news of the deaths of Wells and Jones. This was indeed sad news. I missed them very much as we had been in the habit of meeting each other daily when they lived in Los Angeles. Have been traveling via Honolulu, Japan, China, Singapore, Penang, Ceylon and India, making extensive detours in the latter country, crossing from Calcutta to Bombay my last stopping place. Will next visit Egypt again and the Nile, then Palestine, Greece, Constantinople and Italy again, Switzerland, France again, also the British Isles again. Last year I took in Tangiers, Gibraltar and much of Spain. I go by easy stages and hope to arrive in America about January next, as I said before. Traveling agrees with me. To see new places and new people is a constant pleasure.

I feel quite at home now on board an ocean liner, and don't see how I can ever rest in one place any more; surely not as long as I have the health and strength to endure its fatigues of travel. I have often regretted my absence from the St. Louis Class reunion in 1904. I was in Northern Canada then. Arrived in St. Louis one week late. Stayed two days but suffered so with the heat I did not see anyone I knew. A month later I returned and stayed until it was time to sail from New York. About this time I called on Dawson and Whitman in Chicago, and had a letter from Day. All were well and prospering. Of course it would be great pleasure to hear from you. I hesitate to ask this favor knowing, as I do, that much time has been given by you to Classmates in such matters. I trust good fortune has favored you. I surely wish you success and happiness in all your undertakings. Should you favor me with a few lines please address me at Jerusalem, Palestine care Thomas Cook & Son. That company has offices along the main traveled routes and are always ready to receive and forward mail to travelers.

Most cordially and sincerely your old Classmate,

J. S. MALTMAN.

London, England, June 17, 1910.

My dear Carter:

Accept, please, my heartfelt greetings for yourself and my dear old classmates. Though far away in Old England, I will be with you in spirit on June 29th at the Ann Arbor reunion.

Your circular letter was received; and what do I read there? That all the boys, except one, are passed the age of sixty years. This seems impossible. To me they are the same as of yore, without a gray hair or wrinkle.

Am one of the oldest of the class and very, very far below the age of sixty. If proof were needed you should have heard me sing a college song just now.

The cause of this was a pretty girl, ten years of age, who sat at my side, and among other prattle, said she was really a very pretty girl. Whereupon I struck up the old college song:

"The prettiest girl that e'er I saw,
The prettiest girl that e'er I saw,
The prettiest girl that e'er I saw,
Was sucking cider through a straw.

You recall the other verses; the last being:

And when at length the straw did slip,
And when at length the straw did slip,
And when at length the straw did slip,
I sucked the cider from her lips."

She said "that was a very nasty thing to do," and on my adding a verse of

"Saw a freshman's leg off—Short," said "College men were very cruel men." My laugh at her remarks were taken as an affront, leaving the room shouted back, "You better come down off your perch." You can see no sixty years in that but rather a girl and boy about the same age. Thus college songs and college memories help to keep us young.

If you ask how I am and how the world uses me, I answer, good luck and good fortune is my lot. Years ago all business cares and worries were at an end, and I began traveling over the earth; going wherever I pleased, enjoying the best the world had to offer. Am contented and happy. What more can mortal ask? With cares gone, the dreams and ideals inspired by University studies and college men came back to

life again. I have to thank my stars that my lot has been cast with those splendid fellows who comprised the glorious class of '70. Our studies at Ann Arbor helped to make the earth and sky an open book. Thus, the other night, alone, I stood on the house top gazing at Halley's Comet and reverently said, "Blessed be the name of the Lord," and almost in the same breath added, "and blessed be the name of 'Old Toughy' and his conic sections," for I recalled our class in Toughy's room, and a comet's path chalked out on the blackboard.

Mind you, these old nicknames are mentioned here with kindly reverence. On scanning the Heavens "Tubby Watson" and our old class in the chapel are recalled. Wherever rocks and fossils are tossed up, or polyps and starfish seen on the seashores Winchell's able lectures are brought to mind. even the conundrum whether or no there were worms in the Potsdam period. Prof. Wood stimulated observation in engineering. Punky Williams' problems in physics. Mademoiselle Spence the French language. Latin was brushed up that we might wrestle with Latin inscriptions on numerous monuments, and French, German and Spanish for use in countries where spoken, not forgetting the pious exhortations on Sunday afternoons and the bright spiritual countenance of Doctor Haven. Before chaucer's tomb in Westminster Abbey memories of Prof. Tyler are recalled and our class in the old chapel scanning the lines of Chaucer's Legend of Good Women—

"A thousent sythis have I heard men telle
That there is joye in hevene, and peyne in helle,
And I accorde wel that it be so;
But natheles, this wit I wel also,
That there ne is non that dwellyth in this cuntre
That eythir hath in helle or hevene ibe,"

and thus every day is full of entertainment wheresoever the Fates lead me.

On the day of the reunion, the 29th, I will visit Cambridge and Oxford, walking on the ground where Chaucer walked, viewing the libraries, the Manuscript Plato, the Manuscript Virgil, the cartoons of Raphael and Michael Angelo, and will expect to feel the condensed magnetism of University life and an atmosphere redolent with lofty ideals and memories of Great Britain's great men. On that day I will recall with affection our beloved class and Alma Mater, wishing each classmate and his family long life, prosperity and happiness.

Ever sincerely yours,

JOHN S. MALTMAN.

His son, John, graduated in 1910 at Santa Clara College, California, and took a post graduate course at Berkeley with law as a probability.

Los Angeles, June, 1920.

My Dear Carter:

Please accept my grateful thanks for your kind letter and notice, touching our Class reunion set for the 23 of the present month. I am keenly disappointed at not being able to meet my ever beloved Classmates on that occasion. It would be unwise for me to risk the fatigue of the journey and excitement of those three or four precious gala days at Ann Arbor. Such is the judgment of my friends here, and I must obey.

Our Centennial Reunion will soon be here, A. D. 1970, when we all can meet together again. Put me down for that reunion. Surely I'll be there, whether it be in Paradise—or—or—in—never mind, I'll be there.

Swearing anew, fealty, and love for our Glorious Class and Classmates, I remain as ever,

JOHN S. MALTMAN.

Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 29, 1920.

My Dear Mr. Carter:

Both copies of your circular calling for "copy" also your kind letter of recent date have been received, also a photograph of the reunion attendants at Ann Arbor in June last, for all of which I thank you most sincerely.

Sometime ago, I began to write in compliance with your call, when my doctor advised that I abandon the effort and quit thinking about it. Health conditions was the cause. I had been very much shaken up with the "flu"; not expected to live. I am doing fine now, but not well enough to have the ban removed.

Please let me know how much time, if any, remains before you go to press; I may yet be permitted to write a few lines.

I will greatly value a list of the names of those shown in said photo; the surnames of classmates if you please. I have already numbered each gent 1 to 16 and the ladies 17, 18, 19, 20, commencing at the left. Dawson is the only one recognized, No. 4.

Ever Sincerely Yours,

J. S. MALTMAN.

MILO ELIJAH MARSH, B. S., LL. B.

**Born in Town of Brighton, Livingston Co., Mich., Nov. 16,
1847.—Died at Benton Harbor, Mich., Feb. 5, 1916.**

Class Letter.

Port Huron, April 13, 1876.

Dear Old Classmates:

The long looked for Class letter reached me the other day and when I took it out of the office my first thought was that I had got all the deeds and abstracts of some great real estate

case, but how great my joy when I perceived it was our Class letter. It took me some time to read them all through, but it did me good to hear from so many of the boys at once. First then as to my history: The summer after graduation I went to Kansas on a visit; in the fall bought a horse and buggy and returned overland to A. A.; passed the next two years in the law department; was admitted to practice spring of 1872. Came to Port Huron in September of that year. Was married to Miss Ida J. Whitney of Ann Arbor, Dec. 20, 1871, and have two daughters.

Yours in '70,

MILO E. MARSH.

Mr. Marsh continued his editorial work and journalism as legislative correspondent for several Dailies until the fall of 1914, when due to ill health, he was compelled to retire from active business. While on a visit to his niece in Benton Harbor, he was stricken with pneumonia, and after two weeks' illness, died in Benton Harbor, Feb. 5, 1916, and was buried in Oak Grove Cemetery, Milford, Mich.

He never took any interest in sports of any kind but did enjoy a game of chess or checkers, also devoted much time to landscape gardening.

He is survived by three daughters, Myrtie Amont, who married Willis Lee Smith, an auditor, whose address is 1006 Carmel Ave., Detroit, Mich.; Meirabell Lowell, who married William Austin Harrington, a lawyer at Gaylord, Mich.; Blanche Winnifred, who married Charles W. Harrington, stock-room foreman of the Cadillac Motor Car Co., address 329 West Grand Blvd., Detroit. Four grandchildren survive our classmate. The widow of our classmate died at Ann Arbor, January 12, 1921.

WILLIAM FREEMAN MATTHEWS, A. M., B. D.

Born in Bethel, Vt., October 31, 1849.—Died at Kansas City, Mo., June 5, 1915.

Class Letter.

New York, Feb. 7, 1876.

(Matthews)

The Class letter comes to me first this centennial year. It is like wine which improves with age. It seems to have new vigor since its Rip Van Winkle sleep. May its bulk continue to increase, and its postage too.

A few words will suffice to tell my history which has been neither striking nor eventful.

Taught school at Grand Rapids one year after graduation, September '71, came to New York to attend Union Theological Seminary. Took the regular three years' course there. On graduation I took charge of "Hope Chapel" a Mission church connected with the 4th Ave. Presbyterian church (Dr. Crosby's). Have been there ever since. "My field" is in the densest populated portion of the city. China is nowhere. Often go into a house and find 50 or 60 children.

I am not married, though I have married several quite fine looking young ladies. Balance of letter illegible.

WM. F. MATTHEWS.

Mr. Matthews was severely afflicted with neuralgia during the last few years of his life. The last letter which came from him was dated at Whitehall, Mich., June 16, 1910, in which he made inquiries about our reunion that month, but thought it very doubtful about his being able to attend. He was with us, however, for the last time.

A letter from his widow after his death dated at 3714 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo., July 8, 1915, states:

"He always enjoyed the Class reunions. A few months ago he said he thought he would be able to attend the June meeting. We knew he would not, for he was at that time quite helpless, but we were not expecting that he would be taken from us so soon. He had had three partial strokes of paralysis and the last one was fatal. He was not conscious of much suffering during the last months of his life. As he was so helpless it certainly was a blessing that he did not realize his condition to any great extent. We miss him all the more on account of his helplessness, but we feel that our loss is his gain and it will not be so very long until we shall all meet him. I always enjoyed hearing him tell of his college days, and now that he is gone it is a great source of comfort to be remembered by his classmates."

MICHAEL ALEXANDER MEYENDORFF, C. E.

**Born in Letwenia Province in Russian Poland, December 3,
1849. Died at Portland, Oregon, February 7, 1908.**

Class Letter.

Washington, D. C., March 22, 1875.

Dear Classmates:

Believing that the object of the Class letter is to give an opportunity to every fellow to blow his own horn rather than waste time in apologizing beforehand, for the egotistical style of my letter, I shall at once proceed to state all I can about my doings since we parted. College days over, a more stern life began. Its pleasures and troubles in mine were many, yet in the midst of them I always gratefully remembered the kind and considerate treatment I received from you, and my college

days indeed will always be remembered among the pleasantest in my life. Some of you will remember that I left A. A. about the middle of April, 1870, through the indulgency of the faculty and kind assistance I received from "Dixie" Noble, and Bird. I have passed my examinations in two subjects in which I had not passed before leaving A. A. and my diploma was sent to me shortly after commencement. My first experience as a civil engineer commenced on the St. Louis & S. E. Ry. and I was successful enough to secure positions for three other of our Classmates, "Dixie", Davock and Culley. The first two and myself could tell you some wonderful stories about the long-eared and slim-bellied pigs and * * * dried up corn of the Wabash country in Posey county, Ind., where months were spent together. July 1st, '71, my engagement with that road ends and with the N. P. R. R. begins. I, according to instructions of the Chief Engineer of the road reported on duty in Montana, July 21st. Remained in the employ of that company till November, '73, when work on that road was suspended. In the winter of '71, I made a visit east. Spent a few weeks at A. A., a few weeks in Kentucky and some two months in New York City, returning to Montana in the spring of '72. When the N. P. R. R. suspended operations I was foot loose and having a few hundred dollars in my pocket, thought to try my luck at mining. About 1st of December, '73, I reached a mining camp in Arizona of whose rich wonders I had heard. Invested in mines nearly every cent I had. Four months' experience there satisfied my wishes and I left for California with money just enough to take me there. I reached San Francisco in April. A few days later I was employed and out surveying for the San Joaquin & King River Canal Co. Did not like it and when soon after I received an offer of a position in Surveyor General's

office in Montana, I accepted it. Reached Helena in June, '73. There I remained until last September, doing well. There were several weeks in succession at different times when I was making \$100 per week. On July 2nd, '74, I met with an accident, fracturing my hip bone. It paralyzed my prospects very much and compelled me to return east for medical treatment. Recovering partially, I secured a position in the Department of the Interior, where I am now and where I intend to remain as I am compelled to by my fractured limb.

Faithfully Yours,

M. A. MEYENDORFF.

The Seattle Post-Intelligence of May 25, 1903, contained the following with reference to a call on Meyendorff, while he was sick at the Providence hospital, by President Theodore Roosevelt:

President Roosevelt yesterday appeared to the inmates of Providence hospital a cheerful visitor carrying sunshine into the camp of the stricken. The president went to see an old friend, Michael A. Meyendorff, who is a patient in the hospital. The presidential carriage and escort whirled out of the dust of Third avenue up to Fifth, on the return trip from the Grand opera house and halted in front of the hospital building a little after noon.

The visit was a surprise to the sisters in charge. It was unannounced, but the welcome to the president was no less enthusiastic. Flags and bunting decorations, spread out in welcome of his visit to the city now received a literal interpretation of the welcome to the building itself.

As President Roosevelt and his secretary mounted the stairs, the sisters stood in waiting to receive him, the sister

superior acting as hostess. President Roosevelt at once asked for Mr. Meyendorff, and ascended in the elevator to his friend's room.

President Roosevelt learned of the condition of Mr. Meyendorff yesterday morning when the latter sent a note to the Washington hotel asking for the pleasure of an interview at the president's headquarters. Mr. Meyendorff received a reply that he should not stir as President Roosevelt would come in person to see him.

Going up to Mr. Meyendorff, the president extended both his hands in the most cordial manner.

"Awfully sorry to see you in that condition. I wish you would get well," he said, with lower jaw protruding, and with smiling face, speaking in quick, impulsive manner. The two had some conversation, in the course of which the president went to the window and gazed upon the grounds.

The street in front of the hospital was crowded with people and numbers of them were seen running in the direction of the waiting carriage. The president turned and remarked that it would not do to stay, as every second he was staying a thousand people were gathering.

Meanwhile all the patients of the hospital who were able to leave their beds had been summoned to take a look at the president. He came out and greeted them. One old Grand Army man, Simon Lundy, went up to the president and said he was a veteran. President Roosevelt shook his hand and called him comrade, telling him that he was glad to meet him.

The rounds of the hospital were not made, as time did not permit the president to stay much longer. In all he was there about ten minutes. Before leaving he shook hands with each sister and referred to a coincidence in regard to the name of the hospital.

The only hospital in which he had ever been a patient in his life, the president said, was also conducted by sisters, and was called Providence hospital. That was in Indianapolis.

As the president entered his carriage the crowd surged closer, but there was no cheering, only an appearance of suppressed enthusiasm. Way was made, the horses whipped up, and the party proceeded to the Washington.

Michael A. Meyendorff has been intimately acquainted with the president ever since the days when the latter was chairman of the civil service commission. Mr. Meyendorff holds the office of special agent for the general land office of the interior department, and having been long in the government service has made the acquaintance of many prominent men.

Mr. Meyendorff's career has been a picturesque one from his early days. He comes of a noble Polish family, and would, if he claimed his rank in his native country, be termed a baron. When he was 13 years old he entered the Polish army as a private in the revolution of 1863, and fought for two months side by side with the older soldiers. His brother was shot and his family ruined. Young Michael was given the chance of swearing allegiance to Russia or going into exile.

But exile was preferable and after imprisonment in a Russian fortress he was sent to Siberia, presumably for life. A half brother of Meyendorff's, Col. Julian Allen, of the American army, also a refugee, was serving on Gen. Sherman's staff in Georgia, in the hottest days of the Civil War, when he first learned of the boy's plight. He proceeded to Washington and laid the matter before President Lincoln. Negotiations were opened through the American ambassador, and upon the payment of a certain sum, Meyendorff was turned over to the United States. He came to America in 1866 and

became, as he termed it, a ward of the government, and entered the Class of '70 of the University of Michigan.

Mr. Meyendorff has talked of his adventuresome career often with the president, he said, and the president has urged him to write of his experiences. Mr. Meyendorff came to Seattle last December, and is now a convalescent patient at Providence hospital. He seemed yesterday to be greatly impressed with the thoughtfulness of the president in sparing him a few minutes of his time.

Los Angeles, Cal., June 5, 1905.

My Dear Carter:

It is just my bad luck—I was sure some few weeks ago that I would have the pleasure to greet you and the rest of the “boys” at the approaching reunion, but my recent orders from Washington decreed against it—certain imperative work will tie me here—and this would have been my first and alas, the only chance. Soon we all will be called to meet in a reunion beyond the grave. Some may linger many years, but many of us will reach the limit within the next ten years or so. All I hope for is that St. Peter will appoint you as secretary at the Golden Gate to keep the earthly past record of the Class of '70 and thus you may get me with the rest of the grand class (should I be detained elsewhere when you report for duty to him) within the gates.

I wish you all a most joyful time at the reunion and may you all live long and prosperous life.

Your friend in '70,

MICHAEL A. MEYENDORFF.

Extract from letter of Hon. W. C. Bristol of Portland, U. S. attorney for Oregon to Rufus H. Thayer, Washington, Feb. 18, 1908.

"Commencing upwards of two years ago at the time of my first acquaintance with him, he exhibited indications of having contracted Bright's disease. Others of his friends and myself prevailed upon him to consult physicians, which he ultimately did, but failing to follow, in many instances, their advice, the inroads which the disease had already made upon his system increased to so alarming an extent that for the last six months he was confined practically to his room. His funeral was Monday, Feb. 10th, at 1:30 p. m. He preferred to be cremated. Services were held at St. Stevens Episcopal Chapel, where he had attended with zeal, and with the Rector of which he was upon terms of intimacy. Leaving the Chapel, we brought the body to the crematorium, where other services were held, and he was there incinerated.

Everything was done that could be done to assist his departure from this vale of tears that was commensurate with his brief career upon this earth enfeebled by sickness and bodily infirmity and surrounded by cavil hatred and machinations of his political enemies. * * * * * His last days, by reason of the inroads of the disease, were fraught with pain and suffering and for the week prior to his death he lay largely in a comatose condition, unable to recognize any of his friends or to appreciate the happenings about him."

GEORGE WASHINGTON MICKLE, C. E.

Born in Lancaster, Penn., February 17, 1848.

Address: 311 Hall Building, Kansas City, Mo.

Nothing has been heard from Mickle for several years, though letters and circulars have been sent regularly to him at his address in Kansas City, Mo. It is supposed that he has continued in the real estate business there. Mr. Schock re-

ported that he called and had a visit with him on his way back home from the June, 1920, reunion.

PROFESSOR BERNARD MOSES, Ph. D., LL. D.

Born in Town of Burlington, Conn., August 28, 1846.

Address: Paris (at last account).

The following is taken from The Bulletin of San Francisco, dated December 19, 1914:

Professor Bernard Moses, after an absence of nearly four years in Paris, returned last week to his State of California, to find such radical changes to have taken place politically, at least, as to make him feel like a stranger in a strange land.

"I seem to know only the ancient," said Professor Moses with a gentle whimsical smile, "or at most the ancient and medieval history of the State. The modern period appears to have begun recently."

"California does not loom on the Paris journalist's horizon. Peaceful communities or commonwealths excite only limited interest in the minds of Europeans, particularly if they do not lie as impediments on their highway to conquest and military glory. Military topics, during the last decades, have overwhelmed considerations of peace. The European has been thinking of late in terms of war. He has almost forgotten the vocabulary of peace. The peaceful occupations of California signify nothing to him, except as a means of feeding armies and keeping the destitute from starvation. Only the events of our recent war with Mexico, which was not a war, but simply the invasion of the territory of a neighboring sovereign state, find space in the columns of European newspapers. The world's present calamity is the result of persistent think-

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ing in terms of war. The perverse spirits who persist in thinking or writing about war with Japan on the occasion of every slightest disagreement between that nation and the United States, may ultimately produce European relations on this side of the world. The best way for nations to avoid war is to think about peace. As a nation thinketh, so it is."

Few men in this country are better qualified to talk on all that pertains to government than Professor Moses. For close on to forty years he held the chair of Political Science and History in the University of California. As one of the notable commission, when the Philippines became a United States' possession, he was sent to establish there a civil government, with Judge W. H. Taft, who was to become President of the United States, as chairman of the commission. Between the years of 1906 and 1910 he was sent to South America on affairs of State—as Minister Plenipotentiary, as member of the Pan-American Scientific Congress, Santiago de Chile, and as delegate of the International Conference of American States at Buenos Ayres. In between he found time to contribute scientific articles to the leading magazines, and to write such notable treatises as "Federal Government in Switzerland," "Democracy and Social Growth in America," "The Establishment of Spanish Rule in America," "The Railway Revolution in Mexico," "The Establishment of Municipal Government in San Francisco," "South America on the Eve of Emancipation," "The Government of the United States." In his four years' sojourn abroad he has just completed his greatest and latest work, "The Spanish Dependencies in South America."

Although the snows of many years have descended upon him, and honorably retired from the university as Professor Emeritus, instead of finding him amidst ease and leisure to

which his long years of active service would entitle him, I found him at the Faculty Club in Berkeley, in his study, as deeply immersed in work as the most enthusiastic of the younger faculty. The huge round center table was piled with Spanish volumes which had just been unpacked. He was plunged in manuscripts at his writing desk, seated against a tall panelled French window overlooking a gnarled and noble old oak, which in the soft light of a late rainy afternoon, made a beautiful, harmonious background to a noble figure, the intellectual face which the weight of years had chiseled only the more strongly, and with a mass of silken silvery hair tumbling a bit riotously over a firm white forehead, and into eyes deep set, gentle, kindly and contemplative.

Professor Moses shrank visibly from publicity, and especially from the hurried, unprepared newspaper interview, which, through the very rush in which it must be got out, of necessity precludes that scientific accuracy of the more leisurely prepared statement.

"All my life," said Professor Moses, "has been devoted to acquiring accuracy. The least inaccuracy in quoting me inflicts an injury exactly like a physical wound respecting the tendency of public affairs in California is embarrassing. Knowing little about the happenings in California during my years of absence, of course, I was naturally more or less shocked on arriving in New York City to hear persons speaking about California as being even more radical than populist Oklahoma. Their notion seemed to be that in attempting to bring about a larger measure of equality California was preparing to be ruled by an aristocracy, or an oligarchy of commissions.

"We must not mistake popular government for representative government. The makers of the government of the United States had the reasonable idea of constructing a govern-

ment in which the laws should be made by intelligent persons selected for that purpose by their fellow citizens. In departing from that plan, we run the risk of substituting the commission government for a representative government. The evils of such a change will not be manifest at first. It will only make its appearance if the commission should be appointed by some power not the people. Then it will develop its real bureaucratic character.

to the popular govt.

"Popular government may defeat itself like a machine in which the friction counteracts all the power that is applied to it. Whenever the machinery of government becomes cumbersome, or difficult to operate, by reason of elaborate and roundabout methods, and the unwieldy multitude of persons involved in its activity; by doubling the number of voters, as with woman's suffrage, without raising the average political intelligence, and by frequent appeals to the whole body of the people for the decision of important and far-reaching questions, as in this last election, where you say the people were expected to vote on some forty-eight propositions, couched in involved and highly legal terms, and any one of which was a task for a specialist, the social friction of the government has reached a point where in the course of time a modification of the method of operating will be found to be necessary.

"An early step in this modification will be a decline in the estimate of the significance or importance of the popular vote. Already, not only here, but also in other parts of the Republic, there is manifest a desire to remove the vital and practical operations of government farther than ever before from the great body of the citizens. This is illustrated not only in commission-governed cities, but also in commission-governed transportation and commission-governed banks. You state that the Railroad Commission includes within its jurisdiction all

public utility corporations of gas, light, power and street railways.

"This movement is undoubtedly in the line of greater efficiency, but it does not lead towards that ideal democracy, which is said to be the end sought in the social agitation of the present. Even the voters themselves, in their most expanded ranks, help on the movement towards oligarchic, or bureaucratic rule, particularly when they take away from the inhabitants of towns the right to regulate certain matters of traffic within their own borders, and confer it upon an autocratic commission, the members of which may never have seen the town in question. This is not a strange phenomenon, for some of the most grinding tyrannies that ever oppressed a people were set up by popular vote. It is undoubtedly true that you cannot fool all the people all the time, but you can fool a sufficient number of them from time to time, if you present for their acceptance or rejection a large number of laws or amendments to laws, complicated, and far-reaching in their effects, and written in the involved and technical language which few persons besides the courts have the ability to understand thoroughly."

"The extension of the suffrage, the referendum and the recall are designed to maintain equality—how otherwise may it be maintained?" he was asked. ✓

"The equality you are thinking of," replied Professor Moses, "can be maintained, I fancy, only under conditions that do not admit of social progress. The inhabitants of some of the mountain cantons of Switzerland maintain a good degree of equality. No one can become rich. All live as their ancestors lived. And all have about the same amounts of property and essentially the same occupation. If they had more abundant opportunities, some would become richer than the rest, and

with their riches would come different occupations, better opportunities for education, and a style of living that the rest could not afford. Social inequality is an incident of progress, and cannot be eliminated from social growth.

"But equality before the law is another matter. It means that the law is administered to all persons subject to it, without favor to any. This cannot be secured by mechanical processes. No arrangement of offices or conditions of suffrage, or increased complication in the machinery of government can reach the innermost mind of the judge or other official who exercises the final discretionary power in administration.

✓ "The only remedy in this case is a higher degree of individual morality. If your individual man, who is likely to get into office, and gets into office, is morally rotten, your government will be rotten. The vital question here is not of more complicated governmental machinery or constitutional amendments, but a higher type of man. Mexico has an admirable constitution and excellent laws, but its government is what the men of the time make it, irrespective of the laws.

"I am hardly in position to answer your question about our relation to Mexico, for I know only imperfectly what the government of the United States has done in the long-drawn out crisis. I heard much in the beginning about the necessity of holding a proper election in Mexico. This seemed to me," said Professor Moses, with his characteristic whimsical smile, "to be a somewhat severe exaction, in view of the fact that Mexico never had an election which most Americans would consider proper.

"Looking from afar, there seemed to be only two courses which a reasonable government standing for the United States could afford to take. These were either to recognize Huerta or to send an army of about three hundred thousand men

over the border and take possession of the country. The second of these could have been wisely contemplated only as a last resort, only in case Huerta, as the recognized president, failed to preserve order and protect the rights of foreigners in the republic.

"It is quite probable there would have been no need to resort to the second alternative. Even if a powerful intervention had proved to be necessary, it would have been undertaken in such form that the interests of individual Mexicans, as well as of aliens in the country, would have been secured, and the nation would have been saved anarchy. And at the most favorable time possible, Mexico would have been brought into a position which it is destined soon or later to occupy.

"A hundred years ago Mexico and the United States had each about the same number of inhabitants. At the present time the United States has approximately one hundred millions, while Mexico has about seventeen millions. If the rate of increase in the two countries during the last century is continued during the next hundred years Mexico will have about thirty millions and the United States about six hundred millions. But the two nations will not be able to maintain the isolation of the past.

"The more rapidly growing population of the United States will spill over the border. True to their traditions and the practices of their ancestors, the Mexican inhabitants will insist on excluding the peaceful invaders from the enjoyment of political rights, and through the class that will follow the Mexicans, unless supported by some other power, will go to the wall. The generation that will witness this crisis may have reason to regret that their larger conflict was not prevented by the absorption of the Mexicans by the United States

when that people had no legitimate government, and, in a state of social chaos, was rent asunder by factions at war.

"Why do we blunder constantly in our dealings with Latin-America? That inquiry has a short answer and a long answer. The short answer is, because of our profound ignorance of Latin-America, and the strength of Spanish and Portuguese tradition.

"The long answer involves the contrasted histories of the northern and southern halves of this continent. Mexico's special and present infirmity is due to a too extensive application of the Diaz administration. Unwilling to permit power to pass out of his hands, Diaz allowed a generation to grow up without any sense of political responsibility. When the tyrant was removed the nation very naturally went to pieces. We seem to have entertained the childish notion that by assisting one of the parties in a revolution to victory we might put an end to revolutions in that country. The triumph of one party excites opposition, and this opposition has no effective way of expressing itself, except by a resort to arms.

"There are only two rational courses that may be pursued in treating the Mexicans: Either let them carry on their internal quarrels without interference, or subject them to a discipline imposed by force. We have apparently followed neither of these courses. Yet in connection with the Spanish-American war it was made clear that a rebellion in a neighboring country is not necessarily a purely domestic affair.

"The rebellions and revolutions of Mexico have an international quality in so far as they affect the rights and interests of other nations. The last word of statesmanship was not uttered when Americans were ordered or advised to leave Mexico. They were rightly there, and entitled to protection by the Mexican government, because Mexico was recognized

as a civilized state. When it failed to perform this duty of state, other nations were released from any obligation to treat it as a civilized state.

"If Mexico had been recognized as merely a collection of savage tribes, persons entering the country for purposes of business would have done it at their own risk, and there would have been a sufficient answer to their complaints that leaving the country involved their financial ruin. But Mexico, assuming all the rights and obligations of a civilized nation, presents an entirely different case. American citizens have not entered Mexico armed and prepared to defend their interests, as in a savage country. They have entered under the protection of a government presumed to be able to meet its obligation, and when the Mexican government failed they were entitled to the immediate and sufficient protection of their own government.

"In the failure of this government to furnish the required protection, American citizens have been subjected to vast financial losses, and the leaders of wandering bands of brigands, knowing the United States to be harmless, have acquired great importance in the eyes of their followers by defying and showing contempt for the American government."

Professor Moses held the chair of History at Albion College in 1875, before going to the University of California. In 1919 he gave to the public his work entitled "Spain's Declining Power in South America, 1730-1806." He has been a contributor to leading magazines.

ALFRED NOBLE, C. E., LL. D.

Born at Livonia, Wayne Co., Mich., August 7, 1844.—Died
New York City, April 19, 1914.

Was born August 7, 1844, at Livonia, Wayne Co., Michigan, where his parents, Charles and Lovina (Douw) Noble, resided on a farm. His grandfather, Norton Noble, was in the war of 1812 and his ancestors were in the revolutionary war. He received his early education at the district school of his native place. He lived on the farm until 1862, when he enlisted for the civil war in the 24th Mich. Vol. Inf., and from October, 1862, to February, 1865, he took part in all the battles of the Army of the Potomac. Was mustered out of the service in June, 1865. From July, '65, to September, '67, he held a position in the War Department at Washington. Made his preparation for college at the Union School, Plymouth, Mich., and with private instructors in Washington. He entered the University of Michigan in '67 as a sophomore in class of '70. While an undergraduate he was absent a year and a half in the employ of the government and kept up his studies at the same time, taking his degree with the class. He was a member of the Philozetian debating club and the Alpha Nu literary society; joined the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity; was elected vice-president of his class in Junior year. From June to September, '70, he was engaged on harbor surveys on the eastern shores of Lake Michigan and at Cheboygan and Alpena on Lake Huron. In October, 1870, he was put in charge of the work at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., and when, in 1873, it was found necessary for the government to build a new lock he practically, under the direction of Gen. Godfrey Weitzel of the United States Engineer Corps, designed and brought to a

successful completion the lock since known as the Weitzel lock. In the design of the new lock Mr. Noble introduced a number of novel features which at once engaged the attention and admiration of engineers all over the world, serving as models for similar designs ever since. Writing of this in 1914, Mr. Joseph Ripley, who was associated with him there, says:

"The masonry was the finest of its kind ever built in this country. The filling and emptying culverts located under the floor of the lock, the gate hangings and the hydraulic operating machinery were all new features. The gate and valve engines have been in constant use every season since 1881 and have worked easily, efficiently and rapidly, without any failure and without any repairs except the annual repacking of the cylinders and occasional renewal of minor parts."

In August, 1882, on the practical completion of the construction of the canal, he resigned his position to accept an appointment as resident engineer of the R. R. bridge across Red River at Shreveport, La. In March, '83, he resigned this position also to accept a similar one for the construction of a bridge across Snake River at Ainsworth, Washington Territory. In September of that year he took charge of a bridge over Clark's Fork of the Columbia River in Montana. Snake River bridge was completed in May, '84, and Clark's Fork bridge in June. Mr. Noble began the construction of foundations of an iron viaduct across Marent Gulch, Montana, in September of the same year, and the foundations of a bridge across St. Louis Bay, at west end of Lake Superior in October. He completed the foundations and the erection of the superstructure of Marent Gulch viaduct in June, '85, and St. Louis Bay bridge in May, according to original plans, and began the construction of an additional draw bridge in July; and from August to October was at Trenton, N. J., inspecting iron work

for the draw span. From October, '85, to January, '86, he was attending to the erection of St. Louis Bay bridge; February, '86 he was in New York City, in the office of George S. Morison. During March and April he was inspecting bridge manufacture in Buffalo, and in May was inspecting iron at Pottsville, Pa. He then returned to New York in June. He visited Omaha bridge in July and then went to St. Paul, for temporary duty in the office of N. P. R. R., as acting principal assistant engineer. In September that year he went to Pittsburg to inspect iron for the same company, but soon accepted an appointment as resident engineer of the bridge across Harlem River, at 181st St., New York City, where he remained till July, '87, when he resigned to accept an appointment as resident engineer of Illinois Central R. R. bridge across the Ohio River at Cairo, Ill.; and in '88, assumed charge, also as resident engineer, of the bridge across the Mississippi River, at Memphis, Tenn.

The Cairo bridge was opened for traffic Oct. 29, 1889, and his connection therewith closed with the following month. The Memphis bridge was opened for traffic in May, 1892. He then moved to Chicago and entered into a limited partnership with Mr. Geo. S. Morison, who had been chief engineer of the Cairo and Memphis bridges. During the term of this partnership Noble was assistant chief engineer of the bridge at Alton across the Mississippi and the bridges across the Missouri at Bellefontaine and Leavenworth. After the expiration of the partnership, April 30, 1894, he began a general practice as consulting engineer, which he continued up to the time of his death. The degree of LL. D. was conferred on Alfred Noble by the University of Michigan in June, 1895, and by the University of Wisconsin in June, 1904. He was appointed a member of the Nicaragua canal board by President Cleve-

land in 1895. The appointment was not sought by him and was peculiarly gratifying for this reason and also because it placed him in connection with an engineering problem of great interest which was in line with his earlier work. The board visited Central America, examined the route of the Nicaragua canal and also the Panama canal; then returned to the United States and completed its work Nov. 1, 1895. In July, 1897, he was appointed by President McKinley a member of the U. S. board of enginers on deep waterways to make surveys and estimates of cost for a ship canal from the Great Lakes to deep water in the Hudson River. This was also congenial work. It was completed in August, 1900. In June, 1899, he was also placed by President McKinley on the Isthmian Canal Commission, which was charged with the determination of the best canal route across the American isthmus, and it has been substantially on the route selected by this commission that the Panama canal has been constructed. During its continuance Noble visited Europe with his colleagues to examine the data relating to the Panama canal collected in the office of the canal company in Paris, and visited the Kiel, Amsterdam and Manchester ship canals. He also made two trips to Central America to examine more fully the canal routes there.

In the spring of 1898 he was appointed by William R. Day, then Assistant Secretary of State, as arbitrator in a dispute between a citizen of this country and the government of San Domingo. He visited that island, returning to New York a few days before the declaration of war with Spain. In the autumn of 1900 he was appointed a member of an engineer board to advise the state engineer of New York concerning the plans and estimates for a barge canal across that state.

In November, 1901, the city authorities of Galveston, Texas, appointed Alfred Noble, Henry C. Ripley and General

Robert as a board of engineers to devise a plan for protecting the city and suburbs from future inundations. They reported a plan involving the building of a solid wall of concrete over three miles long and seventeen feet in height above mean low water, the raising of the city grade and making an embankment adjacent to the wall, the whole to cost about three and a half millions of dollars. This plan was carried into effect.

In November, 1901, he formed a partnership with Ralph Modjeski for the design and construction of the bridge across the Mississippi River at Thebes, Illinois, which bridge was opened in May, 1905."

In January, 1902, Noble was appointed chief engineer of the East River Division of the new Pennsylvania Railroad terminal in New York City, the division embracing excavation at the site of the passenger station, tunnels under streets eastward to East River, four tunnels under the river and a large terminal yard on Long Island, the work under his charge costing about thirty millions of dollars. This work was completed in 1909.

In 1905 he was appointed by President Roosevelt a member of an international board of engineers to recommend whether the Panama Canal should be constructed as a sea-level or a lock canal. This board consisted of thirteen members, of whom five were nominated by foreign governments. Noble was one of a minority of five, all Americans, who recommended the adoption of a lock plan; their views were adopted by the government and the canal has been built in accordance with their recommendation.

In March, 1907, Noble was one of three appointed by President Roosevelt to visit the Panama Canal to investigate alleged conditions regarding the foundations of some of the principal structures; this duty was completed in a few weeks.

He was obliged to decline a similar appointment two years later.

After 1909 he was engaged in practice as a consulting engineer; probably the most important question dealt with was in regard to the dry dock being built by the U. S. government near Honolulu. He also served as a consulting engineer for the Board of Water Supply of New York City and in like capacity for the Public Service Commission for the First District of the State of New York.

The foregoing account of Alfred Noble's career since 1902 is nearly in his own words, as he wrote them only a few weeks before his end for the purposes of this class history. His characteristic modesty and brevity of expression probably furnished the reason for his omitting to mention his work during this latter period for the Canadian Government in connection with the foundations of the Quebec Bridge and the enlargement of the Welland Canal, as well as his investigations for various waterpower and other corporations.

The first of the water-power projects involved a study of the regulation of Lake Superior for the Michigan Lake Superior Power Company. This problem covered four years of continuous work, and the report, filling three large volumes is now filed with the International Waterways Commission. A surprisingly large proportion of this work was done by Noble personally; if he had a weakness, it was in this habit he had formed of doing possibly too much work himself.

He visited California twice to examine and report upon projects for the Big Meadows Dam for the Great Western Power Company, and gave a large part of his time, extending over a year, to the study of a power development on the Susquehanna River. He also made a study of an extension of the plant at Niagara Falls; a study of power possibilities

on the St. Lawrence River; and a report on a plant at Grand Falls, New Brunswick.

He did much work for the city during the latter part of his life. The city made use more particularly of his ability as an expert in tunnel matters, first, on the many miles of tunnel for the Catskill Aqueduct, north of the city, and the deep tunnels under the Boroughs of Manhattan and Brooklyn and the East River, and, secondly on the subway tunnels, especially the four East River tunnels known as Routes 33 and 48.

Aside from the 160 million dollars, more or less, which was the cost of the Catskill Aqueduct, and which he cannot be said to have passed upon as a whole, the value of the work referred to him for his judgment during the four years totals nearly 100 million dollars. This is mentioned only as giving some idea of the magnitude of the responsibilities which were placed upon him, and as an indication of the value placed upon his judgment.

Of what was perhaps his greatest public service, and of the degree in which the country owes it to him for the avoidance of a disastrous failure at Panama, his brief statement conveys no idea. This has been characterized as follows:

"As most of our readers will remember, all the foreign engineers and three of the American engineers united in a majority report advising the construction of a sea-level canal. Five American engineers, with Mr. Noble at the head, stood out in favor of a lock canal. We say, 'Mr. Noble at the head' because from his strong experience in connection with the lock at Sault Ste. Marie, he was better able than any engineer upon the commission to speak authoritatively with respect to the construction and operation of great ship canal locks. To Alfred Noble's discerning wisdom and independent judgment and to his willingness to stand in a minority in defense of

what he believed to be right, the country owes it today that it did not undertake what we now know would have been the folly of a sea-level canal at Panama.

"In the struggle which followed the submission of these two conflicting reports, Mr. Noble's ability and strong personality had much to do with the final decision by which those in authority rejected the majority report and adopted that of the minority."—ENGINEERING NEWS, April 23, '14.

"The country is under great obligations to him for his wise and far-sighted course in relation to the Panama Canal. As a member of the International Board of Consulting Engineers, assembled by President Roosevelt in 1905, he threw the weight of his long experience and acknowledged engineering ability in favor of a lock as against a sea-level canal and wrote the report of the minority members of that body, in which the plan of the canal as constructed was outlined. As a member of a special commission of three sent by President Roosevelt to the Isthmus in 1907 to make a special investigation of the lock and dam sites, his signature to a report declaring the foundations safe and stable had great effect in reassuring the public confidence."

GEN. GEORGE W. GOETHALS.

"He was the dean of American engineers and has left a record of brilliant usefulness upon which it is inspiring to dwell. I had at one period much official relationship with him and came to respect him most highly as a man and as an engineer. His professional advice in respect to the type of the Panama Canal and the security of the foundations of the Gatun Dam was followed by the Government and has been vindicated completely by the event."

EX-PRESIDENT WILLIAM H. TAFT.

Alfred Noble was a past-president of the Western Society of Engineers, the American Society of Civil Engineers and the American Institute of Consulting Engineers. In 1910 he was awarded the John Fritz Medal for "notable achievements as a Civil Engineer." In 1911 he was elected an Honorary Member of the Institution of Civil Engineers of Great Britain, and in 1912 received the Elliott Cresson Medal of the Franklin Institute "in recognition of his distinguished achievements in the field of Civil Engineering." He was married May 31, 1871, to Miss Georgia Speechly of Ann Arbor. She died January 12, 1915. They left one son, Frederick Charles, who was graduated from the engineering department at Ann Arbor in 1894, and is now following his profession in New York City, at 101 Park Ave.

Alfred Noble died April 19, 1914, in New York City.

It is not so much his success as an engineer but his qualities of mind and heart, that his friends would recall. The following are some of the tributes to his memory:

"The name of Alfred Noble will live in our memories, and in history, with those who possessed the finest qualities of heart and intellect."

CHARLES S. CARTER, '70.

"I well remember when Alfred Noble came to the University of Michigan, where he entered the Sophomore class in 1867. He was somewhat older than the rest of us, and, in my opinion, far more able than any of us. He had had three years' experience in the army, and those who knew him there said that he had been a faithful and valiant soldier. I do not think any of his classmates ever heard him speak of his army career. He probably regarded it merely as part of

his duty, and not a thing to be talked about. Moreover, he was at all times the most modest and retiring of men. Those of you who know him, I think, will have marked this characteristic. * * * In his case, the boy was father to the man. He was modest, kindly, industrious and capable, as boy and man. I need hardly say to you that he had particular aptitude for the science of engineering, and unusual skill in the higher mathematics. While he was easily, in my opinion, the first man in our class, I do not think there was any of our fellow-students who had the slightest feeling of envy or jealousy toward him. By common consent he was our intellectual leader. We all liked him, and the more we emulated his example and tried to reach his attainments in scholarship, the better it was for us.

"The last time I saw Alfred Noble was at the great Michigan banquet in New York in 1911, when as a member of the New York committee, he did very much to make that function the great success it was. With his great qualities and achievements, he had a gentle vein of humor that made him the most agreeable of companions. In person, as you know, he looked his part, and was a most attractive man. To have known him and had his friendship is one of the most pleasant and valued recollections of my life."

JUSTICE WILLIAM R. DAY, '70.

"I first knew him as the great engineer, but came to know him also as the biggest, broadest and most human man with whom I ever came in contact."

PAUL GOODWIN BROWN.

"He was one of those great men whose modesty, gentleness and kindness vested his greatness with a charm, and

made all those who knew him love him as a man as strongly as they admired him as an engineer."

RICHARD S. BUCK.

"Like every one else that knew Alfred Noble, I not only admired him as a man and as an engineer, but had for him a real deep affection as a friend, and I feel that I, too, have suffered a loss today."

COL. WM. BARCLAY PARSONS.

"I have been struck with admiration for his great abilities and his splendid character as a man."

HON. JOSEPHUS DANIELS.

"Alfred Noble was my ideal of a man, a grand character embodying the best traits of human intelligence and personality. He measured up to the perfect standard of a Chief Engineer, with full technical and practical ability, ready with right expedients, always successful, with never a failure, with unassuming modesty, with a living honesty of intent and deed, bright and spotless as sunlight, and an inborn gift of leadership which inspired loyalty to him and his work in every employee, however humble or important the position might chance to be, and imbuing a spirit of service willing to go to the limit of uttermost endurance."

JOSEPH RIPLEY.

"He was to me a remarkable man, whom I counted as one of the few really great men I have known; and I always rejoiced in learning of the deserved recognition of him by others. While he undoubtedly understood and knew of his marked ability, he never appeared to realize that he excelled or to assert it; but had a quiet, unassuming, reserved and

kindly personality which was most attractive to me. He was really a man that none knew but to love and none named but to praise. It is a gratification to remember that he won appreciation and distinction in his life work and did his life work grandly."

JUDGE J. H. STEERE.

"I esteem it a great privilege to have known him and to have been, even to so small an extent as I personally have been, associated with the one man who in my opinion out-ranked all the other engineers in this country. His splendid character and honor have been a great influence for good in the profession, and we all miss that fine, guiding spirit very greatly. In his death there still remains to us the memory of one of the finest men that ever lived, finishing his course in the full possession of all his powers and at the summit of his fame. What can any of us desire for himself better than that?"

J. VIPOND DAVIES.

"He was one of the most companionable of men, and, while he could express himself with vigor whenever occasion might demand it, his nature was to accomplish his purposes through quiet and gentle procedures. In fact, he may properly be characterized as a gentleman in the best sense of the word.
* * * He possessed unlimited stability and poise of mind. He could not be surprised into a conclusion not justified by his judgment, and it was unthinkable that he should reach an unwise conclusion through crude impulse. In endeavoring to find what qualities gave him the prominent position in the profession which he held, I think one must look chiefly to his perfect stability of character and judgment, his kindly nature unfailingly exhibited to all those with whom he came in contact, his uncompromising right principle, and his fine

analytic capacity which he brought to bear on all engineering questions."

WILLIAM H. BURR.

"He was a man for whom everyone entertained the highest respect, not only for his professional ability and talents, but for his many endearing personal qualities as well."

SAMUEL REA.

"Mr. Noble was not only one of our great engineers, but the highest type of man in every respect, and his quiet, lovable ways endeared him to all. He will be greatly missed, and it will be very difficult to fill the position he has occupied in the engineering world."

AMBROSE SWASEY.

"He stood for nothing but the straight, unvarnished truth, and I am sure there was not a man who knew him but felt he was the better for having known him and the better for following him."

JAMES FORGIE.

"I feel that I have lost a true friend and the engineering profession its foremost American representative."

ISHAM RANDOLPH.

"There are few men in the country to whom the Nation owes a greater debt for large service rendered."

CHARLES WHITING BAKER.

"In the passing of Alfred Noble our profession has lost one of its best and highest representatives—the leader in his special work, true to his friends, a gentleman, a man in all that

the word implies. He left a vacancy in our ranks that cannot be filled."

JOHN F. WALLACE.

"No life's record brings to the individual or to the engineering profession more honor than that of Alfred Noble."

BRIG. GEN. A. MacKENZIE.

"He was a great man and a great engineer. When I think of an ideal to work up to, both as engineer and a man, Noble comes to my mind first of all. * * * I am mourning the best of men and the best of friends."

RALPH MODJESKI.

"As a man he was of the highest standard of honor and integrity, and was the very personification of humility. I can only add my testimony to the fact that the United States of America, and the profession generally, have lost one of the most distinguished engineers of this generation."

CHARLES M. JACOBS.

"He was certainly one of the finest types of manhood that I ever met, either in the United States or anywhere else; able, kindly, strong-minded, sticking to his opinions with great determination no matter how persuasive the arguments on the other side, and very thoughtful of others and generous in his dealings with them. I should say he was much the same type of character as Abraham Lincoln."

SIR ERNEST W. MOIR.

"I was always struck by his great sincerity and the extremely fair way in which he examined any questions put before him. I felt that I should be quite satisfied to take his opinion as an arbitrator on any question which might be in

dispute in which I might be one of the parties. I say this not only on account of his professional qualities, which were as well recognized in Great Britain as in the United States, and Canada, but also on account of his fair mind and common sense."

SIR MAURICE FITZMAURICE.

"Noble by name and noble by nature, like all great men, he was entirely unassuming, patient, painstaking, and hard working; kindly, generous and unselfish; capable of meeting any obstacle and overcoming it; strong and reliable; courageous and never compromising with what he considered wrong."

SIR HENRY JAPP.

"The qualities in him that I like best to remember were his gentleness, genuineness, geniality, quiet humor, thorough sympathy with, and readiness to help others, by kindly advice or otherwise, wherever and whenever such help was asked or appeared to him to be needed. * * *

"I have tried to think of all the attributes of which a man would wish to be possessed, and have endeavored, without success, to find one which was not a feature of his character.

"Alfred Noble was the best balanced, most lovable, most dependable, most useful man I have ever known. To meet him, even casually, was always a pleasure; to have known him intimately was a great privilege."

CHAS. WARREN HUNT, LL. D.

In all these tributes, what remarkable unanimity, and what evident sincerity! At the end of a life so honorable, so kindly, so useful as was his, what better offering to his memory can there be than the heartfelt expressions of his friends?

The following verses are by Mr. W. L. Saunders:

“At three score years and ten a useful life
Has run its course. And as we think of him
The sorrow and the flowing tears of friends
Are turned to joy that such a one as he
Has lived and wrought. Here was a man who led
In building up, a mind endowed to see
And think and do in all the larger things,
A Captain leading men on Nature's fields
To win in building monuments of peace.
This engineer has shattered Nature's works
To make the world a better dwelling place
For all of us. His life was gentle and
No thought of self within him dwelt. He won
Scarce knowing why, the plaudits of the world.
Upon his monument let it be writ:
'He was an Engineer. He was a man.'”

CLARK OLDS, B. S., M. S.

Born at Erie, Penn., July 14, 1850.

Address: Erie, Penn.

I have spent my life with the labors and duties of the profession of the law, having practiced continuously, making a specialty of the Admiralty practice, but have only reached the plane of mediocrity in the profession, yet from time to

time have been connected with important litigation. I practice in all the State and United States Courts. Was a delegate to the National Republican Convention at Chicago in 1904, at which time Roosevelt was nominated for President.

I have been industrious and economical, accumulating some property.

I have filled many quasi-public positions, mostly of a charitable nature, such as for many years director and president of the Erie County Mutual Insurance Company, member of the Board of Water Commissioners of the City of Erie, over fifteen years, and president of the Board for nine years, director of the Erie Chamber of Commerce eleven years and president one year, one of the managers and chairman of the finance committee of the Erie Cemetery for many years and president three years, director and president of the Lake Side Cemetery for seven years, director and treasurer of The L. W. Olds Real Estate Company eighteen years, one of the directors of the Erie Trust Company, member of the board of examiners for admissions to the Erie County Bar, chairman of the Commission to build a public steamboat landing, at the port of Erie, built by the State of Pennsylvania, chairman of the Commission to ascertain encroachments on the public lands bordering on Lake Erie, both of the above appointments made by the Governor in pursuance of acts of assembly, appointed by the Court chairman of a committee to adopt new indices for the county records. I was chairman of the local "Questionnaire Board" and a member of the local committee for placing all the Liberty Loan issues.

Was a member of the Lake Mohonk Conferences on "International Arbitration" for seven successive years, up to the close of the conferences at the outbreak of the world war.

Am a member of the Erie County Law Association, the Erie Club, the University Club, the Kahkwa Country Club, the American Society of Civil Engineers, Engineers' Society of Pennsylvania, Erie Board of Commerce, Erie Motor Club and Chairman of the Committee to revise the rules of the Orphans' Court of Erie Co., Pa.

I have only one child living, Irving S. Olds, who is a member of the law firm of White & Case, 14 Wall Street, New York City. He was at the head of the legal department of J. P. Morgan & Company during the time they were purchasing supplies for the allies, also head of the legal department of the British War Mission, in New York, till the close of the war.

I had the great misfortune to be bereaved of my wife in December, 1919.

For recreation I have, in a small way, bred and raced a few standard trotting horses.

The above comprises my principal activities since the publication of the last class history.

DARIUS COMSTOCK PENNINGTON, B. S.

Born in Town of Macon, Lenawee Co., Mich., April 22, 1847.

Address: 400 Wilcox Ave., Oroville, Cal.

Mr. Pennington has given the greater part of his life to fruit raising in California since leaving the University. The work seems to agree with him, however, for he has accomplished a great deal in that line and made a name for himself in his part of California. He sends the following letter:

Vacaville, Cal.

Dear Classmates:

The notice of Noble's death was duly received. Our ranks are thinning fast surely, and the shadows are getting long with me, but I am still able to be about my work.

I received your circular letter, containing the list of those of the class who had "gone across the great divide," and also a request for data to be used in the supplementary class biography, which should have been forwarded long before this, but I am very busy all the time, and have much outside work that takes me about the state a good deal, especially during the last of the winter and early spring, not to speak of the work on the ranch here, where I have from twelve to fifty men to oversee, depending on the season.

During the season of cherry picking we have at times sixty men at work, so that when night comes, I am tired out, for age begins to tell on me, and it is not as easy to get through with the day's duties as it once was.

As to my life, since the Class History was published, there has been nothing out of the ordinary, everyday work that comes to a fruit rancher in California and nothing to place my name "in the line light." I have plodded along, doing each day the thing that came to my hand to do to the best of my ability. I have made many friends and some enemies as well, and have also made something of a reputation as an expert in my line of work; but it will not loom very large by the side of the most of my classmates, and I do not flatter myself that my achievements will receive more than a passing notice from anyone; nor that I have added much to the achievements of the class of '70. Like most people, I can look back and see the mistakes and blunders that I have made, but I try not to let that hinder me in doing what is ahead of me to be done and I hope to "die in harness" with my face to the front.

My wife and the children that were left to me are still living. The children are all married, and we have eight grandchildren—good average young Americans; and to get among

them makes me forget my gray hair and that I am getting old.

There does not seem to be anything farther that I can tell, and I shall be glad if what I have put down herein will help you out in your "labor of love." Therefore I will close, with best wishes and remembrances to you and yours, hoping that you will be spared to them and us yet these many days.

Yours fraternally,

D. C. PENNINGTON.

JUDGE WILLIAM LORENZO PENFIELD, A. B.

Born at Dover, Lenawee Co., Mich., April 2, 1846 Died at
Washington, D. C., May 9, 1909.

The following is taken from the New York Daily Tribune of May 10, 1909:

Washington, May 9.—Ex-Judge William L. Penfield, formerly solicitor of the Department of State, and an authority on international law, died after a long illness at his apartment in this city at 5 o'clock this morning. His death was due to a complication of heart and stomach troubles which had confined him to his bed for several months. The end came in the presence of his wife, a son and daughter, and a sister, Mrs. Duncan, of Greenfield, Ind.

The funeral services will be held Tuesday afternoon, and interment will be in the District of Columbia.

William L. Penfield, Solicitor of the State Department from 1897 to 1905 and authority on international law, was a native of Dover, Lenawee County, Mich. He was sixty-three years

old on April 2 last. In his boyhood Judge Penfield, as he was most familiarly known, lived on a farm. He was graduated from the University of Michigan in 1870, after which he was for two years instructor of German and Latin at Adrian College. At the end of this term Mr. Penfield was admitted to the bar. He then went to Auburn, Ind., to practise, after which he became identified with the official and political life of Indiana.

The rise of Judge Penfield in the legal profession and in the councils of the Republican party of his adopted state was rapid, and he occupied in turn the offices of City Attorney and judge of the Indiana Circuit Court. However, it was as Solicitor of the State Department, to which office the late President McKinley appointed him, that the greatest opportunity came to him to demonstrate to its full his legal acumen, and, as it later developed, his diplomacy.

The incumbency of Judge Penfield in that office was marked by many perplexing and important international questions. One of the most important of these was the case of several European countries against Venezuela, when he appeared at The Hague tribunal as counsel for the United States and Venezuela in the arbitration proceedings. Judge Penfield also represented the United States in the international arbitration of disputes between this country and Santo Domingo, Peru, Nicaragua and Guatemala. In these he secured for the United States awards aggregating \$2,250,000. He was also special commissioner to Brazil in 1905. He resigned from the State Department to resume the private practice of law in Washington.

In his political career Judge Penfield had been a member of the Republican State Committee of Indiana, presidential elector and electoral messenger in 1888 and delegate to the

Republican National Convention in 1892. He was a member of the American Bar Association, the Indiana State Bar Association and the Cosmos Club, of Washington.

The **Auburn (Ind.) Evening Dispatch** of May 10th, 1909, contained the following:

Judge William L. Penfield is dead. The long-expected end of this truly great man of his generation has come. After a heroic battle against a complication of heart and stomach troubles, he was forced to surrender on Sunday morning at 5 o'clock in his apartment in the Ontario in Washington, D. C.

Frequently The Dispatch has mentioned Judge Penfield's illness, and only Saturday said that all hopes for his recovery had been blasted. From day to day our people have watched closely to see any message of better news and have been happily rewarded at times and saddened at others.

For nearly three weeks oxygen has been administered to him to keep him alive, and even in that critical condition has showed signs at times that gave the devoted family hopes. His case has been one of the most remarkable on record. His wonderful vitality seemed almost too great for the grim reaper to overcome, but he surrendered to the inevitable, surrounded by his devoted wife, his son, Walter, his daughter, Blanche, and his sister, Mrs. Duncan, of Greenfield, Indiana.

Judge Penfield has a peculiar attachment to our city and community. A resident here for twenty-five years, he forged a chain of friendship that his twelve years of absence has failed to break. He is strongly linked to us. Here he married his wife, Miss Luna Walters; here he raised his family of four children, two dying in childhood and now residing in the city of the dead, Evergreen cemetery; here he filled a prominent place in public and private life; here he built himself a fine home on South Main street, and here he has main-

tained his legal residence, even though he has been in Washington nearly all of the time since 1897.

Attorney D. D. Moody claims the distinction of being influential in bringing Judge Penfield here from Adrian, Michigan. In 1872, Mr. Moody and Dr. J. J. Littlefield were selected as a committee to get a Fourth of July orator, and Dr. Littlefield, knowing Judge Penfield, suggested him to Mr. Moody, who agreed on the judge being invited to speak in our city, which invitation he accepted. In January following he came here and formed a partnership in the practice of law with Mr. Moody, which lasted three years. Then Auburn was but a village as to the Auburn we know today. Our older readers will recall this incident and immediately associate numerous other happenings of early day life with it.

The funeral will be held in Washington on Tuesday afternoon and interment will be in the Rock Creek cemetery in the capitol city.

The honorary pallbearers at the funeral will be chosen from among the most prominent Indianans at Washington.

He was born on a farm in Lenawee county, Michigan, on April 2, 1846, the fourth of a family of eight children. His parents, William Penfield and wife, natives of New England, were of English lineage.

Judge Penfield spent his childhood days and youth upon the farm, aiding his parents by performing the labor which usually falls to the lot of a farmer boy. He early determined to rise above the sphere of his juvenile environments. He attended the district school, and later, in the public schools of Hillsdale, fitted himself for a college course. After spending some time in Adrian college, he entered the Michigan University at Ann Arbor, where he pursued the classic course, graduating with high honors in 1870. One of his classmates

was Hon. William R. Day, later Secretary of State under President McKinley, and now on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States. Soon after receiving his diploma, the chair of German and Latin in Adrian College, where he had formerly been a student, were tendered him, which position he accepted and held for two years. It was, however, his purpose to enter the legal profession, and while teaching he studied law. He was admitted to the bar in 1872, and in January of the following year he came to Auburn and entered upon the practice of his life profession.

Here he found strong competition in his profession, but realizing that he had a name to make at the bar, and a reputation to secure, he never faltered. With the same courage and perseverance that has marked his entire career, he soon demonstrated his fitness for his chosen avocation. He soon won a large clientage in both the state and the federal courts.

In politics, Judge Penfield has always been a republican, and has taken an active part in campaign work from the time he was twenty-one years old.

In 1884, during the Blaine campaign, he was a member of the Republican State Committee. In 1888 he was chosen presidential elector, and by the electoral college of Indiana was selected as its messenger to carry the result of the election to the President. In 1892 he was chosen delegate from his congressional district to the National Republican Convention at Minneapolis. In 1894 he was nominated by his party for the office of the Thirty-fifth Judicial Circuit of Indiana, and won the election by 1,778 votes, the largest majority ever given a judge in this circuit. In Auburn he ran 178 votes ahead of the state ticket, and 220 votes ahead in DeKalb county, which, considering the many hard fought legal battles waged by him against many of his constituency during

the twenty-two years of active practice, indicates his genuine worth and popularity among those who knew him best. His dignified and fearless demeanor upon the bench, combined with his sound judgment and learning, commanded the admiration and esteem of the members of the bar whose lot it was to practice before.

He served as judge until the spring of 1897, when he resigned to accept the appointment by President McKinley, to the office of Solicitor of the United States Department of State. It was in this new field of labor that Judge Penfield had his first opportunity to fully demonstrate his great ability, and prove his fiber. He served in that capacity throughout President McKinley's terms, and was reappointed by President Roosevelt, as the highest acknowledgement of his ability and great utility.

During the critical days and events of the last years of Spanish rule in Cuba, the Spanish-American War, the Philippine Insurrection, and the Boxer War, with the exception of Secretary John Hay and later Secretary Day, no person stood closer to the president than did Mr. Penfield. Upon him devolved the responsibility of preparing the opinions and state papers pertaining to those questions. As indicative of how well he performed those duties, and the high esteem in which he was held by his superior officials, he was appointed by the president to represent the United States before The Hague permanent arbitration court, in the controversy with Mexico over the "Pious Fund Case of the Californias," this being the first case to be tried before the tribunal. He was later appointed by the president to represent the United States in the Venezuelan Arbitration before The Hague Tribunal, in 1903. It will be recalled that this arbitration had its origin in a controversy which arose over certain claims of

Great Britain, Germany and Italy, against Venezuela and following the blockading of the ports of Venezuela by those three powers in 1892, and the purpose was to settle priority of the claims of those three powers on the one side, and the claims of Venezuela, the United States, Mexico, Spain, France, Belgium, the Netherlands and Sweden and Norway on the other side.

Mr. Penfield has also been counsel for the United States in international arbitration cases of the United States against San Domingo, Peru, Haiti, Nicaragua, Guatemala and Salvador; securing awards for the United States which amounted more than \$2,000,000.00.

After serving his government faithfully as solicitor for upwards of ten years, during which time some of the most delicate international questions of the history of our government were settled with credit to the United States, he resigned in 1905 and opened a law office in Washington City, to practice international law.

Aside from his legal work, Judge Penfield has been a great student of general literature, and has to a large extent mastered the leading European languages. He not only has written many able articles on legal subjects for magazines, but has been the author of many intellectual articles and essays in different literary magazines and periodicals, and during the last few years he has delivered lectures on international law in the University of Washington.

For two years his son, Walter, was in partnership with him, and of valuable assistance to him. Walter, as we like to think of him, is well known here and commands the respect of a wide acquaintance. Miss Blanche is also at home.

Judge Penfield's eminence was of a type which money cannot purchase, close application and persistent effort, combined

with strong ability. Whether in public or private life, as lawyer, judge or official, he was true to duty and the trust reposed in him. He was quiet and dignified in temperament and yet of a genial disposition, which, combined with his broad erudition and sound judgment, commanded the confidence and esteem of those who came in contact with him. He was a man toward whom we loved to point and say, "He was from Auburn."

Judge Penfield's son, Walter Scott Penfield, continues the law business at the office in the Colorado building, Washington, D. C. He is a graduate (B. A.) of Michigan and LL. B. from Washington University. Was appointed consulting attorney to the Panama Legation, Washington, and counsel in arbitration as to boundary dispute between Costa Rica and Panama, 1912; same to Dominican Legation, and in arbitration as to boundary dispute between Hayti and the Dominican Republic. Was attorney for Nicaraguan Legation, 1911-13.

AARON PERRY, B. S., M. S., LL. B.

Born in Oakland County, Mich., November 11, 1848. Died at Pontiac, Mich., February 12, 1920.

Class Letter.

Pontiac, Mich., January 25, 1878.

The Class Letter, I confess brings to me sadness as well as joy. Wylie and Blackburn, poor fellows! Here is their jolly greeting, alas! The last they will ever give us and all these messages have been delayed too long ever to greet the mortal eyes of poor Wylie.

After graduation I spent the first summer recruiting my physical system, and the next fall entered upon the task of

teaching the "Ortonville Academy" for the school year. The next school year I taught "Ovid Union School." The next fall was elected to the state legislature (lower house). After the close of the session I went to Muskegon to take local charge of the harbor improvements at that place. Was associated with Wells as U. S. Asst. Engineer and with Bird and Mickle as contractors. From Muskegon went to A. A. and read law until an extra session of the legislature was called in March, after which I entered the law office of Judge Baldwin at Pontiac and spent the summer and fall in studying law. Was defeated that fall for county clerk of Oakland county by the aggravatingly small majority of 11 votes. (The villains!) Went up Salt River and to A. A. in November and graduated in law the following March. Spent the summers of 1875-6 at Sand Beach, Mich., in U. S. service with "Dixie" Gilbert. Since then in law with Judge Taft under name of "Taft & Perry." Married Miss Sadie Hoffman in 1873. Our boy is talking about going to college.

PERRY.

Aaron Perry, oldest practicing attorney at Pontiac, Mich., and one of its most honored citizens, died at the home of his nephew, Jacob Perry, in that city, Thursday, February 12, 1920. He was 71 years of age.

His illness and death were the result of a gradual breakdown in physical strength, which had been in progress for two years. After an extensive trip through the west the previous summer he enjoyed distinctly better health until after the holidays, but about two weeks before his death, became ill with a cold and fever. After a few days he seemed better, and even attended to some business matters, but a week later his growing weakness compelled him to take to

his bed. Monday he was removed to his nephew's home. Tuesday he showed marked improvement and Wednesday morning was still better, but about noon his condition suddenly changed and he grew rapidly weaker. A congestion of the lungs rapidly developed, and by night it was apparent that he had but a few hours to live. His son, Stuart H. Perry, of Adrian, who himself was convalescent from an illness, was able to reach his bedside while he still was conscious and able to converse. The next day he grew steadily weaker and at three o'clock passed quietly away. The funeral services were held from All Saints Episcopal Church, the Oakland County Bar Association attending in a body as honorary pallbearers.

Aaron Perry was born on a farm in Oakland county, Mich., November 11, 1848, the youngest of eight children of Abram and Sophia Andrews Perry. His father, a native of Warren county, N. J., came to Michigan in 1836, his mother being a native of Genesee county, N. Y. His mother died when he was two years old and he lost his father when he was fifteen years of age.

From his father's estate he received \$700, which with additional borrowed money he expended in obtaining an education. After attending the Clarkston union school he entered the University, where he was graduated in the class of 1870 with the degree of Bachelor of Science. He was an active member of the Adelphi literary society and one of the speakers at the second sophomore exhibition.

Returning to his home county, he entered politics in the fall of 1870, lacking one vote of obtaining the Democratic nomination for state representative. He taught that school year at the Ortonville (Mich.) Academy, and in 1871-2 he was superintendent of the union school at Ovid, Mich.

In the famous Greeley campaign of 1872, he was elected to the state legislature and with five others formed the Democratic minority in that body. At the close of the session in 1873 he went to Muskegon to take charge of harbor improvement work under his former classmate, C. M. Wells. In the fall of that year he entered the Law department of the University, but left in the following March to attend a special session of the legislature called for the purpose of submitting a new state constitution.

In the fall of 1874 he was a candidate for county clerk, being defeated by 11 votes out of 10,000 cast—a reverse which he later often alluded to as a piece of good fortune because it led him to resume his work in the law department of the university, where he was graduated the following spring.

The two following summers he spent at Sand Beach, Mich., superintending certain harbor improvement work then in progress. The winters he spent at Pontiac in the office of Judge Augustus G. Baldwin, then one of the leaders of the Michigan bar. In the fall of 1876 he took an active part in the Tilden campaign on the Democratic side, shortly afterwards entering a law partnership with Judge Levi B. Taft, which was later joined by Samuel W. Smith, who afterwards served in Congress from that district. A few years later Mr. Perry withdrew from the partnership and practised alone for many years. From 1896 to 1900 his son, Stuart H. Perry, was associated with him, and afterwards for a short time Ross Stockwell, now Judge of Probate, was the junior member of the firm of Perry & Stockwell. Nineteen years ago with James H. Lynch he formed the firm of Perry & Lynch, which continued until Mr. Perry's death.

The only public offices held by Mr. Perry were those of prosecuting attorney and city attorney, he having served in

the latter capacity for a number of terms. He was twice defeated for office—once when a candidate for circuit judge and one when running as a delegates to the state constitutional convention, his district being overwhelmingly Republican. He was a delegate to the Democratic convention at Baltimore in 1912, being an “original Wilson man,” and taking an active part in favor of Wilson’s nomination.

A man of spotless integrity, gentle disposition, and incapable of malice or lasting resentment, he commanded at once the respect and love of those with whom he came in contact. No Pontiac citizen ever took a more conscientious view of public matters or a deeper interest in his home city than he, and there were few notable occasions when Mr. Perry was not called upon to speak. He was always a strong advocate of public improvements, particularly parks and playgrounds. He was a charter member of the Oakland County Hospital Association, and was an active member of the Chamber of Commerce, Pioneer Society and other local organizations. For many years before his death he had been president of the Oakland County Bar Association, and was also the dean of the bar in length of service.

In the forty-four years that Mr. Perry was engaged in the practice of law in Pontiac he participated in a very large number of important cases in the state and federal courts. While an able and successful trial lawyer, his greatest strength lay in his profound and accurate knowledge of the law, his skill in briefing cases, and his success in difficult and unusual legal problems. He was especially well versed in the laws pertaining to probate matters, and appeared in a great number of important cases involving wills and estates. His extensive knowledge of municipal and corporation law also caused him to be retained by many public bodies as well

as private corporations. Only five days before his death, though very weak from illness, he insisted on going to his office to perfect a bonding resolution for a new county building, turning over the finished resolutions to the committee. This was his last legal work.

A man of broad culture and wide reading, his studies were by no means confined to the law. In addition to his large law library, he had a private library that was especially rich in scientific and historical works. For many years he specialized in the study of geology and microscopy, and had an extensive collection of works on these and kindred subjects, besides a large and scientifically valuable collection of fossils collected in his travels in all parts of the country and abroad. He wrote occasionally upon scientific subjects, one of his papers being entitled "Surface Geology of Oakland County," describing the land formations of the county and their origin.

He had traveled extensively in this country, Central America and Europe, spending several months abroad with Mrs. Perry in 1908. He also was a great lover of nature, devoting much attention to the cultivation of flowers, shrubs and vegetables. His last trip was made in the summer of 1919, a two-months' excursion with the National Editorial Association to the Pacific and the Canadian northwest.

On Christmas day, 1873, Mr. Perry married Sallie Hoffman of Pontiac. She had been one of his assistants in the Ovid high school and, sharing his literary tastes, they found a wide field of mutual sympathy and pleasure. Her death in 1918 was a blow from which he did not recover and he began at once to fail noticeably in health, though retaining an optimistic view of life and his keen interest in all public matters.

They had one child, Stuart H. Perry, now editor and owner of the Adrian (Mich.) Daily Telegram. who was graduated

from the University of Michigan with the degree of A. B. in 1894 and LL. B. in 1896. After practicing law four years with his father he entered journalism, first as editor of the Pontiac Press, then as proprietor of the St. Johns (Mich.) News, acquiring his present newspaper property in 1907. He is prominent among the publishers of the state, and for the last ten years has been president of the Michigan Daily Newspaper Association. In 1919 he received from the University of Michigan the honorary degree of Master of Arts for constructive editorial work during the period of the war.

REV. MAXWELL PHILLIPS, B. D.

Born on a farm near Chester, Ill., May 13, 1841.—Died at Albany, Oregon, May 5, 1920.

Norman, Okla., March 20, 1914.

Dear Classmates:

I have your January circular, per secretary.

So you want more of my history. Some great man (I forget who) said "Happy is that people that has no history." If this applies to individuals, and it seems that it should, then I am very happy; as Topsy "just growd," so I have just lived. Neither have wealth nor glory to show. The Good Book says: "The glory of old men is their gray hair." But nature grudges me even that glory, for at 73 my hair is scarcely beginning to turn. I still preach for pleasure, and farm for a living. I am away beyond the preacher's dead line, but I have my congregation (union) at my mercy, as I preach like Paul, without charge, and so can stay as long as I please. I have also the sweetest joy of a preacher's life to see that God enjoys my preaching and gives some fruit in conversions.

I have had 12 children—nine living, 7 boys and two girls. My oldest son is in the Kansas City high school work and has five children. He is 40. My youngest son is 9. The second son is in the real estate work in California and has two boys.

My third son, Harry, is a missionary in my old field, Mexico. Three boys, David, Paul and Kenneth, are all bigger than I am, are farming and studying. Our two girls 11 and 13 years, today represent our school in a township spelling contest.

Wife and I are working to carry the burden that God has given us, and each trying to lighten the other's load, but in this she beats me—as women generally do.

The dawn is growing brighter, and the day will come.

MAXWELL P. PHILLIPS.

PHILLIPS—Rev. Maxwell Phillips entered his heavenly rest May 2, 1920, leaving a widow, seven sons and two daughters. They are: Prof. F. L. Phillips, of Kansas City; M. E. Phillips, of Stockton, Cal.; Rev. H. A. Phillips, of Merida, Yucatan; D. V. Phillips, of Oklahoma; P. C. Phillips, U. S. S. Clairton; Kenneth, May E., Margaret F., and Malcolm, all of Albany, Ore. There are also nine grandchildren. He was born near Chester, Ill., May 13, 1841. When eighteen years of age he moved to Kansas, and was the first student of what afterward became the University of Kansas. After a year at Lawrence, Kansas, he went to Salina, and when he was twenty-one years of age enlisted as first lieutenant in the Third Regiment of Indian Volunteers. He received three wounds and was promoted to the rank of captain. At the close of the war he decided to enter the ministry, and entered the University of Michigan. After three years his health failed, and he returned to Kansas for a year, then entered

Lane Theological Seminary, where he graduated in 1872. He was sent as a missionary to Mexico City. After a year there he went north to Toluca, and later to Zacatacas. At Queretero he was mobbed and very severely wounded. While at Zacatacas he, with Rev. Dr. H. C. Thompson, published a Spanish newspaper, *La Antorcha Evangelica*, and he compiled a Spanish-Greek dictionary. After this he spent a short time in Yucatan, then went to Mexico City, where he taught Greek and history in the Presbyterian College for several years. Later he engaged in missionary work in New Mexico. After leaving his Spanish work he farmed for a while in Kansas, then again returning to the ministry, he held several charges in Kansas and Oklahoma. Then for eleven years he farmed in Oklahoma, preaching also in schoolhouses when his health permitted. A severe attack of Spanish influenza compelled him to remove to the milder climate of Oregon. The funeral services were conducted by Dr. W. P. White, assisted by Dr. W. H. Lee, Dean of Albany College.

SAMUEL B. PRICE, A. B., LL. B.

Born in Branchville, Sussex Co., N. J., April 20, 1847.

Address: 1727 N. Washington St., Scranton, Penn.

(Continued sketch from 1903.)

From that time to the present have been engaged in the practice of law in the City of Scranton.

My older son, C. B. Price, graduated from Princeton in 1906, studied law in my office until 1909, when he was admitted to practice on examination. During the period of his legal studies, he spent one summer at Ann Arbor in the summer school. My younger son, J. H. Price, after graduat-

ing from Blair Presbyterian Academy, entered Princeton University and was there during freshman and sophomore years a portion of the time. His health was not good in either year. In 1907 he entered the University of Michigan and graduated with the class of 1909, literary department, and in the law class of 1911. He returned to Scranton, was examined by the State Board and admitted to the Bar in 1912. Since that time we have been associated in the practice of law.

Continued with the Scranton Savings Bank until that bank was merged with the Scranton Savings & Dime Bank in 1913. Was president from 1897 until the merger, and became immediately a director of the new institution and remained a director until 1915, when I refused a re-election and asked that someone be elected in my stead. Director of Scranton Trust Company from its organization until the present time.

Manager of the Scranton library from its inception in 1889 until January, 1920, and was president of the Board of Managers for the last two years. Served six terms of five years each, and last December requested that some other person be appointed in my stead.

Have been offered nomination for Congress, also for judge. Was nominated by Democratic convention in 1910 for Lieutenant Governor. Have declined in each instance to become a candidate, preferring private life and the practice of law.

HENRY CLAY RIPLEY, C. E., DR. ENG.

**Born on a farm in Town of Broadalban, Montgomery Co.,
N. Y., July 15, 1845.**

Address: 2236 Cadillac Ave., Detroit, Mich.

July, 1903, found Ripley executing a contract of \$200,000 with the U. S. Government, for the construction of a stone

jetty at Aransas Pass, Texas. This contract was completed in September, 1904.

The plan of this work was designed by a board of Engineers of which Ripley was a member. It consisted of a jetty of curved form extending across the bar and was designed to produce results with a single jetty, instead of two and thereby saving half the cost of the improvement. This jetty was partially completed by a private corporation for whom it was designed, but on account of financial conditions its completion was delayed and finally the work was turned over to the government without compensation, with the tacit understanding that the government would complete the improvement. However, the army engineers, to whom this work was entrusted, were opposed to the plan from the start. It was not designed by an army engineer and that was enough to condemn it. Congress insisted, however, that the plan should be tried out. Ripley had been before the Rivers & Harbors Committee of the House and the Commerce Committee of the Senate, to explain the theory upon which the plan was based and the members were so favorably impressed, that when the appropriation was made, it was stipulated that the funds should be expended in the completion of the work, as designed for the private corporation, known at that time, as the Aransas Pass Harbor Co.

Before this appropriation was made, however, it was so apparent to the Army Engineers that Congress intended to accept a proposal of Ripley and his associates, to execute this work for a fixed sum with a guarantee of a channel depth of 20 feet, on the no cure no pay basis, similar to the contract awarded to James B. Eads, for the improvement of the South Pass of the Mississippi River, that the Chief of Engineers went before the committees above mentioned and promised

them that if the work were left in the hands of the Army Engineers the plan would be carried out in good faith.

This promise, however, did not prevent the Chief of Engineers from appointing an officer in charge of the work, whose every effort seemed to be, to prevent completion of the work, by violation of the specifications, which resulted in an unnecessary waste of material and increasing cost to the contractor. This violation of the specifications was so flagrant, that as soon as Ripley had completed his contract he instituted suit against the government in the court of claims and after seven years of litigation, in which the case went to the Supreme Court, Ripley was awarded judgment in the sum of thirteen thousand dollars in round figures.

During the execution of his contract Ripley lived at Rockport, Texas, 14 miles from Aransas Pass and after its completion he moved with his family to Galveston. This was in September, 1904, and in November Ripley was engaged by Mr. Percival Farquhar, who represented some New York capitalists, to go to Para, Brazil, to investigate the conditions of the improvement of the port with a view to take over a concession which had been granted to Joao Augusto Cavallero, a Brazilian and who wished to dispose of it to some one with sufficient capital to finance the enterprise and execute the work.

In accordance with this arrangement Ripley went to Para and spent about three months in making the investigation including tentative plans and estimates of cost of the contemplated improvement, from data furnished by the Brazilian government.

Ripley then went to Rio de Janeiro to help in the negotiation for the transfer of the concession to Mr. Farquhar. Before results were reached, however, the Cavallero concession

expired and the government granted the concession to another Brazilian—Demetrio Ribeiro. This complicated the situation so that at the end of ten months' negotiation, no agreement was arrived at. In the meantime, Ripley was engaged in the examination of several other Brazilian ports including Seara, Pernambuco, Bahia and Rio Grande do Sul which were being offered to concession. In case of the latter port, Ripley made a thorough investigation of the resources of the state. In company with one of the state officials, he went over all of the railroad lines and up some of the rivers where traffic was most extensive. He also made plans and estimates for the improvement of the port.

This concession was granted to the late Mr. Elmer L. Cort-hell together with a contract for the improvement of the channel across the bar at the mouth of the Rio Grande River, which is the sea entrance to the port, on the "no cure no pay" basis.

This work being finished and there being no immediate prospect of the concession for Para being granted in the immediate future, Ripley returned to the United States reaching New York, December 13th, and Galveston, December 22nd, 1905, after an absence of more than 13 months. He had not been at home, however, but a few days, when he was subpoenaed as a witness in the Green & Gaynor suit at Savannah, Ga. Ripley was occupied on this case from January 10th, 1906, to April 6th, as expert witness. Mrs. Ripley and his little son Racine, were with him in Savannah during this time. Having returned to Galveston on April 9th with Mrs. Ripley and Racine, Ripley left on the 12th of the same month for Guatemala to make an examination of the Port of Iztapa on the Pacific Coast of that republic. This trip was made from New Orleans by steamer to Puerto Barrios, by rail and

horseback and coach to Guatemala City and thence by rail to San Jose and thence in canoe to Iztapa, arriving April 27th. The examination finished, Ripley left for New York by steamer to Salina Cruz, Mexico, thence by rail via City of Mexico and Galveston to New York, where his report was prepared and preparations made to leave for Para, Brazil, to make a survey of that port, the concession having been granted. In accordance therewith he sailed from New York for Para on May 27th, arriving at the latter place, June 11th, 1906. The work here consumed two months' time and on the 12th of August, Ripley left Para for Rio de Janeiro where the field notes were plotted and plans and estimates for the port improvement were to be made. This trip from Para to Rio took 12 days and was very interesting. The steamer stopped en route at the following ports: Maranhao, Parnahiba, Ceara, Natal, Pernambuco, Maceio, Bahia and Victoria. Between these two latter ports many whales made their appearance and one of them came so close to the steamer that he could have been shot with a rifle. The spouting of these immense mammals was indeed an interesting sight. There must have been a plentiful supply of whale food in this locality.

On December 12th, 1907, Ripley left Rio for Para on the steamer Ceara, arriving at the latter place on December 25th after an uneventful voyage of nine days' duration.

Upon arrival at Para, Ripley found an epidemic of yellow fever raging amongst the contractor's force employed on the work and twelve men had already succumbed to the disease and five more died later. These deaths were among the more recent arrivals from England, mostly mechanics and foremen. These losses greatly crippled the work and for a time hardly anything could be done, because many of the con-

tractor's head men who had been imported from England became frightened and would not remain.

On the 26th of February, 1908, Ripley was stricken with a severe case of intestinal gastritis which made it necessary for him to return to the United States for recuperation. As soon as he was able to travel therefore, he took passage on the steamer Obedience, which sailed for New York, March 22nd and arrived April 1st. Arriving in Chicago on April 4th, Ripley spent a quiet six weeks with his family.

Then having recovered sufficiently from his late illness to return to Brazil, Ripley left Chicago May 15th, 1908, accompanied by Mrs. Ripley, Loraine and Racine. They took passage in New York on the steamer Velasquez for Rio de Janeiro, which sailed May 20th, arriving in Rio June 9th. On the 17th of October, 1908, Ripley left Rio for Sao Francisco do Sul in the state of Santa Catharina, to make a survey, plans and estimates for the improvement of that port. Mrs. Ripley, Loraine and Racine remained in Rio, the latter attending a missionary school. The work in connection with the Sao Francisco do Sul project consumed about four months' time including two months at Rio Grande do Sul where the plans and estimates were made. This work being finished Ripley returned to Rio, sailing from Rio Grande do Sul February 16, 1909, and reaching Rio de Janeiro four days later.

On May 3, 1909 Loraine and Racine returned to the United States, sailing on the steamer Byron, which left Rio on that date for New York. Their ultimate destination was Cincinnati, Ohio, where their brother Birch was located.

On June 18, 1909, Ripley left Rio for Para accompanied by Mrs. Ripley, where they arrived on July 1st.

One month spent in Para, Ripley again returned to Rio, leaving July 31st, on the steamer Ceara. It was the captain

of this steamer, Jose Maria Pessoa who, as captain of the steamer Alagoas took Don Pedro II to Europe when he was deposed and exiled from Brazil some years ago. It was upon that occasion that the Emperor gave Capt. Pessoa a gold watch and pictures of himself and family. The watch was engraved inside, when translated into English "From Don Pedro and family to Capt. Pessoa" and the pictures were autographed by the Emperor and his family.

This trip from Para to Rio took fourteen days, although the distance is but 2,500 miles. The numerous ports entered and long delays, therein consumed much of the time enroute.

From this date until April 18, 1910, Ripley remained in Rio and on that date he and Mrs. Ripley set sail on the steamer Vasari for New York, for a five months' vacation in the states. They arrived in New York on the 5th of May and in Cincinnati on the 6th, where they were met by Birch, Lorraine and Racine, who were living there at that time.

Ripley attended the annual convention of the American Society of Civil Engineers at Chicago, June 20th to 24th, 1910. The balance of his vacation was spent in Ann Arbor and on August 15th, he and Mrs. Ripley started on their return trip to Brazil, leaving New York on the steamer Vasari, on the 20th of August and arriving in Rio de Janeiro September 6th, 1910.

For the following two years and nine months, or until June, 1913, Ripley remained in Brazil as advisory engineer to Dr. Carlos Sampaio, the representative for the company (with which Ripley was connected) in matters about which the Brazilian government had to be consulted.

One of the most important works undertaken by the company, was for the deepening of the entrance to Rio Grande do Sul. The concession for this work had been granted to

the late Mr. Elmer L. Corthell, the distinguished civil engineer, who at the time of his death, was serving as President of the American Society of Civil Engineers. By consent of the Brazilian government, Mr. Corthell transferred his rights in the concession to a company controlled by French capitalists, who financed the enterprise, and who appointed him as Chief Engineer of the work. Mr. Corthell's plan for the work was designed to secure a navigable channel of 10 meters (32 feet) depth. This plan consisted of two straight parallel Jetties extending from the shore to and across the bar which obstructed the entrance. These jetties were estimated to cost some 20 Contos gold (about \$10,000,000,000) and the concession was based upon this estimate although the company was to be paid only upon depths secured and the final payment was to become due when the 10 meter channel was secured; but was to be paid only after the channel had been maintained for twenty years.

While the plan contemplated two straight parallel jetties the concession provided that the plan could be modified in any way that seemed desirable, as the work progressed.

The course of the jetties was approximately south and work was commenced on the west jetty first. Before construction on the east jetty was commenced, Ripley proposed to Mr. Corthell a modification of the plan, which would consist of a single curved jetty to take the place of the east jetty and work on the west jetty to be suspended indefinitely. This proposal was promptly rejected by Mr. Corthell without giving the matter any serious consideration. It may be said in justification to Mr. Corthell, that he may have considered himself morally bound to carry out the two jetty project, in view of his representations to the government, that two jetties were necessary to secure and maintain the channel required.

Be that as it may, work was continued on the west jetty in accordance with the two jetty plan, but in 1911 Mr. Corthell resigned as Chief Engineer and Mr. Edouard Quellenec was appointed to that position. Mr. Quellenec is the leading civil engineer of France. He was recommended by the French government, to President Roosevelt for a member of the International Panama Canal Commission and was so appointed. It now seemed opportune for Ripley to again present his plan for a single curved jetty for Rio Grande do Sul bar improvement. He therefore took the matter up with Dr. Sampaio who was so impressed with it that he requested Ripley to present the matter to Dr. Francisco Bicalho, the chief engineer for the Brazilian government. Accordingly arrangement was made by Dr. Sampaio for a meeting and Ripley explained the plan to Dr. Bicalho. The whole conversation was in the Portuguese language, as Dr. Bicalho did not speak English, and it lasted about one hour. After it was finished Dr. Bicalho said that he believed Ripley's scheme would be successful and at a great saving in the cost of the work, but that the government should get the benefit of the saving.

In June, 1912, Mr. Quellenec arrived from Paris and Ripley had an opportunity to present the matter to him. In the meantime since Mr. Corthell's resignation, the location of the two jetties had been changed and the plan modified. The west jetty was moved further west, abandoning the work theretofore done, and the east jetty was rooted some considerable distance further east, the line converging towards the west jetty until the bar was reached when its course was changed by a gentle curve to a line parallel to the former.

The first conference with Mr. Quellenec on the Rio Grande do Sul bar problem was had on June 7th, and after Ripley

had presented his scheme to him, Mr. Quellenec said "that he thought the plan would succeed, but he wanted to think it over." (From Ripley's diary of that date). Again on June 14th, Ripley had a conference with Mr. Quellenec on a matter relating to the work at Para and Mr. Quellenec was asked about the Rio Grande do Sul bar problem and he said "the matter was a difficult one and that he wanted to consult with his engineers there". The only doubt in his mind he said was "whether the channel will have sufficient width." To meet this difficulty Ripley wrote him a letter giving data and reasons why the single curved jetty as proposed, would develop a channel of sufficient width for navigation. On June 17th Ripley met Mr. Quellenec again and he told Ripley that he had read his letter and that he considered it a demonstration that the single curved jetty as proposed would develop and maintain a channel of sufficient depth and width for all the needs of commerce. These details are given, to show how slow a new idea is in penetrating the mind of even a great engineer.

On September 24th, Mr. Quellenec sailed for Paris and at that time he told Ripley that he intended to carry out the curved jetty plan recommended by him and as soon as he reached Paris he would take up the whole matter with the directors of the company.

This plan it was estimated would effect a saving of over six million dollars. Ripley naturally felt that he had achieved a wonderful victory. Imagine then his disappointment when on March 3, 1913, Ripley was advised that his plan had not been adopted, because there was no one willing to take the responsibility of its adoption.

Ripley learned afterwards that the real reason was, that the officers of the company did not have the courage to ac-

knowledge to the bankers furnishing the money, that there had been a mistake made in adopting the original plan of two jetties and which they had advised the bankers, was the only plan that would give assured results and which had been approved by the ablest engineers in the world. Ripley predicts that a future generation of engineers will be using the single curved jetty for the improvement of ocean bars wherever it is applicable and wonder why it was not universally adopted a generation earlier.

In June, 1913, the University of Michigan conferred upon Ripley the degree of Dr. of Engineering and in March, 1916, he was made a member of Tau Beta Pi.

Having finished his work in Brazil, Ripley returned to the United States in May, 1913, and located in Detroit, where he now resides at 2236 Cadillac Ave., with his daughter Loraine and son Racine. His dear wife departed this life on July 13, 1919, at the age of 67. His son Herbert is with the Chicago Sanitary District as Asst. Engineer. Birch is Asst. Credit Manager of the American Laundry Machinery Company of Cincinnati, Ohio and Racine is salesman for Manning Maxwell & Moore Inc. of New York.

DR. WILLIAM HENRY SCHOCK, B. S., M. D.

Born near Easton, Northampton Co., Pa., January 21, 1846.

Address: Richfield, Sevier Co., Utah.

From 1903 I continued at the ranch at Plateau, Utah, until 1908, when having disposed of it, I made my headquarters at Richfield, Sevier Co., but during the summer I have spent a considerable part of the time in the mountains. I have kept out of active practice in town, but have been reasonably busy

with office and mail prescribing for those who have got used to my ways in the last 37 years.

Events jogged along evenly until a trip to California and Oregon in 1910, and a further even jogging until the reunion of '70 last June. This being my first visit since 1870, the change in the University was certainly noticeable, but on the surface the things that most appealed to me as practical gains were the Michigan Union and the gymnasium.

A happening somewhat over two years since brought in its train some ideas of much interest to me, though I have not come to any definite decision as to their general practical value. Their value to me is marked and undoubted.

Over two years ago, I corralled a small bunch of horses at Coyoto, 70 miles south, tying my riding animal, Maj., inside. One of the bunch getting in Maj.'s vicinity, he backed up suddenly and kicked. The horse got out of the way, but I was in it, petting a pacer with my back towards what was doing. Maj.'s hoofs landed on my hip pockets as nicely as I could have placed them, and I was just near enough so that he lifted me off my feet, sent me headlong and I seemed to land my whole weight on my left cheek bone. When healed, the muscles were tied down by scar tissue, and the irritation of the injury was without doubt the cause of an attack of acute diabetes in Feb. 1919.

For lack of digestive tone, a marked symptom, I began systematic exercise, which had as effect the massaging of the digestive organs and strengthening the abdominal walls. In ten days there was a decided digestive gain, and I could sense plainly the tensed condition of the abdominal muscles. My attention was some way called to my breathing, and I found the first inspiration fairly full as to chest expansion, and more full as to contraction of diaphragm, owing, perhaps, to op-

position to expansion of the tensed abdominal walls. On the relaxing of the diaphragm I could sense distinctly that the abdominal muscles contracted, thus taking part in expiration.

This alternate reaction of diaphragm and abdominal muscles was in action the first respiration I noticed, and the same full, measured, reactive, entirely involuntary breathing has continued without cessation until the present time. I have watched hundreds of times and have not once caught myself taking the shallow respirations that were the rule, sitting quietly, before. I had, too, been practicing deep breathing for months, when I could think of it, but with no indication of the formation of a deep breathing habit.

I continued the systematic exercise, and with diet and the indicated remedies, I improved from the start, though none of the physicians I consulted at the beginning gave me any encouragement.

The result: Better digestive tone than for all the years since the army diet (we had company cooks detailed from the ranks) and the result of an attack of malarial typhoid left me with chronically impaired digestion, in 1864. A further gain; the tensed muscles and rhythmical contraction has done away with the tendency to abdominal congestion, has brought about equalized circulation, with greatly lessened liability to take cold.

I count myself feeling ten to twenty years younger than before the attack, and I bear no grudge to Maj. for the kicking; I evidently needed the jolt. I was able to make a two months' 600-mile buckboard trip to the Colorado River, starting late in last November, camping out when necessary, and traveling or working every day. At one part of the trip we had to pack out twelve to fifteen miles, leading our pack animals, (Maj. was one of them) a good part of the way, over mesas

and crossing half a dozen box canons at just the right point.

The idea of a continued, involuntary, reactive, deep breathing has become almost an obsession. Taking into account the mechanism of respiration; the countless thousands of air cells, each with an open avenue to the air piled miles high, the blood current coming, to be purified, approximately equally to the network of capillaries surrounding each cell; nature surely intended that we should breathe deeply.

Everyone has noticed the respiration of domestic animals after exertion; the marked contraction of the flank muscles each breathe; their respiration is reactive, why not ours? The almost universal shallow respiration is certainly abnormal, the habit is one of the penalties we pay for our perfected civilization.

Unused, weakened lung tissue, too, is one of the factors that place pneumonia and tuberculosis at the head of the mortality list.

How to break the habit! Those who have attempted to do so by occasional voluntary deep breathing have found it a very unsatisfactory process as to the establishment of an involuntary deep breathing habit.

Is there a shorter way? McComb, of the Emanuel Movement, in "The Power of Self-Suggestion," states that habits have been broken by suggestion to the subconscious when it is taking full control of the life processes, when the patient has fallen half asleep.

At the onset of my attack and for sometime I was much interested. The trouble and my methods of relief were on my mind the last thing at night and the first on awakening. Does self-suggestion solve the question? I do not remember as to a definitely willed self-suggestion, nor do I know when the reactive breathing habit was established. It was there when

my attention first happened to be called to it, and it has been continuous since. If the habit can be generally developed, it will be well worth while. Can it be done? Who knows?

Yours,

W. H. SCHOCK.

The boys were delighted to see Mr. Schock at Ann Arbor last June. He called on our Classmate Mickle in Kansas City, Mo., on his return home and had a pleasant visit with him.

WALTER BARLOW STEVENS, A. M., LL. D.

Born at Meriden, Conn., July 25, 1848.

Address: Three Mile Farm, Burdick, Kan.

Mr. Stevens modestly speaks of his distinguished career as follows:

The vista of fifty years backward impresses me with the influence of my classmates upon me. Realization of this has grown strong in the recent years. When I entered the university the idea of a newspaper career hadn't entered my mind. Nor had the thought of making books on historical and biographical lines. In fact, plans beyond the four years at Ann Arbor were chaotic. I went to college because my father had done so before me and because my mother believed strongly in higher education and because I wanted to keep on when the end of the high school course came.

In Sophomore year the class of '70 published the Oracle. The editors gave place to something I had written. A hitherto undiscovered germ became active. I had entered the university staggering under "conditions" because of utter unpreparedness. Late in the four years my classmates put me on

the editorial staff of the university periodical. This brought me for a school year in close association with Lovell, Fleming and Moses, to whom I owe much for what came afterwards. The smell of the ink and the rattle of the presses those afternoons in Beal's printing house were incense and music to me. And then, to add to the impetus toward what was to be my future, came the election in senior year as class historian. So you see what I owe to my classmates. These distinctions at college, as it seems to me now, were entirely unsought by me. I was never a politician. I was not a candidate for class honors, in any active sense, but I took the action of the class gratefully.

There were other circumstances which make this action of the class and its influence upon my future stand out the more significantly. A few weeks before graduation Professor Moses Coit Tyler invited me to call at his house. The professor came to us, you remember, in Sophomore year. He inaugurated the custom of Sophomore exhibitions, three of which were planned with a dozen or so of our class as speakers. At that time I was still working off those pestiferous conditions and did not make such impression on the professor as to be considered eligible for selection as one of the fifty or sixty speakers. But the class had elected me treasurer and it devolved upon me to collect from my classmates the dollar per to meet the expenses of each exhibition. I did it, but the job ought to have cost me all class popularity for the rest of the course. The money came easily for the first exhibition, which was a novelty; not so freely for the second. And when it came time to collect the tax for the third and last exhibition, I had to stand at the door and bone the delinquent. Campau, I think he was, made an appealing talk to help me out.

"Fellows," he said, "here's Stevens, who hasn't been on the list of speakers for any one of these exhibitions, doing his best to raise the money for the cost of them. We oughtn't to make it hard for him,"—or words to that effect.

Well, I was more fortunate when it came to the selections by the faculty of speakers for Junior exhibition and Commencement. But those experiences on the rostrum of the Methodist church didn't inspire me with a drift toward any one of the talking professions. I hadn't the least liking for law or medicine or teaching. Any inclination I perhaps ought to have had for my father's profession, the ministry, was absent. There was no call that I could discover. Journalism, thanks to what my classmates had done in making me one of the editorial staff of the university periodical, was beckoning, and I was looking for the line of least resistance to break in when Professor Tyler took the interest in my future to invite me to his house. Half an hour, perhaps it was longer, he talked to me about my plans and hopes. His advice was as strong as he could make it against my choice. He had tried journalism and had come back to teaching. He emphasized the unsatisfactory conditions of newspaper life then prevailing. He predicted disappointment for me even if there was some measure of success. And between the sentences I seemed to get the impression that the professor did not believe I would succeed. Undoubtedly Professor Tyler was sincere; his interest in my welfare was genuine and prompted by real kindness. He began by saying he understood I was thinking of a newspaper career and that he felt he would like to talk with me about it. Then followed the earnest conversation, which perhaps ought to have checked the shove toward journalism which the class had given me, but it didn't.

A few months ago the head of an educational institution wrote to me asking for my experience on what had been of most influence in determining my career. Had it been teachers, or books, or schoolmates? Looking backward, the thoughts given expression above came to me. And with a feeling of gratitude to my class, which is stronger than ever now, I have set them down.

Two weeks after graduation I was getting my tryout on a St. Louis newspaper. Connection in various capacities with the press was continuous for thirty years and more. It included seventeen years as a Washington correspondent, a term as president of The Gridiron Club, travel in many parts of North and Central America and a short experience as a war correspondent. Then came unsought election to the secretaryship of the World's Fair at St. Louis, which position I was holding when our previous class history closed in 1903.

To the duties of secretaryship were added those of director of exploitation, chief of press and publicity and superior juror,—making me a kind of exposition Pooh Bah before the end.

Two series of travel letters written for the Globe-Democrat by me had been reprinted in book form before 1901. The World's Fair connection led to magazine writing and more book work. Instead of getting back to the daily newspaper as a regular vocation when the World's Fair ended, I was, without my seeking, kept busy with special articles, book-making and a variety of secretaryships. The last included secretaryship of the National Prosperity Association, organized to pull the country out of the financial depression of 1907. Another executive secretaryship was that of the Fourth American Peace Congress, which seemed, in 1912, a long step toward world peace and which elicited from Kaiser

William a most favorable expression of his alleged purposes. A delegation went from the congress to Berlin and received from the Kaiser his avowal of determination to avoid war.

Secretaryship of the City Plan Commission of St. Louis included several years in the work of material betterment of my adopted city. This position was given up in 1916. The Kansas farm, mentioned in a former class history, lured and became my summer home.

The books, title pages of which bear my name, are chiefly of local character. They include a "History of St. Louis," of which two editions were issued; a "History of Missouri" in two volumes; a "Life of Grant in St. Louis"; "Recollections of Lincoln," gathered in years of newspaper work; "The Brown-Reynolds Duel"; "A Trip to Panama," several biographies, and so on; altogether between twenty and thirty books. The semi-centennial of the Class of '70 finds me reading proof and putting the finishing touches to a so-called "Centennial History of Missouri" in two volumes of 1,000 pages each. This making of books has come to me without seeking on my part. I seem to have drifted into it through the initiative of those who have known me long, and who, like my classmates, discovered something which I did not know was in me until I was tried out.

Foreign governments have their own ways of demonstrating appreciation for service, ways which previous to the world war were not highly regarded by American democracy. Belgium bestowed upon me, with royal diploma and decoration, the Order of Chevalier of Leopold; Italy conferred the Order of Knight of the Crown; China, one of the higher classes of the Dougle Dragon; Japan, the Order of the Rising Sun; Germany, the Red Eagle; France, Officier de l'Instruction Publique; the Philippine government, the Medal of

Honor. These decorations came one after the other from 1904 to 1910, prompted by the World's Fair relationships.

In 1908, Washington University conferred the degree of LL. D., which was the more highly appreciated for the words of Chancellor Frederic A. Hall regarding my newspaper career.

This semi-centennial year of the class finds me serving my fourth year as president of the State Historical Society of Missouri, at the same time holding the position of secretary of the Louisiana Purchase Historical Association, the outgrowth of the World's Fair of 1904. More calls for writing come than can be met. Classmates may see to what that college journalism and that class history have led. My only children are books. I am of Connecticut birth; my wife, born Sarah Rebecca Thompson, is of an old South Carolina family, daughter of a Confederate soldier. The family relations are such as to discourage undue partisanship in politics. Inherent love for the soil makes the months on the farm of continuous fascination. The writing jobs and winter travel in the South lend variety. And so the "borrowed time" passes.

Mr. Stevens, under all circumstances, has ever been loyal to the Class of '70, sacrificing himself for its best interests and promoting its good reputation. It will be remembered that the class arranged for a meeting place and headquarters in the Michigan Building on the fair grounds at St. Louis during the World's Fair, and those who were there on June 28, 1904, were agreeably surprised to receive the following invitation:

Universal Exposition
St. Louis U. S. A. 1904
Administration Building
June 28, 1904

To the Class of '70:

Members of the Class of '70, University of Michigan, with their wives, sons and daughters, are invited to meet on the 2nd floor of the West Pavilion at 5:30 P. M., June 28th, for a class reunion. Dinner will be served at 6:00 P. M. The West Pavilion is within three minutes' walk of the Michigan Building.

Very truly yours,

WALTER B. STEVENS.

Twenty-three persons responded, and it is needless to say that we received a most cordial greeting and were sumptuously treated. Those present were: Bradley, Darrow, Moore, Bowman, Baldwin, Allyn, Fearon, Wells, Le Fevre, Price Stevens, Carter and members of their families.

William Marion Reedy, in **The Mirror**, speaking of Mr. Stevens as a newspaper man, said in 1908:

"One of the world's greatest newspaper men was and is Walter B. Stevens. He ranks with the great reporters of the past, McGahan, 'Bull Run' Russell, Amos Cummings, Julian Ralph, Frank R. O'Neil. Of them all none had the *flair* for news better developed, none had more of the genius for inspiring confidence in men with news to give. 'Steve' never betrayed a confidence and never faked a line for a newspaper. He was and is a fiend for facts and he arranges them without ornamentation in the most effective fashion. As a reporter on the old St. Louis **Times**, in the days when authorities suppressed news, he was the despair of the police. He always

got his paper the news that the police most especially desired it should not get. As Washington correspondent of the **Globe-Democrat** for many years he was at the head of the profession. He never indulged in windy speculation as to events. He wrote the actual news and indicated the course of affairs with accuracy because his information always came from the men who were making the news. Never had he to back water. His work was absolutely passionless and unprejudiced and yet his very simplicity gave to what he wrote a satisfying sense that the reader had the truth. He had a style that was lucid, but not dry. He handled facts with an exquisite sense of their proper relation to one another and this gave the work of his pen a force and a charm, too, that no reader could deny. He never wrote a line too much about anything. When he had done with a story there was nothing more to tell and nothing materially pertinent had been left out. He described men and things with the clearness of a photographic plate, and curiously the reader saw those men and things with a clear perception that in the very arrangement of what separately might be dry and bald details there was an implied and strongly suggested analysis worth more than all the pretentious 'studies' of later star journalists. He rarely used a figure of speech. He never put himself in evidence in an article, yet his aloofness gave the article the more weight. It was said of 'Steve' that he could ride through a county on a fast train and write seven columns of interesting stuff about it. He could make anything interesting, a trade report, a real estate bulletin, a bunch of statistics. He wrote up the Ozark region in Missouri in a way that added millions to its values, and this without a line of 'fine writing,' with nothing but facts keenly observed and co-related with marvelous skill. I've seen him at the head of a dozen men 'doing'

a national convention, before the proceedings became routine, come in at night with more of the news of what had been done, was doing and would be done than all the other reporters put together. He could see more of the right men on a given subject in less time than a whole staff of writers now working with phones on their desks. His sources of information were mysterious. No one ever saw him with anybody. No one could follow him. How his facts came to him was a puzzle. Yet he never moved furtively. No one ever saw him rattled or piqued or in a hurry. No one ever heard his voice raised above a thin, clear monotone. He operated without haste and without rest, almost always with a smile. He seems made to mingle inconspicuously in crowds, with his almost colorless grayness of *tout ensemble*. He is never in the limelight. So when he was Secretary of the World's Fair, he did not change a particle. He was always working noiselessly, unceasingly, agreeable to everybody, never rushed for time, never annoyed, suffering fools gladly, with a quiet gray smile. He seemed to know, to see, to do, everything. He was a giant man-of-all-work, ever ready for more; seemingly not only a perfect machine for order and system, but at the same time carrying everything in his head and ready in response to myriad questions. He was never tired. The World's Fair publicity was in his hands. It was handled in a new way. There were no circus poster methods, no fulgurous proclamations, no exaggerations. The literature that went out was fact-y, simple, clear, unbumptious. Those who believed in brummagem broadsides and highfalutin' flubdub thought the Fair wasn't advertised. They were mistaken. It was advertised differently from others, and it won its visitors on the substance and solidity of the Stevens method. He wasn't playing for 'Pikers,' but for people who wanted to get some-

thing more than pleasure out of the exposition. This retiring man was a pervasive force in the Fair, hardly second to President Francis or Treasurer Thompson. He had nothing to say except things pertinent. He was ready to do anything that didn't fall within the scope of some other man's duties. When anyone shirked, 'Steve' was there to take hold. And doing it all as easily and smoothly and modestly as if it were nothing, and never making an enemy. There he was—a great force, and yet with something curiously impersonal in his force. He exerted his force with such a perfect adjustment and distribution to his varying purpose that everybody yielded to it with something like our unconsciousness of the forces of gravitation and atmospheric pressure. The silent man was back of the reason of all the din and display of the world's rendezvous in 1904. And now he bends his powers in boosting the town in articles reminiscent or indicative of lines of future progress, celebrating commercial opportunity and reveling in such data of advancement as are poetry to the 'Big Cinch.' There never was a better example of 'power through repose.'

Walter Stevens is a gentle man. He is a moderate man. He has no high lights, no dark shadows. His manner is that of the ascetic, but with the true ascetic's cheerfulness. He is most human in the most distinguishing mark of man—laughter. One might deny him imagination, but wrongly. He has the higher imagination, like an astronomer. He can gather and put together facts in a way to arouse **your** imagination, and set it working for **him**. He can assemble dry things and give them juice, make dry bones live. He has the ardor of the scientist in searching out facts. He lives in an atmosphere, self-created, of grey and seemingly monotonous quiescence, but out of it he works in ways that surcharge the

dynamic forces of others. His ways are those of truth and equanimity, and temperateness, without high colors, shrill tones or any markedness save this lack of mark. His passions and affections are subdued to his work. He moves about in a world well realized, but in a way not to attract observation. He is patient and persistent, lacking fume and fretfulness. He works without talk, and he works at anything that helps. He is still, but not cold. He wins people in such a way that they really don't know, because he doesn't seem to care, how much they like him, how wholly they trust in his rightness, how fine are the qualities that exist under his reserve. He is 'all there' in all substantialities of character, but without a strain of egotism and without a single yearning for 'fame.' He lives for the work there is to do. He has no causes to 'enthuse' for. He is aloof from faction. He is friendlier with all than with a few. St. Louis has no one like him, no one so widely yet so little known, no one who has done so much for the city with so little approval. This grey man in his neutral grey atmosphere is, potently, a factor in all the splendor of material prestige that the city has."

Chancellor Frederic A. Hall, dean of the faculty of Washington University, in conferring the degree of Doctor of Laws on Mr. Stevens, said:

"This gentleman has had an appreciable influence in molding the public press through a long life devoted to the collection and dissemination of current news and to the diffusion of wisely considered literary articles. He is one of those whose saneness of judgment and clear perception of the valuable has had a good influence in raising the moral tone of the daily press. He is one of that gallant company which has brought journalism to a high state of perfection. The chasteness of his language, his high ideals, and his felicity and facil-

ity in expression have called to him the approving attention of men over a wide territory."

LEONARD EMIAH STOCKING, Ph. B., M. D.

Born at Collinsville, N. Y., December 2, 1846.

Address: Agnews, California.

State Hospital, Agnew, Cal., June 6, 1905.

My Dear Carter:

I am in receipt of your circular letter, and, more recently, of your postal card in regard to the re-union of old '70. It grieves me more than I can tell that I shall not be able on that occasion to once more meet face to face the "boys" still remaining of '70, and, with hearty greeting and glad handshake, again live over the old days so dear to us all.

One of the greenest spots and dearest memories in my life since we left our Alma Mater is the re-union of '90, the only one I have ever been able to attend. I envy our "boys" who have been able to meet oftener and who live nearer and can now meet again. I am compelled to be here on June 15th, and again on the 26th, which will render it impossible for me to go east this month.

Though I shall be a long ways from you in miles, I shall be very near to you on that occasion in thought and spirit. I wish to say again, as I have said before, I remember as my dearest friends, the boys of '70 and never have any ties outside of my family been so dear to me as those of '70.

Please extend, dear Carter, to the "boys" present, my cordial greeting and my deepest regret that I am not able to be with them, join in accepting Beman's and Brown's hospitality, and participate in all that a re-union of '70 means. Ask

the "boys," as they sing the old songs, recount the old experiences, tell how the world has used them, and give expression to still further hopes and aspirations, not to forget "Stock."

I suppose each one will be called upon to give an account of himself, and, perhaps, it will be proper for me to say in regard to my own self that since I last met with the "boys" in '90, while the days have been strenuous, the world has used me well. I still have a happy family of my wife and daughter, and my own health has continued good and I am well, strong and vigorous. Since '90, I have lived in California, the land of sunshine and flowers and of all that makes life worth living, where all of you ought to spend the remainder of your lives and your declining years. I have been connected with this, the Agnews State Hospital, the past twelve years and am its chief medical and executive officer. I enjoy my professional work and hospital service.

In closing, I wish to extend a most hearty invitation to every '70 boy to become the guest of myself and family whenever possible. The latch string has never ceased to be out for '70 and never will as long as I live. A visit from any member of '70 does me a favor and gives me pleasure.

God bless you boys, may you have a royal good time at this re-union, continue to live prosperous and happy and return to Alma Mater for many another meeting. I shall live in hopes that I may be actually with you next time, as I am now in spirit.

Fraternally and sincerely yours,

STOCKING.

Agnew, Cal., June 9, 1906.

My Dear Carter:

Because I have not answered your very kind letter of May 6th earlier, does not mean that I did not appreciate your thoughtful inquiry after myself and family. You may have concluded that the report in the papers announcing the killing of myself and family in the earthquake disaster of April 18th was correct, inasmuch as I have been so long responding to your inquiry.

At the time of the disaster we were in the second story of a large four-story brick building, which was completely wrecked and crashed down all about us, my daughter's room going down under a great tower a moment after she had left it. We fortunately escaped, however, with very little personal injury, while two physicians and 110 other people were killed. You can easily understand why I have not written you sooner when I tell you that all the buildings of this Hospital, which sheltered 1,200 people, were completely wrecked in less than half a minute. The responsibility of directing everything pertaining to their care has rested upon me. I have had temporary buildings planned and constructed and have also looked after the matter of obtaining an appropriation from the Legislature for permanent rebuilding. That I have been busy you will understand, and that I have delayed in answering your letter, you will excuse.

It seems that our buildings were among the worst wrecked by the earthquake; San Francisco (forty miles away) was devastated, as you know, by fire. It is said that 500 blocks were burned, the largest fire ever known. The devastation it presents cannot be understood without an acquaintance with the city before and seeing it now.

I seldom see any of the boys, except Baldwin, who lives only twelve miles from me, and whom I meet occasionally. Have not seen or heard from him since the quake, but since he lived in a region where it did but little damage, I suppose that he escaped. It was a pretty lively shake, but I prefer California, where there are earthquakes, to your country with cyclones and blizzards.

Am sorry I could not attend the re-union last summer. I know those of you who were there had a most enjoyable time. I wish to meet more of the boys of '70 and have hoped that more of them might find their way to this coast and call on me. Give my regards to any of the boys you happen to meet and tell them I should be glad to extend to them a hearty "shake." Come and see me.

Yours most sincerely,

LEONARD STOCKING.

Agnew, Cal., Nov. 26, 1919.

My Dear Carter:

I am in receipt of a copy of your letter to the boys in regard to a re-union next summer.

It would please me beyond expression to be there and meet such of the boys as are still with us. I am a long ways away, and at this time cannot promise more than that I shall make an effort. I shall keep it in mind in my planning from now on.

I do not know how many of our boys are left, but it certainly ought to be a great pleasure to those of us that are here to meet again on the old stamping grounds. While the University has changed and we have grown older, I doubt if we have any of us changed very much, and I think we would find each other the same boys. Gilbert, Blanchard and Wells, of

this coast, have passed. I do not know of any remaining on this coast, except there may be Baldwin and Maltman. How many are there of us now? I am so far away that I seldom see one of them.

With kind personal regards to yourself and family, I am
Cordially and fraternally yours,

LEONARD STOCKING.

LUCIUS BURRIE SWIFT, Ph. M., LL. D.

Born in Yates, Orleans Co., July 31, 1844.

Address: 716 E. 14th St., Indianapolis, Ind.

His ordinary occupations since 1903 are quickly disposed of. He has steadily continued the practice of law, being classed as a good lawyer with a large and profitable practice. He suffered heavy losses in traction investments, but still has a competence for simple living.

Turning to other activities, he closed the publication of the Civil Service Chronicle in 1896, after the defeat of Bryan, because his private affairs required more attention. He also felt that the competitive system was so thoroughly established that it could not be overthrown, and that has turned out true. He is vice-president of the National Civil Service organization and a thorough believer that the system will yet conquer all state, city and county government.

His intimate association with Roosevelt, which began in 1888, continued to the end and is a glorified memory. When Roosevelt was President it was Swift's fortune to sit at times with him alone on the side porch or in the library at Oyster Bay or in the White House, and there hear Roosevelt upon the more intimate national matters; such, for instance, as

whether to send the fleet around the Horn. In 1908 Swift worked for the nomination and election of Taft, who then went over to the Standpatters, and Swift was chairman of the Indiana delegation at the Bull Moose convention, which nominated Roosevelt in 1912. He last met Roosevelt in 1918 at the commencement of Indiana University and saw a broken man. After the end came, Mrs. Roosevelt, writing from France, where she had gone alone to Quentin's grave, closed by saying: "He loved you always."

To Swift the world war in 1914 was the beginning of an attempt of the German kaiser to gain the domination of the world; it was a blow at liberty everywhere, and it was as much the fight of America as it was of any other free country. Swift urged this view from the first day of the war. In 1915 he wrote, "Germans in America," setting out the nature of the kaiser's government and his object in the war. This was written for the benefit of the ninety per cent of Germans in America, who at first seemed to want the kaiser to win. The circulation reached forty thousand copies.

Having become convinced that Americans did not appreciate or give weight to the real foundations of their liberty, such as trial by jury, habeas corpus and representative government, as distinguished from kaiserism, he attacked the lack of teaching of the stories of those foundations in the schools in a paper before the American Historical Society in 1916. He presented the same subject later before many bodies, and finally in the commencement address he delivered at Indiana University in 1917. Then the matter was embodied in a booklet, "America's Debt to England." He is now engaged in writing out the stories of the foundations more at length in the hope of making a book which young America will read. The idea is to compel, not only Americans, but

immigrants, to realize the tremendous chasm between government under Anglo-Saxon liberty and every other kind of government in the world.

When America finally entered the war, the governor of Indiana nominated Swift a member of the district draft board, which sat at Indianapolis, and he became its chairman. As a Civil War veteran, it gave him immense satisfaction to be able to take such an active part, and in the evening, as well as in the morning of life, to serve in a mighty struggle for liberty. Twice it has been given to him to see his country put forth her mightiest efforts, and twice he has seen her army march home with victory perched upon the banner.

This has been Swift's whole life since 1913, when we speak of living. He is now President of the Board of Sanitary Commissioners of Indianapolis, which is building a sewage disposal plant for the city. He has not sought after honors, but when his Alma Mater in 1919 conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws, he received and treasures it with the deepest gratitude.

RUFUS HILDRETH THAYER, A. M., LL. D.

Born at Northville, Wayne Co., Mich., June 29, 1849—Died

July 12, 1917.

Class Letter.

Washington, D. C., February 26th, 1875.

Old Pals:

Carter, having robbed the files of the Dead Letter Office and sent on the spoils to Fleming, with urgent request that all the boys in W., without reference to age or sex, should add something thereto, I present herewith what little respect

I have left for the old class. I howl for the "constitution as it was." Seventy, as she used to be before any of her members laid himself liable to the pains of paternity or divorce, comparing notes with Fleming, Adams, Howe, Meyendorff and Baker (who are now in W.), I am shocked by the alarming exhibit of over half of the old boys caught in that noose, the torments of which are so heartrending that the tender-hearted Bumpus spares us the narration of his experience. To those who are left untied my heart warms. Fleming is yet strong in the faith, though I fear a 13 months' jaunt in Europe has somewhat disfigured that fancy moral character of which you know he used to be so proud. He manifests occasionally a little weakness on the woman question, which is almost my only source of sorrow, but I am laboring with him with all the fervor of one whose heart is in the cause. Adams and Michael and Howe are moving about among the girls and really cause me a great deal of anxiety, but Baker is lost; has merged himself in the mob and has entered upon the period of "coverture." I hope it is unnecessary for me to say that I am not in that line of promotion, but shall add my physical and moral (?) weight to that of the brave minority. We are strong in the justice of our cause. As to personal history, little space will suffice.

After July of 1870, was assistant in the University Library for nine months, then was delivered of A. A. and was in the Congressional Library for three months, since which have had a clerkship in the Treasury Department. Have taken a two years' course in the Law School of Columbian University, admitted to the bar before graduation, and am now law clerk of the office of the Supervising Architect of the Treasury and member of the law firm of "Armes & Thayer." Have seen a great deal of cussedness since arriving in Washington, but

we six "seventy" men are doing what we can "to save the country."

With a hearty shake to all and the warmest wishes.

RUFUS H. THAYER.

Early in December, 1908, President Roosevelt appointed Rufus H. Thayer, of Washington, D. C., as judge of the United States Court at Shanghai, China. Mr. Thayer was not an applicant for the position and his selection came, therefore, as a very pleasant surprise to him. He was a lawyer of acknowledged ability and fitness for the position. He was a member of the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States, and had been for several years a member of the school board and one of the trustees of the Public Library and secretary of the board; also a member and ex-president of the Cosmos Club, and a member also of the Chevy Chase and the University Clubs.

Montrose, N. Y., Jan. 12, 1905.—Miss Harriet Isabella Barnes, daughter of the Hon. William Barnes, of Albany, was married at noon today at the Church of the Divine Love at Montrose-on-the-Hudson, by the Rev. Gouverneur Cruger, to Mr. Rufus Hildreth Thayer, of Washington, D. C.

There were present Mr. and Mrs. George C. Hollister, of Rochester; Mr. Thurlow Weed Barnes, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. William Barnes, Jr., of Albany; Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Seward, the Hon. Samuel R. Thayer (formerly United States minister at The Hague), of Minneapolis; Mr. George W. Thayer, of Rochester, and Miss Grace Carter, of Cooperstown.

A romance that began two years ago in Alaska thus culminated. Judge Thayer is a brother of Daniel R. Thayer, of Minneapolis, former Minister to Holland, and George W.

Thayer, of Rochester. He is a prominent jurist of Washington.

Mrs. Thayer is a sister of William Barnes, Jr., chairman of the Republican State Committee, a granddaughter of Thurlow Weed and daughter of William Barnes, of Albany. Only the families of the bride and bridegroom and the Seward family were present.

After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was given at the mansion of Frederick W. Seward, former acting Secretary of State under Lincoln, Johnson and Hayes, whose magnificent estate adjoins the village of Montrose. Judge Thayer and Miss Barnes arrived last night and went at once to the Seward place, where arrangements had been made for the wedding which unites two families that have for three generations been life-long friends of the Sewards.

Judge Thayer arrived in Shanghai, China, February 24, 1909, and assumed charge of the United States Court.

May 15th, 1910.

My Dear Carter:

I am very sorry indeed that I shall not be able to be at Ann Arbor at our class re-union next month. Please give all the boys my warm greetings.

As it is well known to you, on January 1st, 1909, I was appointed Judge of the United States Court for China and left for Shanghai, China, late in the same month and arrived here the latter part of February the same year. I have found the work of the court exceedingly interesting and agreeable in all respects. The law requires me to visit, at least once annually, three other ports in China, viz.: Canton in South China, Tientsin in North China, and Hankow in the interior,

and authorizes the court to hold sessions at any city in China when occasion arises where the United States has a consulate. Complying with these provisions, I have had the opportunity of seeing a large part of China during the year and a half I have been occupying this office. This adds variety of scene and gives opportunity for interesting observations in this ancient empire.

The court was organized only about four years ago and is, therefore, in its infancy. The body of law which it applies is uncertain and its practice and procedure are as yet only partially developed. The lawyers of the class will thus understand that for the present its work is largely constructive. I am enjoying it very much.

Two years ago this summer I had a very serious attack of appendicitis, suffering two dangerous operations and spending more than six months in recuperation. Prior to this, from the date of our graduation, I had enjoyed perfect health. Recovery from these operations was slow necessarily, but I am happy to say that I am now nearly, if not quite, as well as before that attack. Like other members of the class, I assume that my youthful physical vigor is not overmuch in evidence. However, we may thank God that we have all yet some years in which we may reasonably expect to be able to do good work, and for you, my dear Carter, and for all the rest of the boys, I heartily wish good health may continue and that you are all so placed as to tranquilly enjoy the remaining years of your lives respectively.

I recall that my dear classmates in those old undergraduate days dubbed me "Judge." I construed it then as a term of partial endearment and valued it accordingly. It stuck to me later, and after many years it became at times exceedingly embarrassing. It was not until my appointment to this office

that I could hear myself addressed as "Judge" without blushing. Now that I am occupying the judicial office I suffer a deeper concern. I am made anxious to fulfill its duties so as not to bring disgrace either upon the class or myself.

It is impossible for me to go home this summer, but I am looking forward to a visit either next summer or the following and shall then hope to have the pleasure of meeting some of the boys at least.

With cordial greetings to all,

Sincerely yours,

RUFUS H. THAYER.

The "Cablenews-American," at Manila, P. I., of February 2nd, 1912, contains the following item:

One of the most distinguished visitors to the Carnival and Exposition this year is Judge Rufus Hildreth Thayer, of the United States Court for China, who arrived on the Manchuria, and is the guest of Vice Governor Newton W. Gilbert, at his home on Calle Real, Malate.

Judge Thayer, whose headquarters are in Shanghai, holds court in that city, Canton, Tientsin and several other of the larger cities of the empire, and is now on his way to Canton via Manila, where he will hold court.

At yesterday's session of the Supreme Court, presided over by Chief Justice Arellano, with all numbers present, a signal honor was conferred upon Judge Thayer by the Chief Justice, who invited him to a seat on the bench during the session of the court. This is the first time in the history of the Supreme Court of the islands that such an invitation has been extended to a visiting jurist. Judge Thayer sat to the right of the Chief Justice and listened with interest to the arguments of Attorneys Aitken for the appellant and Ney for the appellee in the case of Daywanet vs. Endencia.

During his stay in the city Judge Thayer will be the recipient of many attentions, the first of which will be a dinner given in his honor at the Army and Navy Club next Saturday night by Justice Johnson, of the Supreme Court, at which will be present many distinguished members of the local bench and bar.

In conversation yesterday with a Cablenews-American reporter, Judge Thayer expressed himself as delighted with what he had seen of Manila, and sorry that his visit would not be of longer duration. He sails on the Manchuria Sunday morning.

The following was clipped from the China Press, Shanghai, dated May 9, 1912:

Judge Rufus H. Thayer, of the United States Court for China, expects to sail for Dalny on the Japanese steamer Kobe Maru next Monday morning early and will visit Mukden and Harbin, holding a short term of court at both places. This will be the first time since its organization that the United States Court for China has visited Manchuria.

After disposing of the court business at Harbin, the Judge will take the Siberian express for London to meet Mrs. Thayer. Mrs. Thayer was seriously ill for several months before leaving for home a year ago. Her recovery has been very slow, said Judge Thayer yesterday, and she is only just able to travel to London. It is hoped that a summer's rest in England will restore her health so that she may be able to return to Shanghai.

Woodstock, N. Y., June 30, 1917.

(332 State St., Albany, N. Y.)

My Dear Carter:

Your announcement of Campbell's death is received and reminds me, as it no doubt has you, that the Grim Reaper is

at his work industriously with our Class. And why not? Certainly time is speeding wonderfully and we can no longer conceal that we are in the old man's class. I drop you a line just to assure you that I am still alive. While in fairly good health and pretty cheerful, I have no difficulty in furnishing evidence of increasing age. My home is now, and will be for a few years, at the Albany address as above. The interpolated address is my summer home, where I shall be for three or four months. I have some judicial work on which I am engaged at Kingston, a nearby town, and am spending my summer in the Catskill, which I find most agreeable.

I have seen none of the boys recently. I spent a few very delightful days with Le Fevre in Peking the year before I returned from China, and in 1914 (January), was in N. Y. City for a couple of months; had most delightful visits with Tweedy and Noble only a few months before their deaths, which were great shocks to me, especially because of my recent pleasant and interesting talks with them. They were both fine fellows, as you know, and had developed into splendid men. It is too bad that we, who are left, can't meet often and exchange reminiscences and views of life, and cheer each other up and say "God speed" as we move on down the hill.

I hope you and Mrs. Carter enjoy good health and that life is treating you well. Do you come east occasionally? I wish you did and that we might manage to meet some time. With very warm regards,

Sincerely yours,

RUFUS H. THAYER

Kingston, N. Y., July 12, 1917.—Rufus Hildreth Thayer, of Albany, who was Judge of the United States Court at Shanghai, from 1909 to 1913, and former Judge Advocate General of the National Guard of the District of Columbia, died here

today several hours after he had been stricken with apoplexy. He was serving as a member of the Schoharie-Shandaken Condemnation Commission under a recent appointment.

Judge Thayer was born at Plymouth, Mich., June 29, 1850, the son of Rufus and Hersilora Thayer, who were both of New England ancestry. Judge Thayer was graduated from the University of Michigan in 1870, some of his classmates being United States Supreme Court Justice Day, Judge Penfield, former Solicitor of the State Department; Dr. Bernard Moses, of the University of California, and Alfred Noble, the engineer.

After graduation, Judge Thayer was appointed assistant to the Librarian of Congress; he studied law, and graduated in 1874. He was appointed a law clerk in the Treasury Department, where he remained for ten years. He resigned in Cleveland's first administration to practice law in the firm of Thayer & Rankin. In December, 1908, he was appointed Judge of the United States Court in China by President Roosevelt. He retired in December, 1913.

ALEXANDER THOMSON, B. S., LL. B.

Born on Griggsville Prairie, Pike Co., Ill., May 2, 1844—Died at Clackmas, Oregon, December 28, 1904.

Class Letter.

Clackmas, Oregon, Feb. 16, 1879.

I have received the Class letter; glad to hear from you all once more. Business at once: the summer of '70 spent on farm in Illinois. In the fall I returned to law school at A. A. Next summer read in law office of E. Sanford, Morris, Ill. In autumn returned to law school again and was graduated and admitted to the bar in Detroit. Returned home, found my

father very sick. I carried on his farm for one year until he recovered, and then I got disgusted and tried to run away from myself; visited Salt Lake in '73; stood on the walk in front of B. Young's residence while others went in and shook hands with the old reprobate. For the honor of '70 I would not go in. I had taken Greeley's advice to go West. I went to Sacramento, remained about ten days, then to San Francisco. The Orriflame turned her prow proudly to the West, and amid the hurrahs of the passengers and the curses of the seamen, I took the water destined for Portland, Oregon. From that time I became a part of the floating population of Oregon. For two years taught school, worked on a farm, had an engagement as a comedian, but did not appear in public. Believing in the Scriptural assertion, it is not good for man to live alone, I looked around me and what did I see? Almond-eyed China women, orange-colored Americans and white women of rare beauty. With all these resources to be developed, I deemed to perpetuate the name of we great men of '70, and accordingly I had a lady imported from Ann Arbor, Mich., Sarah J. Almendinger, and was married in Oregon City, September 22, 1875.* Although I have since had my nose broken and my hair has grown thinner on the top of my head, I have not yet regretted the step, but "live subservient to the powers that be." In the classic language of the aborigines, "Nika iskum renas T llicum (I have one small boy) about two years old. As for present positions I take a deal of pride in saying I am a Justice of the Peace. My wife thinks that with all my misfortunes, I am still handsome, that nothing can mar my beauty, not even the smallpox. In conclusion there is still a warm spot in my heart for every member of '70. In the short time that I have had the Class letter I have lived over again four of the happiest years of my life,

and my wife seemed to enjoy it is much I did. To poor Hayward we extend our heartfelt sympathy. His wife and mine were schoolmates. If any of you come west call on the Justice, who lives within the sound of the roaring cataract of the Willamette and within sight of the snow-clad peak of Mt. Hood, and share his bacon and beans so long as there is a rind or a bean left.

REV. ORLANDO LAFAYETTE TINDALL, A. M., B. D.

Born at South Grove, DeKalb Co., Ill., November 25, 1847.

Address: Zion City, Ill.

In 1896 I sold my farm of 320 acres, two and a half miles from Lawrence, Kansas, and stock, and moved into Lawrence. Engaged in business in a light way, as my health was not very good.

In 1890 I met Dr. John Alex. Dowie, who was an ex-Cong. minister and evangelist from Australia, in Minneapolis, Minn., where we were spending a vacation. He was holding what he called a Divine Healing mission, as he had done for a couple of years on the Pacific coast and in some large cities. I became interested in his work and was associated with him indirectly for several years by correspondence and some work.

In 1896, Feb. 22, he organized The Christian Catholic Church in Zion. In 1897 I was ordained an elder in that church, and for one year held a mission in Lawrence, Kan.

In 1898 we moved to Chicago. Dr. Dowie told me he expected to start a college in the near future and wanted me to teach Greek among other things. My Greek had surely gotten pretty rusty after 30 years' non-use, or nearly so. He said I would have time to study up as it might be some time before he could open up the college. It proved to be nearly a

year. I spent the most of this time brushing up on my old books. Did some preaching and mission work there in Chicago. In 1899, Feb. 14, the college was opened. I was appointed principal of the Ministerial Department, and W. F. Matthews, of '70 M. U., who had become a member of the church, was made principal of the Preparatory Department. The college was located on Michigan Ave. and 14th St. the first year and then taken across the street to the large Norwood hotel, which was rented and used for college, and a dormitory for students and teachers. The first year Mrs. Tindall and I had charge of the college Home and boarded the teachers. Zion College gave much attention to the study of the Bible, making it a text book in all the departments along with the other branches of study. There was much need of this, as the Bible is tabooed in the public schools, especially in Illinois, to her disgrace.

We continued our work here till October, 1902, when we moved to Zion City, Ill., 42 miles north of Chicago, on the lake shore, where Dr. Dowie had purchased about 7,000 acres of land and built a city, which grew in a few years to 10,000 population. Here we had a large stone building that cost \$150,000. The school increased rapidly. About 2,000 were registered at one time. I taught Greek, Church History, New Testament Exegesis and some other branches at times; enjoyed my work very much.

In October, 1903, I accompanied Dr. Dowie, with his 3,000 host to New York on his crusade. He rented Madison Square Garden for about 20 days, where he held religious meetings from 6:30 A. M. till 10 o'clock P. M. almost continuously. The members of the host visited the homes and business places during the day, selling the papers, "Leaves of Healing," and giving out messages and religious tracts. They gave out

over a million pieces of literature, covered Greater New York from house to house twice or more.

While here I saw Tweedy, of '70, at his office on Pine St. Prof. S. R. Winchell, of '70, taught one year in our schools in Zion City. After returning from New York, I continued teaching until 1906, when I took up ministerial and pastoral work and was associate editor on the Zion papers, "The Leaves of Healing" and "The Theocrat," which has been my principal work since that time.

During the last four years my health has not been very rugged; have had several very severe attacks of different diseases, bronchitis, flu., a good deal of head trouble, dizziness, etc. Am just recovering from bronchial pneumonia, which gave me a close call to settle up my accounts for this old world.

Thanks unto God, who had mercy and is giving me good hopes of a longer lease of time to do something for the world as I may have opportunity. We, in Zion, give God all the glory for our healings, as we have no doctors, nor drugs to share the glory. I am now 73 past and feel pretty young and am enjoying life first rate. Hope to meet all the "boys" in a grand old re-union in the "Better Land."

O. L. TINDALL.

Zion, Ill., March 31, 1921.

JAMES FISHER TWEEDY, A. B.

Born at Milwaukee, Wis., March 20, 1849—Died in New York City, December 21, 1914.

Class Letter.

Milwaukee, July 3, 1878.

Dear Classmates in '70:

The letters at hand tell me that it is my turn at the yarn.

The first eight years have been very quiet ones with me. After trying railroad surveying for a year I returned to Alma Mater for more nursing, this time in engineering, but got so deeply involved in Cupid's coils that I did, but poorly at engineering. Returned to field work in the spring of '72 in Wisconsin. Married in September, '72, and after a year of waiting for something to turn up, got on to my feet, though at first with trembling step, and have since managed, by begging and borrowing, to get some bread for a rapidly increasing family. Have only three boys and a girl to cry for work, and they can fill that bill I can tell you. But come and see me, after you're married, for I would not want you to be discouraged.

Yours,

JAS. F. T——.

The **Free Press**, Milwaukee, Wis., Dec. 22, 1914, contained the following:

James F. Tweedy, aged 64 years, formerly a resident of Milwaukee, died at his home in New York yesterday, according to a message received by his brother, J. H. Tweedy, Jr., Marshall street.

Mr. Tweedy left Milwaukee about twelve years ago. He was formerly in the brokerage business here, which vocation

he followed in New York. He was connected with the firm of William Herbert & Co., brokers, at the time of his death. He was for several years senior member of the firm of Tweedy, Imbrie & Co.

A wife and four children survive his death.

Mrs. Alice B. Tweedy, widow, and two of her sons, Arthur and James B., reside at 473 W. 22nd street, New York City. Her son, Richard, is married and is an artist, located at 232 W. 14th street, New York City. Her son, Alfred, is also married and is a lawyer, with an office at 2 Rector street, New York City.

Our classmate had a summer home in New Hampshire, where he usually went every summer for recreation. He at last succumbed to an attack of pneumonia.

PETER VOORHEIS, A. B.

Born at White Lake, Oakland Co., Mich., September 11, 1843

—Died at Grand Rapids, Mich., December 17, 1890.

Class Letter.

Grand Rapids, Mich., April 15, 1878.

I, Peter Voorheis, of Grand Rapids, Kent County, Michigan, mindful of the uncertainties of human life, and realizing the importance of the Class of '70, do hereby give and bequeath to my beloved classmates forever, my history ("written by the author") since our "Alma Mata" sent us forth into the cold world, in manner following:

First: Class letter just received, and I need not assure any man of '70 that I have read with much interest the letters of you whose names commence with the first letters of the alphabet, I have been surprised in reaching the letters writ-

ten in '71 and '72 to learn that the Class letter had been expected by them for a long time, then I presume the English language does not contain words adequate to express their feelings, had they been obliged to wait as I have done, nearly eight long years.

Some matters which disturbed them are now settled; for instance, the matter of Ballenger vs. Winchell having been disposed of equitably, rather than in a legal manner, but as it seems to me satisfactory to both parties, as each received what he would have got at the end of a long-contested suit, if he had been successful, which under the circumstances of the case he could not have expected.

After leaving Ann Arbor, I commenced studying law with Crofoot & Brewer, of Pontiac, where I remained about one year. Then, through the kindness of my Classmate Ripley, I received the appointment of U. S. Foreman of harbor improvements at Holland, Mich., for the summer of '71. Attended law lectures at Ann Arbor during the winter of '71 and '72. Was examined and admitted to the bar in March, '72. Then I came to Grand Rapids, where I have been practicing law for the past six years, two years alone, four years with my present law partner.

He continued in the successful practice of his profession in Grand Rapids up to the time of his death.

He was pleading a case for his client at the Grand Rapids, Mich., bar in December, 1890, when he suddenly stopped talking and fell over on the table in front of him. His wife, who happened to be in court at the time, rushed to his aid, and found that he was dead. He left three boys who grew up bright young men and were doing well in business at last account.

The widow died in 1900. Peter Voorhers was a noble, good-natured fellow. He had a happy disposition, always ready to greet his friends with a smile and to render any aid to the unfortunate needing assistance. It was pleasant to be associated with him.

WILLIAM JAMES WATERS, C. E.

Born at Rye, N. Y., September 10, 1841. Date and place of death unknown.

Although we have kept up search and inquiry for Waters for many years we have found no trace of him since 1877, when he went away from Columbus, O. No reason has been discovered for his disappearance. It is supposed that he has long since gone over the border to the silent city. He was of a roving disposition, but he had many friends and it is considered, that had he remained in the land of the living, his whereabouts would have become known long ere this. We mourn his loss.

OLIVER HART WATTLES, B. S.

Born in Lapeer County, Mich., January 29, 1850. Died at Lapeer, Mich., March 23, 1911.

Oliver H. Wattles continued the banking house of J. M. Wattles & Co., at Lapeer, Mich., after the death of his father in 1893. Although this business took him to the large cities throughout the country, he gave close attention to the bank and did not leave it long at any one time. His watchful care preserved the interests of the bank. Mr. Wattles had many warm friends. He very seldom attended the class reunions at Ann Arbor.

ALBERT WILLIAM WEISBROD, A. B.

Born in Oshkosh, Wis., October 4, 1851.—Died in Oshkosh, Wis., April 18, 1892.

Mr. Weisbrod left a very enviable record as a lawyer in the state of Wisconsin, he having resided in the city of Oshkosh during his entire life and was well known throughout the state. His services as a lawyer were in great demand.

CHARLES MANLEY WELLS, M. S.

Born at Gibson, Susquehanna Co., Pa., October 23, 1842.
Died at Los Angeles, Cal., February 24, 1905.

Class Letter.

Pontiac, Mich., Jan. 21, 1878.

Dear Classmates:

A perusal of the Class Letter shows beyond question that the days of gush for '70 have passed and as I do not claim a better state of preservation than my average classmate, I will straight to business. The last of April preceding graduation I took local charge of the government harbor works at Muskegon, Mich. This was very soothing to my pocket book. As U. S. Asst. Engr. in September, 1870, White River harbor was added to my charge. The winter and spring of 1870-71 was passed in Milwaukee in charge of the six harbors from Muskegon north, a charge which I retained until June, 1874, living meanwhile successively in Detroit, Pent Water and Muskegon. I should not omit to add as an index of the severity of my duties, that during the winter 1871-2 my office was stationed at Ann Arbor and I scored a year in the law. From October, 1873, until June, 1874, was employed as engi-

neer to aid in the selection of a townsite and site for a state asylum for the insane. In this connection I visited all the considerable towns of Eastern Michigan, some of them many times, and as my duties were systematic, retained my government position.

As each town urgently desired to have the asylum located in its vicinity, I found the duty very pleasant, fared well and imbibed notions of my own greatness which subsequent experience has not verified. June, 1874, I resigned my U. S. position to enter the service of the State of Michigan and take charge after erection of the new asylum at Pontiac, Mich., and nearly four years later here I am still. The asylum will be completed next May or June and my duties will cease. My wife sits beside me now in my office in the asylum building. My boy is six years old. He missed that cup. We keep house and life is quietly going on. My political principles are republican, still I bolted Grant and unlike Dodge, failed to swallow Greeley. In religion I may be a Buddhist or a Brahman. I formulate nothing and cannot tell. Hoping to see you all in Ann Arbor next June I pass this on to Perry who lives here.

C. M. W.

3827 Indiana Ave., Chicago.

August 8th, 1904.

My Dear Carter:

The time was last Thursday evening, August 4th. The place was the College Inn Restaurant, corner of Washington St. and La Salle St. The persons were Dawson, Darrow. Mathews, Tindall, Winchell, Whitman and Wells, i. e., two lawyers, two teachers, two preachers and one away from home, but all were of '70. I talked with several of the boys several times, but when Darrow took the bit in his teeth, he drew

us all together, but so suddenly in the denouement that Carter, Wing and other suburban residents could not be gathered in and we all mourned thereat.

Our time was mainly and properly taken in bringing class history down to date. The roster was present only in our memories, but we hardly missed one of the names that thirty-four years ago we each by heart. Of the party Mathews was the baby and yours truly was patriorch, but neither looked nor felt the honor. So far as I know each member of the party reached home unassisted, except by other members. Wells was detailed to report to our most worthy secretary the facts heretofore stated, that history might be recorded as made. The wives, on option, remained at home, not wishing to turn a class function into a social function. No one of the Chicago contingent failed to come.

Darrow is teaching as of old; Winchell has still with him the lecture bureau and his educational work; Dawson and Whitman are in successful practice of the law; Mathews is struggling to help others in religious and eduactional work and neglecting himself; Tindall is at Zion City, the educational head quarters (both spiritual and secular), of John Alexander Dowie; Mathews was then in the same work but fled on the announcement that Dowie is the veritable Elijah of old. Physically, all, with one exception, are well preserved. Whitman has the color, activity and tone of youth; Dawson is quiet, concise, harmonizing and like Darrow, nerves in perfect health and accord. Mathhews is rotund of face and form, contented in spiritual truths as he saw them thirty years ago. Tindall, whom we expected to see with a flowing beard after the manner of his chief, wears instead a silk hat from time immemorial, called a plug. He is pleasant, intelligent, devoted to his work and evidently contented therein.

My treatment has been prolonged much beyond expectation—the main improvement in the first three weeks. Mrs. Wells came back to me a week ago, and we will break up here and go to Michigan, not later than Aug. 15th. We shall probably be in Chicago about Nov. 1st, at which time I may stay again with the Dr. for a time. If so I hope to see you.

After meeting you that evening on the fair grounds I very soon got a wheel chair and my trouble was over.

Mrs. Wells joins me in best regards to Mrs. Carter and yourself.

Yours in '70,

C. M. WELLS.

The funeral of Charles M. Wells, expresident of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, former president of the Free Harbor League and secretary of the California World's Fair Commission of 1893, who died at his home, No. 2515 South Main street, early Friday morning, will be held at the late residence at 2:30 o'clock this afternoon, Rev. Dr. Thompson, pastor of the Independent Church of Christ, officiating. In arranging the funeral the family has received the assistance of a special committee appointed from the Chamber of Commerce—President J. O. Koepfli, O. T. Johnson, Niles Pease and J. Baruch. Officers and members of the chamber will attend the services at will. Burial will be made in Rosedale Cemetery.

Mr. Well's death resulted from rheumatism of the heart; he had been a sufferer from muscular rheumatism for years, but was not prostrated until two weeks ago. Wednesday and Thursday Mr. Well's condition was so much improved, apparently, that he was out of bed and about the house. Thursday evening he retired early. At 2 o'clock Friday morning one of his sons, George, went to the father's bedside; he was

sleeping peacefully. At 6 o'clock the wife entered his chamber to see if the sick man needed anything, or was in pain; he was dead.

Mr. Wells leaves a widow and three sons: L. C. Wells, of the San Pedro News; George R. Wells, treasurer of the Unique Theater, this city; and F. B. Wells, an assayer at the plant of the Butler's Mining Company, San Salvador, Central America.

Charles M. Wells was born in Susquehanna county, Pennsylvania, October 23, 1840, where he spent his childhood and youth. At the age of 20 he enlisted as a volunteer in the Union Army, and served eighteen months, when, his health shattered, he was mustered out. He subsequently removed to Ann Arbor, Mich., where he became a graduate of the Literary Department and of the Law Department of the University of Michigan. In 1870 he made his home in Wauseon, O., where he married.

Having accumulated a competence in business, Mr. Wells in 1866 came to Los Angeles, here to reside until his death. He invested to the limit of his means in real estate, and lost heavily through the breaking of the boom of the following year. He early identified himself with men and projects of business importance in the community, and in 1891 was placed at the head of the Chamber of Commerce, becoming thus its second president in order of election. Mr. Wells had the honor to be chosen president of the Free Harbor League, by whose recommendation to the Rivers and Harbors Committee of Congress San Pedro was finally selected in preference to Santa Monica for the government harbor and breakwater. The secretaryship of the California World's Fair Commission was another distinction accorded Mr. Wells—and one that

came near costing him his health; he returned from Chicago broken down by hard work.—Los Angeles Daily.

CHARLES RUDOLPHUS WHITMAN, A. M., LL. B.

Born at South Bend, Ind., October 4, 1847.—Died at Chicago at Chicago Union Hospital, April 2, 1921.

At 14, moved with his parents to Chicago. Graduated from University of Michigan, 1870, receiving degree of A. B.; from Law Department, 1873, receiving degree of LL. B.; and in 1875, received degree of A. M. He was a member of the Phi Delta Phi fraternity. Practiced law in Ypsilanti, Ann Arbor and Detroit, Michigan, from 1873 to 1899, when he moved to Chicago, where he was engaged in the active practice of law until his death. From 1876 to '78 he was Circuit Court Commissioner of Washtenaw County, Michigan; from 1880 to '81, prosecuting attorney of the same county; from 1886 to 1894, Regent of the University of Michigan; from 1891 to 1893 Railroad Commissioner of the State of Michigan; and from 1896 to '98, Assistant United States District Attorney for the Southern District of Michigan.

On September 3, 1912, Mr. Whitman married Alice, daughter of Mrs. Julia Wright Evans, of Detroit, Michigan. They have one child, Alice, born March 22, 1917, to whom he was very much attached. They adored each other and were inseparable during her waking moments.

Mr. Whitman is survived by four sons by his former marriage: Ross C., Lloyd C., Roland D., and Bayard J. Whitman, and by a brother, Wm. F. Whitman.

Mr. Whitman was a member of Wm. B. Warren Lodge No. 209, A. F. & A. M., Washington Chapter No. 43, R. A. M. and Chicago Commandery No. 19, K. T., and was buried with

Masonic honors from Graceland Cemetery Chapel, April 5, 1921.

Two of Mr. Whitman's sons, Lloyd C. and Roland D., are engaged in the successful practice of law in the law firm of "Helmer, Moulton, Whitman & Whitman" at 110 South Dearborn St., Chicago.

The last letter received from our deceased classmate is copied below:

Chicago, June 18, 1920.

My Dear Mr. Carter:

I have been postponing an answer to your letter of May 10th, because of the uncertainty whether I would be able, in the end, to attend our class reunion. It is a matter of profound regret that I find myself physically unable to be present.

In looking over the list of names which you have kindly sent me, my sorrow deepens that I must miss this gathering of so many of my classmates—men now, gray-haired, wrinkled in feature, doubtless; yet plainly, the same boys, I now know as I did not then know, I loved so dearly, years and years ago.

I am keenly conscious that a future opportunity of the like is rapidly lessening, and I am painfully aware that on this occasion we are to have an unusually full attendance of men who have seldom appeared at previous reunions; men whom, therefore, I especially wish to meet.

My love to you all, boys, and to the wives, and to the second and to the third generations as well. May life move easily and pleasantly for you; with the least of regrets for the past, and the brightest of well-warranted hopes for the future.

Faithfully and sincerely yours,

CHARLES R. WHITMAN.

WARREN CHAFFEE WILLITS, C. E.

Born at Adrian, Mich., July 9, 1847.—Died at Denver, Colo.,
October 30, 1901.

It will be remembered that our former history contained an account of the sudden death by heart disease of Mr. Willits, immediately after dismounting from his bicycle and stepping upon the side walk of one of the streets of Denver. He was at that time a candidate for a public office and would have been elected, but for his sudden death. A widow and daughter survived him.

SAMUEL ROBERTSON WINCHELL, A. M.

Born in Town of North East, Dutchess Co., N. Y., Nov. 26, '43.

Address: 3131 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

In 1905 I established the Winchell Academy at Evanston, Ill., for the purpose of giving my youngest daughter, then five years old my personal attention as instructor and companion. She was an unusually intelligent and winsome child and developed beautifully for two years in that school, which in that time became a full-fledged institution with various departments and 141 pupils enrolled. But in January, 1907, our darling was suddenly taken away from us by malignant diphtheria and scarlet fever. This caused me to close the school, sell the property, and turn my attention to other things. I made a study of the city of Chicago and published through A. Flanagan Co., **Chicago Past, Present and Future**, a book of 186 pages, with abundant illustrations. The next

year I compiled and published at my own expense **The Artists' Blue Book of Chicago**. In 1910, I wrote and A. Flanagan Co. published **A Civic Manual of Chicago, Cook County and Illinois**. I then disposed of my Teachers' Agency and Lecture Bureau, in which I had been favored by the constant and efficient co-operation of my ever-faithful wife and for one school year took charge of the high school in Zion City, Illinois, at the earnest solicitation of Classmate Tindall. In 1912, I took up the business of engraving and stationery in Chicago, in which I remained until May, 1915, when my health failed and I went to Minneapolis, where a brief stay in a sanatorium put me again on my feet and I associated myself with a prominent real estate firm in that city. In 1918, my state of health again induced me to seek a change of climate, and I went to Palisade, Colo., and assumed the role of insurance agent. In August, 1920, I transferred my residence to Grand Junction, Colo., and added real estate to insurance, and am doing a fairly good business. For six months before coming to Grand Junction, I was editor and manager of the Palisade branch of the Grand Junction Daily News.

I have in hand half a dozen book manuscripts which the unsettled condition of the publishing business has prevented me from publishing. I have always been active in church and Sunday school work, being a Methodist born, a Methodist bred, and hope to be a Methodist when I'm dead. Have been independent in politics, usually voting the Republican ticket; was a great admirer of Theodore Roosevelt. I worked in the office of the National Prohibition party in Chicago during the two campaigns of Chafin and Watkins and did all the book- ing and routing of those candidates during both of their campaigns. I am now hollering for Harding and Coolidge.

My three older children are still living, Harley Corson, the class boy No. 2, conducts a prosperous advertising business in Chicago; my oldest daughter lives in Palisade, Colo.; is the wife of W. J. Stebbins, superintendent of schools and owner of a fruit ranch, from which come some of the celebrated Elberta peaches. Mr. Stebbins graduated from Northwestern University in 1906. Mrs. Stebbins is president of the Woman's Club of Palisade. My other daughter graduated from the Cunnock school of Northwestern University and married I. R. Campbell, now a prominent representative of the New York Life Insurance Company in Minneapolis. He is also a graduate of Northwestern University.

My health is now good. An old Chicago acquaintance met me here a few days ago and said I looked beter than I did fifteen years ago. I wonder what he meant. My wife says writing is my hobby. I like to raise poultry, and have had some very fine specimens of White Wyandottes and Anconas, though I never became a fancier. I could never save money enough to buy an automobile, and now my ambition is to buy an airplane so that I can go to our next reunion. I find walking a healthful exercise, so I conquer the high cost of shoes by walking from three to fifteen miles a day drumming up trade. While in college I was one of the original University Glee Club, and I have never lost my fondness for singing. Last winter I sang tenor in the oratorio "The Holy City," which was given in Palisade and Clifton. While in Minneapolis I gave a course of lectures on the history of the Bible, and while in Chicago, I sometimes lectured on Chicago.

Mrs. Winchell has written many short poems, some of which have been prominently published, the last one, just published, being "Peach Picking in Grand Valley."

Mr. Winchell returned to Chicago Jan. 1, 1921, because of the critical condition of his wife's health. She is, for this reason, obliged to remain with her daughter in Minneapolis, while he occupies the responsible position of Editor and Business Manager of The Westcenter Chicagoan, a weekly paper published by the Westcenter Commercial Association of Chicago. He reports his health as better than ever and that he is doing the work of four men.

CHARLES GORDON WING, PH. B., LL. B.

Born January 21, 1846 in Cattaragus County, N. Y. Died Ludington, Mich., November 12, 1920.

Class Letter.

Ludington, Mich., May 2, 1878.

My Brethren:

These letters bring me joy. There is a certain uniformity of "tale" in the earlier ones turned practical of later date. I have been quite a busy practitioner since April, 1874. October 1, 1873, I opened an office here. I earned nothing for four months. I got all I earned then. Afterwards, perhaps, I got more. Wells is the sole cause of my being here. We were in the law school together in '72 and '73, and he offered me a position here as foreman on the harbor improvements—a position I doubted my fitness for, but accepted because it gave me four dollars per day and a chance to marry the girl which I did instantler and brought her along. Miss Jennie Poole of Sharon, Mich. She was teaching with me two years at Manchester. We have two daughters. The only reward Wells got for his favor was in a real estate transaction. We purchased together some property in '74, which cost us one

thousand dollars and is worth less than five hundred dollars now. I studied law in Jackson with Gibson. I was not present, perhaps some will remember at the '73 reunion, but at the rally this year my appearance is entered. I saw Oscar Campbell last week in Cleveland. He expressed a feeling which is doubtless universal that we should all gather at the big talk in June.

WING.

Since 1903, nothing especially worthy of mention to the members of the class has occurred in my experience. My principal job while it lasted was the education of a family of seven children, five girls and two boys, and since that was completed in 1914, my efforts have seemed devoid of any underlying motive. Ethelwyn, a graduate of the University of Michigan, later also of the University of California, resides at Berkeley, the seat of the latter institution, her office in Oakland, her occupation the management of the Delphian society on the Pacific coast. Jessie, now Mrs. F. B. Olney, resides in Ludington. Gordon P. Wing, not as a boy overly given to books, is a lumberman at Odanah, Wisconsin. Alice, a graduate of the University of Illinois, is one of the staff of the state library at Lansing. Mabel, now Mrs. Dr. S. F. Edwards, since her husband, of John Hopkins University, entered the army, unsettled as to residence. Oril, a graduate of Oberlin, has been a teacher in California. Charles, a graduate of Oberlin, is a teacher of piano music at the University of Indiana.

To make an adequate homestead where the children would grow up and be welcome to remain I went to work quite early clearing up a farm just out of town. They grew up there, but none remains except for visits. We live there simply because it is impossible to look upon any other spot in the

light of a home. Rather from habit than interest in farming, I am apt to be engaged about farm matters every morning before 9 o'clock and after that hour to be a banker. I am not obliged, however, to keep office hours at the bank in these later years, and my best thought is given to the editorial columns of a daily newspaper. The Ludington Daily News is the only local organ of publicity and the control of it I aim to use as a member of the class of '70, ought to use the leading influence of the community in which he lives. My leisure hours, if any, are given to the preparation of a history of this county where I rank as a pioneer.

In a disclosure so intimately personal as Mr. Carter's circular indicates this writing should be made, perhaps a place should be found for my painful experience with the medics two years ago. In April, 1918, a neoplasm was discovered about the size of a pea on the soft-palate. I was advised to give it prompt attention. It was, however, July 4th when I got started to the sanitarium at Battle Creek. Radium treatment was recommended. This was applied in Chicago. Quite reduced in strength by the pain of this slowly acting remedy through the remaining months of 1918, I had nevertheless entirely recovered by the time of our return from California in the spring of 1919. While I was in Chicago under treatment, Mr. Dawson was a great comfort, as indeed he has always been. No other healing came to me in those weeks of pain more sustaining than the long beautiful letters of Edward E. Darrow, full of tenderness and soothing philosophy. They are still the most precious of memories. Of the neoplasm there has been no reappearance and I have been partly in doubt whether I should not have ignored both the neoplasm and the medics.

I note the undiminished "punch" of Carter as he tackles the new job required of him last June. That is a matter I hope to hear talked over in 1925.

CHARLES G. WING.

Ludington, Mich., Sept. 3, 1920.

Father passed away without warning November 12, 1920, and the sure anchor of our family life is no more. Despite our abiding loss we are reconciled to the summons which forbade him "linger till the glass be all outrun."

There have been many touching tributes to father's years of activity and public service in this community and we are thankful both for his continued efforts and for the appreciation of them. Father's horizon was not limited to his daily tasks, his interest in the world's work remained keen.

Whatever pleasure associations with men afforded him throughout the years, none ranked in his mind with the class of '70. The inspiration and blessing father enjoyed in this relation has been shared by his whole family. We are grateful to the old friends of '70.

Faithfully,

JESSIE WING OLNEY.

The following item appeared in the Ludington Daily News of November 20, 1920:

Mr. Wing's first work in Ludington was in the employ of the United States government. He was an inspector of dock building. Following this he began the practice of his profession in the law. On July 1, 1875, he was appointed judge of probate for Mason county by Governor Bagley of Michigan.

To give Ludington an abundant supply of pure drinking water was Mr. Wing's early ambition. He bought control

of the company operating water works and devoted months in studying the problem on which he says the development of his adopted city rested. The fruition of his plans gave Ludington pure water and a system that has stood the test of a quarter of a century.

Seeing the need of additional banking facilities, Mr. Wing associated himself with other men of means and established the Ludington State bank. He served continuously as its president until the present day.

Some eight years ago, realizing that a strongly financed, well conducted daily newspaper was essential to progress in Mason county, Mr. Wing put money behind *The Daily News* and eventually was compelled to take it over and operate it. At great personal sacrifice, he invested thousands of dollars to procure equipment to make possible the production of a paper worthy of Ludington. His friends (some of them) said he had gone too far "to make it pay." But his was the clear vision. As with the water works, so with the paper—he bought the best, so that dependable service could be given.

In April, 1915, upon the arrival of the present manager, Mr. Wing devoted his personal attention to the local publication. With jealous care he prepared his editorial matter. This he made a serious business. His aim was to set before the people of Mason county right ideals and to provide for his readers a liberal education.

For more than a year Mr. Wing had been engaged in writing a historical sketch, "Mason County—a Tale of Early Times." His story started with the year 1855. The scantiness of records made his task an arduous one. Only yesterday he wrote the concluding paragraphs for the last installment to appear next Monday. He proposed to finish the work dur-

ing his vacation in California this winter and resume publication of the installments upon his return next spring.

THOMAS WYLIE, A. B.

**Born at Martin, Mich., December 25, 1847 Died at Martin,
Mich., April 3, 1877.**

He prepared for the ministry, but in February, 1876, he was caught in a cold rain storm and got a severe chill from which he could not recover. He lingered along many months, but his struggle was in vain. He was obliged to yield up his life in April, 1877.

IN MEMORIAM.

No one hears the door that opens
When they pass beyond our call;
Soft as loosened leaves of roses
One by one our loved ones fall.

	John William Johnson,	January 8, 1870.
	Julius Abiram Blackburn,	
February 23, 1847.		April 25, 1876.
	Thomas Wylie,	
December 25, 1847.		April 3, 1877.
	George Throop Campau,	
July 29, 1847.		February 5, 1879.
	James Alfred Hayward,	
September 12, 1849.		August 12, 1880.
	Charles Ballenger,	
September 28, 1846.		March 13, 1881.
	Judson Slatford Bird,	
October 9, 1846.		March 19, 1882.
	Thomas Harper Bush,	
April 3, 1847.		March 29, 1887.
	Otis Erastus Haven,	
July 27, 1849.		February 3, 1888.
	Peter Voorheis,	
September 11, 1843.		December 17, 1890.
	Albert William Weisbrod,	
October 4, 1851.		April 18, 1892.
	Vincent Smith Lovell,	
May 2, 1845.		December 7, 1892.
	William Thomas Emerson,	
July 23, 1848.		August 29, 1897.

	Frank Howard Howe,	
May 10, 1850.		December 29, 1897.
	Patrick Henry Bumpus,	
January 21, 1841.		February 18, 1898.
	Warren Chaffee Willits,	
July 9, 1847.		October 30, 1901.
	John Loveland Culley,	
October 11, 1847.		February 5, 1902.
	Marcus Baker,	
September 28, 1849.		December 12, 1903.
	Alexander Thomson,	
May 2, 1844.		December 28, 1904.
	Arthur Clark Adams,	
April 14, 1847.		December 31, 1904.
	Francis Wayland Jones,	
August 23, 1849.		January 8, 1905.
	Charles Manley Wells,	
October 23, 1842.		February 24, 1905.
	Eugene Ketchum,	
April 13, 1840.		November 16, 1906.
	Michael Alexander Meyendorff,	
December 3, 1849.		February 7, 1908.
	William Lorenzo Penfield,	
April 2, 1846.		May 9, 1909.
	Robert Newton Fearon,	
March 14, 1839.		January 18, 1910.
	Harlow Palmer Davock,	
March 11, 1848.		August 30, 1910.
	Oliver Hart Wattles,	
January 29, 1850.		March 23, 1911.
	Charles Francis Burton,	
November 8, 1849.		October 5, 1911.

Thomas Chalmers Christy,	
October 18, 1846.	December 17, 1913.
Alfred Noble,	
August 7, 1844.	April 19, 1914.
James Fisher Tweedy,	
March 20, 1849.	December 21, 1914.
William Freeman Matthews,	
October 31, 1849.	June 5, 1915.
Milo Elijah Marsh,	
November 16, 1847.	February 5, 1916.
Achilles Finley,	
May 15, 1843.	May 15, 1916.
Franklin Bradley,	
June 4, 1845.	May 22, 1916.
Oscar James Campbell,	
April 27, 1846.	June 17, 1917.
Rufus Hill Thayer,	
June 29, 1849.	July 12, 1917.
Charles Phelps Gilbert,	
March 16, 1846.	October 1, 1917.
James Harrison Blanchard,	
December 6, 1846.	January 24, 1918.
Charles Keene Dodge,	
April 26, 1844.	March 22, 1918.
Frank Gunnison,	
February 2, 1848.	April 23, 1919.
Henry Graves Bennett,	
September 6, 1846.	———, 1919
Aaron Perry,	
November 11, 1848.	February 12, 1920.
Maxwell Addison Phillips,	
May 13, 1841.	May 5, 1920.

Charles Gordon Wing,	
January 21, 1846.	November 12, 1920.
Morris Bishop Foster,	
January 15, 1843.	February 10, 1921.
George Washington Allyn,	
November 28, 1845.	February 26, 1921.
Owen Edgar LeFevre,	
August 6, 1848.	March 28, 1921.
Charles Rudolphus Whitman,	
October 4, 1847.	April 2, 1921.
William James Waters,	
September 10, 1841.	Date of death unknown.

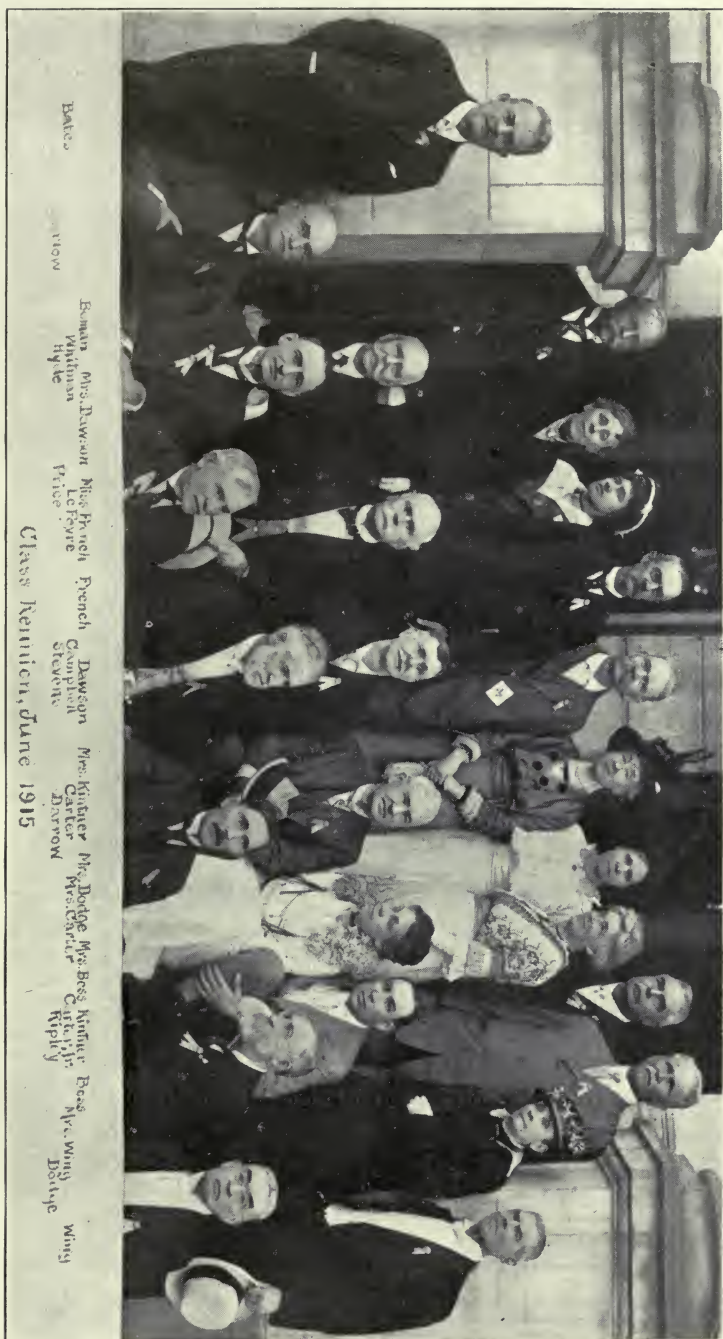
NOTES.

The grim reaper, in the last half-century carried off ten of our dear ones in the month of February, eight in December, six in March, six in April, four in January, four in May, three in August, three in October, two in June, two in November and one in July. September proved to be our best friend, not permitting death to enter our ranks once during the entire stretch of fifty years. All hail to the glorious month of September!

Our two class boys, Walter Sylvester Ballinger and Harley Corson Winchell are successfully engaged in business, the former in Indianapolis, and the latter in Chicago.

We reproduce in this book half-tone pictures of the group photographs taken at our reunions in 1905, 1910 and 1915, respectively; the one taken in 1920 was not clear enough to be reproduced, so as to be distinguishable.

Finley died on his birthday at the age of seventy-three years.



Bales
 Brown
 Roman Mrs. Dawson
 Mulholland
 Hyde
 Price
 French
 Dawson
 Stevens
 Mrs. Kistner
 Mr. Dodge
 Mrs. Beech
 Kistner
 Beech
 Kistner
 Mrs. Wing
 Dodge
 Wing
 Class Reunion, June 1915

CLASS MEETINGS.

It has been a custom of our Class to celebrate a reunion at the University every fifth year, with a banquet. This has given opportunity to re-visit old friends, observe changes on the campus by construction of new buildings, tearing down of old ones, and changes in and around the city of Ann Arbor. These attractions in addition to the desire to see and greet the "boys" once more have always been sufficient to bring together a goodly number, once in five years, without any great effort being made.

In addition to these regular gatherings we have had numerous local impromptu meetings in various parts of the country, whenever circumstances were favorable, whether the number at the meeting might be small or large. Such was our meeting at St. Louis, in 1904, at the time of the World's Fair. The Secretary saw an opportunity to have a meeting of several members and their families while visiting the Fair, by fixing a time and place of meeting, and sending out a circular giving information as to the time and place. This was done, "Michigan Day" being the time, and "Michigan State Building" the place. It turned out to be a success. When the time arrived we found twenty-three present wearing our college colors, which had been provided in advance for the occasion. The following responded to the roll call: Bradley; Darrow, wife and son; Moore, wife and two daughters; Bowman; Baldwin, A. E.; Allyn and wife; Fearon, wife and two daughters; Wells; LeFevre and wife; Price and son; Stevens; and Carter. After recovering from the surprise of finding so large a number present, we were treated to two more surprises: One was that, it being "Michigan Day," the Secretary of the Exposition, University of Michigan Alumnus—a Class of '70

man—our own Stevens, had been selected to make the address to the public on that day, and “the University of Michigan” was to be the subject of the address—and an excellent address it was. The other surprise was an invitation to the “Class of ’70, University of Michigan, with their wives, sons and daughters,” from Walter B. Stevens, to a six o’clock dinner, that evening, on the second floor of the West Pavillion. We were all there at the appointed time and place, to greet our gracious host and partake of a delicious dinner.

It would be difficult to imagine a prouder set of alumni than we were at that time,—guests of a fellow alumnus, the Secretary of the World’s Fair, partaking of his bounty on an upper pavillion of one of its mammoth buildings, towering above the clouds, from whose dizzy heights we were enjoying a bird’s eye view of, what seemed to us, a scene of unparalleled magnificence and grandeur. We were grateful indeed for the pleasures of that day, never to be forgotten by those of ’70, who were there. Our host received us very cordially and, in an after dinner talk, related an amusing incident of a noted foreigner, a balloonist, who had entered the list in a contest for a prize which had been advertised for some weeks to come off that day. It seems this “famous” foreigner was seen coming from the hangar where his balloon was housed just before the contest was to begin, his countenance the picture of despair, his tears flowing copiously, and he complaining bitterly that some enemy, rival, or evil disposed person had been there in his absence and cut a slit in his balloon, so that he could not use it in the race. On examination, sure enough there was a slit in the balloon, the only question was, whose knife cut it.

An impromptu gathering took place in Chicago, August 4, 1904, on the occasion of a short sojourn there by Wells, from

Los Angeles. The meeting consisted of Dawson, Darrow, Matthews, Tindall, Winchell, Whitman and Wells. An account of it is related by Wells in a letter to the Secretary printed herein.

At our regular reunion at the University, June 21, 1905, there were present: Bates; Beman, wife and daughter; Boss and wife; Burton; Campbell, wife, daughter and son; Carter and wife; Dawson and wife; Davock; Day, wife and son; Dodge and wife; Noble; Olds and wife; Perry; Whitman; Wing; Allyn; Darrow; Moore and son, and Brown, at whose residence we met. The names of a few additional members of our families present escaped the Secretary.

It was on this occasion that the Class highly honored the Secretary by presenting to him, through Justice William R. Day, a very beautiful silver service, bearing the seal of the University of Michigan. This choice gift was greatly appreciated and prized by the Secretary and for which he has ever since felt grateful to the donors. Mrs. Carter has shared in this feeling, and has kept the service shined up to a dazzling brightness, constantly in readiness for use, whenever a member of '70 favors us with a call.

Our next reunion was celebrated at Ann Arbor, June 29, 1910. There were present: Barlow and wife; Bates; Beman, wife and son; Boss and wife; Bradley and wife; Brown; Burton; Allyn; Campbell; Carter, wife and daughter; Dawson and wife; Davock; Dodge and wife; Darrow; Errett; French; Kintner and wife; Matthews; Noble; Olds; Perry; Price and son; Ripley, wife, daughter and son; Wing; and Williams. Professor M. L. D'Ooge and Ezra Rust were our guests on this occasion. By the kind and generous invitation of Professor and Mrs. Beman we had the great pleasure of being

received and entertained with a banquet at their attractive residence, 913 East Kinglsey Street.

In February, 1911, as you all remember, Mr. Justice William R. Day, was given a very cordial public reception in New York City, by more than a thousand of Michigan alumni in which many of the members of the Class of '70 participated. This afforded the Class of '70 an extra opportunity of getting together under special circumstances, and of having a delightful meeting with their old Classmate, the guest of the evening. The great reception was enjoyed by all present.

We held our regular reunion at the University in June, 1915. We had seated around the banquet table: Barlow; Bates; Beman and wife; Boss and wife; Campbell; Carter, wife and son; Darrow; Dawson and wife; Dodge and wife; French and daughter; Hyde; Kintner and wife; LeFevre; Price; Ripley; Stevens; Whitman and Wing and wife. The Class was indebted to Professor and Mrs. Beman for this very enjoyable banquet. Its sociable feature was specially attractive, the company lingering late, being loathe to separate. The Class decided to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary by making our head-quarters and our having our banquet at the Michigan Union. The place was engaged and the members notified months in advance in order that all might secure rooms and be located near each other. This proved to be wise, for if the weather was stormy or uncomfortably warm we could keep up our visiting without going outside of the building. We met every day and frequently had our meals together, and by speaking in advance we could have a private table reserved for us. There were present: Allyn; Barlow and wife; Bates; Beman; Boss; Carter and wife; Cooley and wife; Dawson and wife; Darrow; Fleming; Ferguson; French; Howland; Hyde; Olds; Price; Ripley; Schöck; Swift; Wing; Mrs. W.

L. Smith of Detroit, daughter of Classmate Marsh, deceased and Frederick C. Noble, of New York City, son of Classmate Noble, deceased. We had a banquet room to ourselves. After the banquet was disposed of, the intellectual feast was enjoyed. Interesting informal talks were made by most of those present particularly by Schock, Ferguson, Fleming, Ripley, Swift and Frederick C. Noble. Letters of regret were read from several members who were unable to be present. The Class adopted a resolution of regret that Kintner, although residing in Ann Arbor, was too ill to attend the banquet, and in consequence Mrs. Kintner was also detained. A vote of sympathy was passed. The usual singing of the old college songs filled up the intervals in the program. This was rendered enjoyable by the foresight of Dawson, who had supplied typewritten copies, sufficient for all, of the old songs we sang in the long ago. He took charge of the music in his usual masterly way. It was at this meeting that the Class authorized the publishing of this present volume. Before separating we resolved to have our banquet in 1925, at the Michigan Union.

It is a matter of regret that the group photograph of the Class taken on this occasion turned out to be a failure, some of the faces being blurred and so dim as to be undistinguishable.

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